Between the acts. Later typescript, dated Nov. 22, 1940.

Pp. 1-9 P. 2 in two drafts

10 p.

1...

It wqs a summer 's night, and they were talking, in the big room ith the windows open to the garden, about the cesspool. The County Council had promised to bring water to the village, but they hdnt.

Mrs Haines, wife of the gentleman farmer, a goosefaced woman with eyes protruding as if they saw something to gobble in the gutter said affectedly What a subject to talk about on a night like this.

Then there was silence. and a cow coughed; and that ~~le~~ led her to say how ocdd it was: as a child she had never been afraid of cows, only of horses. Bu then as a small child in a perambulator a great carthorse had vrushed within an inch of her face. Her family, she told the old man in an arm chair had lived near Liskeard for many centuries. There were the ~~old~~ graves in the churchyard to prove it.

A bird chuckled outside. A nightingale? said Mrs hanies. No nightingales ~~They~~ didnt come so far north. It was a daylight bird, chuckling over the subatsnace and succulence of the day — over worms, snails & grit — even in sleep; ~~a bird that dreamt of snails and worms~~

Bart Oliver - of the Indian Civil Service retired -

The old man in the archair said that the site they had chosen for the cess pool was if he had ~~heard~~ been aright, on the Roman road. From an aeroplane, he said, you could still see, plainly marked, the scars made by th Britons; by the Romans; b the Elzabethan manor house; and by the plough--when they had ploughed the field they had ploughed the f eld to grow whet in the Napol eonic wars.

"But ~~Mr Oliver~~ you dont remember....?" Mrs Haines began.

he was [illegible] remember; &

No; ~~he didnt remem~~ not ~~ber~~ that. But he did remember----

he was about to tell them what, ~~he remembered~~

~~"As a boy" he begn, I remeb~~er...."

Then,

But ~~Then~~ the er was a sound outisde; and the handle turned.

/ Her

The old man's ~~She came~~ in, the old man s daughter in law, ~~Is~~a, came in; her hair in a

wore in pigtails

her p.

dressing gown with faded peacocks on it; and her hair in

& she wore a dressing gown with faded peacocks on it.

pig tails. She came in like a swan, ~~saicing~~ on the

[illegible]

Creature

water; but ~~was~~ checked; ~~and~~ surprised to find the lights

as & perched her

burbing; and stopped. & sat down on a 3 cornered chair.

She had been sitting with her little boy who wasnt well,

she apologised. explained. ~~She sat down on a three cornered chair~~ and aplogi~~sed~~; What had they been saying?

She guessed. "Something about Miss La Trobe?"

---"who cant be English, said Mrs haines; with that, name; and thos e eyes....

"[illegible] ~~Abo~~ut the cess pool" said Mr Oliver. ~~He had been~~ about to tell ~~them what~~ that ~~he remembered~~; his mother giving him whe he ~~went to school a Byxxxxxx a copy of Byrons~~ poems;

" What a subject to talk about on a night like this! Mrs Haines said [illegible] again.

And what had he said about tthe cess pool? Isa wondered.

[illegible] ~~She~~ bent her head towards the gentleman farmer; Percy Haines; whom she had met at a Bazaar; playing tennis; ~~Whatever it was~~ had he handed her--a cup--a ball--- And ~~a racquet~~, she had felt, as she felt now, n extraordinary thrill. of rapture.

[illegible]

they had ploughed the ~~whsmaix~~ the field to grow wheat in the Napoleonic wars.

"But you dont remember....?" Mrs Haines bega n

No, not that. Still he did remember, and he was about to tell them what, when there was a sound outside, and Isa, his sons wife, came in, with her hair in pig tails; ~~and~~ she was wearing a dressing gown with faded peacocks on it. She came in like a swan swimming its way; then was checked and stopped; was surprised to find people there, and apologised
She had been sitting with her little boy who wasnt well she explained.
lights burning. What had they been saying?

"We were discussing the cess pool" said Mr Oliver.

"What a subject to talk about on a night like this!" Mrs Haines exclaimed again.

And what had he said about the cess pool? Isa wondered inclicing her head toward the gentleman farmer, Percy Haines. She had met him at a Bazaar; and at a tennis party. He had handed her a cup and a racquet; That was all. But in his ravaged face she always felt mystery; and i his silnce passion; At the tennis party she had fe;t this; and at the Bazaar; and now, this third time, if anyt ing more strongly, she felt it again.

my mother

"I remember" the old man interrupted. "My mother" Of his mother he remembered that she was very stout; kept her tea caddy locked; yet had given him in that very room, a copy of Byron.

"She wqlks in beauty like the night" he quoted
And again,

"We'll go no more aroving by the light of the

~~Haxtoldxthem~~ It was over sixty years ago, he told them, that his mother had given him a copy of Byron in that very room. He paused.

"She walks in beauty like the night" he quoted.

The again:

"So we'll go no more a -roving by the light of the mooon..."

Isa raised her head. The words made two rings--

in water, rings in [illegible]

perfect rings, that floated them, herself and haines, like two swans down stream. But his snow white breast was circled with a tangle of dirty duck weed; and she too, in her webbed feet was entagled. ~~Shixaxx~~ by her her husband, ~~wxaxa~~ the stockbroker. Sitting on her three cornered chair she swayed, with her dark pig tails hanging, and her body like a bolster in its faded dressing gown.

Mrs Haines was ware aware of the emotion , circling ~~round~~ them, Excluding ~~leaving~~ her ~~out of~~ it. She waited, as one waits for the strain of an organ to die out before leaving church. In the car going home w she would destroy it, pecking the wings off as a thrust pecks ~~xxx~~ the wings off a butterfly. Allowing ten seconds to intervene, she rose; then as if she had heard the last strain die out, ~~and~~ offered Mrs Giles Oliver her hand.

But Isa ~~sat on~~, though she should have risen at the same moment that Mrs haines rose, sat on. Mrs haines glared at her out of her gooselike eyes, gobbling, "Please Mrs Giles Oliver, do me the kindness to recognise my existnce." ~~And that~~ Which she was forced to do, rising at last from her chair, in her faded dressing gown with the pig tails falling o e over each shoulder.

....2....

Pointz Hall was seen in the light of an early summer morning to be a middle sized house. It did not rank among the houses that are mentioned in guide books. It was homely. But this whitish house with the grey roof, and the wing thrown out at right angles, unfortunately lying low on the meadow with a fringe of trees on the bank above it ~~and~~ so that smoke curl~~ing~~ed up to the nests of the rooks, was a desirable house to live in. Driving past, people said to the each other ~~chauffeur~~ I wonder if that'll ever come into the market? And to the chauffeur: "Who lives there?"
The chauffeur didnt know. The Olivers, wh had bought the place som-thing ove a century ago, had no connection with the Warings, the Elveys, the Mannerings or the Burnets, in their deaths the old families; who had all intermarried, and lay, interwtisted, like the ivy roots ~~on~~ beneath a churchyard wall.

Only about a hundred and twenty years ~~they~~ the Olivers had been there. Still ~~On~~ going up the principal stiarcase--there was a mere ladder at the back for the servants-- there was a portrait. A length of yellow brocade was visible; and, as one reached the top of the stairs, a small powdered face, with a pearl slun head dress came into view: an ancestress of sorts. Si~~x~~5 or seven bedrooms opened out of the corridor. T~~[illegible]~~ The butler had had married a ~~man~~ ladies maid; ~~married~~ been a soldier; and under a glass ca e, t ere was a watch that had stopped a bullet on the field of Waterloo.

It was early morning; ~~June, 1939~~. The dew was on was on the grass. The church clock struck eight times. Mrs Swithin drew the curtain in her bed room, --the faded white chintz that so agreeably from the outside tinged the window with its a green lining. edge. There with her old hands on the hasp, jerking it open, she stood: old Oliver's married sister: a widow.

She always meant to set up a house of her own; perhaps in Kensington, perhaps at Kew, so that she could have the benefit of the gardens. But she stayed on, all through the summer; and when winter wept its damp upon the panes, and choked the gutters with dead leaves, she said: Why, Bart, did How annoying! that they should have built a house in a hollow, facing north? Her brother ~~replied~~ said, they did it, obviously, to escape from nature. Werent four horses needed to drag the family coach through the mud? The he told the famous story of the Great ~~famous~~ eighteenth century winter; When for a ~~whole~~ fourteen days the house had been ~~snow~~ blocked by snow. So when winter came, Mrs Swithin retired to lodgings at hastings.

But it was summer now. She had been kept awake by the birds. How they sang! --attacking the dawn like so many choir boys attacking an iced cake. Forced to listen, she had stretched for her favourite reading ~~book~~; an Outline of Science; and had spent the hours between three and four thinking of rhododendron forests in Piccadilly; when the entire continent not then, she understoodk, divided by a channel, was all one: ~~and~~ was populated, she understoodm by elephant bodied, seal necked, heaving surging, slowly writhing and, she suppsoed, barking monsters: the iquandodon, the mammoth and the mastodon; from whom presumably, she thought, jerking the window open, we descend.

It took her five seconds in actual time, in mind time considerably longer, to separate Grace herself, with blue tea cups on a tray, from the leather covered grunting monster, who was about, as the door oepned, to demolish a whole tree in the green steaming undergrowth of the primeval forest. ~~Her glance ws vague.~~ Naturally she jumped, as Grace put the tray down and said 'Good morning ma'am". "Batty" Grace called her, as she felt on her face the divided glance that was half meant for a beast in a swamp , half for a maid in print frock, and white apron with a tray in her hand.

"How those birds sing!" said Mrs Swithin, at random. The window as open; the birds certainly were singing. An obliging thrush hopped across the lawn; a coil of pinksih rubber ~~was~~ twisted in its beak. Tempted by the sight to continue her imaginative reconstruction of the past of Europe Mrs Swithin paused; she was given to increasing the bounds of the moment by flights into the past or future; or sidelong into corridors and alleys; but she remembered her mother--her mother rebuking her. in that very room "Dont stand gaping, Lucy, or the wind'll change." How often her mother had rebuked her, in that very room; ~~in that very room! Recalled, rebuked,~~ by a voice ~~speaking~~ "but in a very different world", as he brother would remind her, So she sat down to morning tea, like any other old lady, with a high nose , thin cheeks, a ring on her finger, ~~of course,~~ and the usual trappings of rather poverty stricken, but gallant old age. Also, she had a crucifix on her heart

which included in her case, a ~~gleaming crucifix.~~ golden cross. gleaming on her heart.

...3...

The nurses after breakfast were trundling the perambulator up and down the terrace; and as they trundled they were talking--not shaping pellets of infomration or handing ideas, but rolling rather as if they words ~~sweets~~ on ~~their tongues~~ sweets; which , as they thinned to transparency ~~under the tongue,~~ ~~[illegible]~~ gave off a mild sweetness. This morning that sweetness, was: how cook had told
how when she rang I said;
him off about the asparagus; how it was a sweet costume with hat and blouse to match; ~~how when she rang, I said~~; and that was leading to something ~~sweeter still~~ about a feller, as they walked ~~up and down upon the terrace.~~ rather trundling the perambulator on the terrace ~~rolling sweets on their tongue~~.

It was a pity, that the man who had built Pointz hall had pitched the house in a hollow, when beyond the flower garden and the vegetables there was this stretch of high ground. Nature had provided a site for a house; but man had built his house in a hollow. Nature hadprovided a stretch of turf half a mile in length and level, till it suddenly dipped to the lily pool; ~~and it~~ The terrace was braod enough to take the entire shadow of one of tethe great trees laid flat. There you could walk up and down, up and down, under the shade of the trees. Two or three grew close together; then there were gaps. Their roots ~~bxxxx~~ broke the turf, and among those bones were green waterfalls and cushions of grass in which violets grew in spring or in summer the wild purple orchis.

Amy was saying somethin about a feller, when Mabel, with her hand on the pram, turned sharply. her sweet swallowed

Leave off grubbing George, and come along George " she said. [illegible]

~~Her sweet was~~ swallowed.

The little boy had lagged and was grouting in the grass.

Then the baby, Caro, thrust her fist out over the coverlet and the furry bear was jerked overboard. Amy had to stoop.

George grubbed. The flower blazed between the angles of the roots.

~~It tore~~ Membrane after membrane; was torn it blazed a soft yellow, a lambent light under a film of velevet; it filled the caverns behind his eyes with light, All that inner darkness became a hall, leaf smelling, [illegible] smelling of yellow light.

And the tree was beyond the flower; [illegible] and the grass, the flower and the tree were one ~~and~~ entire. made a whole Down on his kness, among grabbing ~~the bones of the~~ roots he held that complete whole. But Then there was a roar and a hot breath, and a stream of coarse grey hair rushed between him and the flower. Up he leapt, toppling in his fright; and saw coming towards him a terrible peaked eyeless monster moving on legs, ~~xxxxxxxx~~ brandishing arms.

"Good morning Sir" a hollow voice booomed from a beak of paper.

AThe old man had sprung upon them from his hiding bhind a tree.

"Say Good morning to ~~Grandpapa~~" Mable urged him, giving him a push. ~~Grand~~ George stood gaping, who had sprung upon them from his hiding behind a tree.

Then Mr Oliver [illegible] crumpled the paper which he had cocked into a snout and appeared in his on person. George stood gaping. at the big bent figure, ~~beding over~~ bending him. leaning ~~towards~~ on him.

Then it straightened.

a very tall old man, with glaring eyes, a wrinkled cheeks; a

Grey old man. [illegible] , hat [illegible] the [illegible]

"Heel, you brute, heel!" he d cried. And George turned; and the nurse turned holding the furry bear; they all turned to look at Sohrab, the Afghan hound, bounding and bouncing among the flowers.

"Heel" the old man he bawled as if he were commanding a regiment. It was impressive, the way in which an old boy of his age could still~~l bawl, a~~nd make a brute like that obey him. Back came the Afhanxhxxx Afghan hound sidling, apologetic. And as he cringed at the old mans feet a string was slipped over his collar, the noose that old Oliver always carried ~~with him~~.

"You wild beast... you bad beast" he grumbled, stooping. George looked at the dog only. The hairy flanks were sucked in and out; there was a blob of foam on its nostrils. He burst out crying.

Old Oliver, ~~rasising him~~self, was angry! His little game with the new-paper hadnt worked, [illegible] The boy was a cry baby. He nodded and sauntered ~~on~~, smoothing out the crumpled paper and muttering, a cry baby. ~~a cry baby~~ as he tried to find his place in the column, "the franc....the franc... " But the breeze blew the great sheet out; and over the edge for a second he surveyed a landscape-- flowing fields, ~~purple~~ heath, and woods-- framed between trees. Then framed they made [illegible]. Had he been a painter, he would have fixed his easel here, where the country,- he barried by tree s looked like a picture. Then the breeze fell.

Framed, they became a picture.

paused on the terrace

"M. Daladier" he read, finding his place in the column- "has been successful in peggin down the franc...."

Between the acts. Later typescript

Pp. 10-20.

P. 15 misnumbered 16.

P. 11 in two drafts.

11 p

....4...

Mrs Giles Oliver drew the comb through the enormous tangle of hair which she had never had bobbed or shingled, after giving the matter her best attention, and lifted the heavily embossed silver brush that had been a wedding present; and had its uses, in impressing chamber maids in hotels. She lifted it; and stood in front of the three folds of the mirror, so that she could see three separate versions of her own rather heavy, but handsome face; and also, outside the glass, a ~~xxx~~ slip of lily pool, lawn and tree tops.

Inside the glass, in her eyes, she felt what she had felt overnight for the Byronic, the ravaged, the silent man: the gentleman farmer. ~~[illegible]~~ 'In love,' as it was called, with him; she could still at the same time love her husband, the stockbroker. "~~Who's~~ The father of my children" she added, slipping into a cliché ~~[illegible]~~ conveneintly provided by fiction. There was the private love; and ~~the~~ cliché love. ~~But hich~~ What feeling was it that stirred in her now, when above the lookin glass she saw coming across the lawn a permabulator, two nurses, and her son George?

She tapped on the window with her embossed hair brush; But they were too far off to hear; the drone of the breeze deafened them; the chirp of the birds; ~~ixx~~ and other incidents of outdoor life inaudible andinvisible to her in the bedroom. ~~[illegible]~~ ~~Innocent and isolated,~~ on a green is alnd, immune from all contact with ~~the~~ storms and treacheries of adult life, isoalted on a green island; hedged about with furry bears and embroidered quilts---it passed, under her window; the little copmany of children and nurses. I~~[illegible]~~ It was her part

Immune:

to protect ; that innocence; to Immune from suffering;

~~ignorant innocent~~; Until he went to school, her boy should

~~[illegible]~~ BWhereas she was in mid stream;

since the presence of Rupert haines in the room could pierce her with fiery arrows; since the proximity of that body could affect hers; since the words he said could suddenly attach themselves to a burning spot in her, and lie between them like a wire, tingling, twanging, vibrating. jiffering She tried to find a word for the infinitely quick vibrations of an aeroplane propeller that she had watched taking off at Croydon. Faster and faster it bu zzed; till all the flalils became one flail; the screw one screw; and up soared the plane--away and away...

She took up the telephone--

Where we know not, where we go not know nor care. she hummed. The rhyme to that would be 'air'. With a feather in ~~her hair; The n w~~ uld fol ow "with a fe aher in her hair.:

A blue fae ther and blue weather; flying rushing through the air...

Flying through the air blue weather, where we g know not---

but lighting there, find

She crossed to the telephone and spoke:

Three four eight.. What fish have you his morning. Mrs oliver speaki

Cod halibut sole and plaice?

Salmon Iced or fresh'.. Sole. Yes. ~~Dover~~ sole.

Filleted.

With a blue feather in her hair..

~~Thinking~~ ~~the~~ words ~~[illegible]~~, she them; the chirp of the birds; and other incidents of garden life inaudible and invisible to her in the bedroom. Isoalted on a green island, hedged about with snowdrops and Covered embroidered quilts, it floated passed, under her window, the little company of children and nurses; ~~immune~~ immune from the world a world immune from strife.

But she was in midstream. since, the mere proximity of that mans body could so affect her; since the words he said, handing her a tea cup, handing her a racquet, could suddenly attach themselves to a spot in her, and lie between them like a wire--tingling, tangling, vibrating, jiffering... She tried to make a word for the infinitely quick vibrations of an aeroplane propeller that she had seen ~~at Croydon~~ taking off. at Croydon. Faster and faster it buzzed till all the flails became one flail; the the screw whirred; abd up soared the plane, away and away....

Where we go we know not, neither know nor care, she hummed. To that the rhyme wo ld be 'air'. To ~~that~~ Thy would follow "with a faeher in her hair" "Flying, rushing through the air..."
To ~~that wd follow~~ with a feather, a blue feather –
She took up the telephone.
"Three four eight" Bolsham" "With a feather with a blue a feather she hummed. "Mrs Oliver speaking" she said "What fish have you this morning? Cod, halibut, sole, and plaice... Sole. Salmon –
Yes dover sole filleted in time for lunch please."
--
~~With a feather in her hair"~~
With a feather in her hair.
Where we go we know not, neither know nor care,
It was scarcely worth writing down,
~~It was not worth writing that down~~ in the little note book ~~that wa~~s bound like an account book, so ~~that~~ if Giles f[illegible] [illegible] saw it he would not suspect. her of writing. ~~The~~ lit le note book waas not worth much.

thin the hefts, bound like an among his account books.

She ~~She was~~ A She ~~She was~~ The Appearance were [illegible] adorned the weekly papers. She looked what she was: Sir Richards daughter ; and niece of the two old ladies at Wimbledon who were so proud, being O'Neils, of their descent from the Kings of Ireland.

....5....

A foolish gallant lady , pausing on what she called 'the heart of the house', the threshold of the library, had once said, "Next to the kitchen, the library's always the nicest room in the house." Then she added, stepping across the threshold, "Books are the mirrors of the soul."

In this case, a tarnished, spotted soul. For as the train took over three hours to reach this remote midland village in the heart of England no one ventured so long a jounrey without staving off possible mend hunger; without buying a book on a bookstall. Thus the mirrror that reflected the soul sublime reflected also the soul bored. Nobody could pretend , as they looked at the shuffle of shilling shockers that weekenders had dropped left, that the looking glass always refelcted the anguish of a Queen or the heroism of King Harry.

But at this early hour of a June morning, the library was empty. Mrs Giles had to visit the kitchen. Mr Oliver still tramped the terrace. And Mrs Swithin was of course at church. The light but variable breeze foretold by the waether expert flapped the ywllow curtain, tossing light, then shadow; the fire grayed, then glowed; and the tortoiseshell butterfly beat on the lower pane of the window~~And as~~ it beat, and beat, ~~and~~ beat, saying and repeating suggest~~ed~~ing that if no human being ever came, never, never never, the books would be mouldy, the fire out, and the tortoiseshell butterfly dead on the pane.

Then, heralded by the impetuosity of the Afghan hound, the old man came in. He had read his paper; was drowsy; and so sank down in the chintz covered chair with the dog at his feet.

Tiger, with

~~Smmkmaxx~~ His head resting on his paws,
~~Themxmagxhimmaxaxrastadmanxhisxpamaax~~ His ~~Hix~~ haunches w~~ere~~ drawn up. ~~He~~ looked like l~~ikx~~ a stone dog, a crusaders dog, guarding even in the realms of death the sleep of his master.
But the master was not dead, only dreaming,
~~Themmastanxmasxtxdeadxxdreamingxonlyx~~ drowsily seeing, as in a glass, himself; young; ~~and~~ hams ~~helmeted~~; a cascade falling, but no water; & hills like grey stuff pleated; ~~and the sun burning~~; in the sand a bullock , half ribs, half entrails maggot eaten in the sun; and in the shwdow of the rocks, savages which in ' and in his hand a the head rifle..... The real hand Clenched; but the real lay on the arm of the chair; its veins ~~still~~ swollen, but only with a brownish fluid now.

Then Isa interrupted. ~~Andmapologised~~ She apologised.

"Am I interrupting?" she ~~askedxxx~~ ~~apologised~~ apologises.

Of course she was. Destroying youth; and India. But it was his fault, since he had persisted in living . Indeed he was grateful to her, as she strolled across the room ~~amongxthexgaxmayadxinxherxwhitexstripedxdress~~s, ~~amongxthexbooks~~, for continuing him, by ~~her children~~. Many old men had only the past--- old men in clubs, old men in rooms off [illegible] Jermyn Street. He watched her, in her white striped dress, murmuring: "The moor is dark beneath the moon; rapid clouds have drunk the last pale beam of evening.... I have ordered the fish" she said ~~continued~~ , turning, " though whether it'll be fresh or not I cant promise. But veal is dear, and everybody in the house is sick to death of ~~maahxandxx~~ beef and mutton. Tiger" she said. "Whats he been doing?"

The [illegible]

Coming to a standstill bends

~~standing~~ over them, "Whats he been doing?"

~~He never wagged a~~ tail. He never admitted the ties of domesticity. Either he cringed or he bit. His wild eyes gazed at her. He could outstare both of them.

Old Oliver remembered.

"Your little boys a cry baby" he said crustily.

"Oh " she sighed, pegged down like a captive balloon
by a myriad of hair_thin ties into domesticity,
"Whats been happaning?"

6

She carried a hammer

.....6.....

She advanced, ~~bobbing~~, ~~and~~ sidling, as if the floor were fluid uner her shabby garden shoes; and, fidly advancing, she ~~she~~ pursed her lips, and smiled archly, sidelong, at her brother. Not a word passed between them as she went to the cupboard in the corner and replaced the hammer, which she had taken without asking leave; together--she unclosed her fist-- with a handful of nails.

"Cindy--oh Cindy!" he growled, as ~~ashe~~ she shut the cupbaord door.

Lucy, his sister, was three years younger than he was. The name Cindy or Sindy, for it could be spelt either way, was short for Lucy. It was by this name he had called he when they were children, when She had trotted after him as when he ~~they~~ fished, and had made the meadow flowers into tight little bundles, winding one long grass stalk, ~~and~~ round ~~and~~ round and round. Once, she remembered, he had made her take the fish off the hook ~~himxxx~~ herself. It had shocked her-- The blood -- "Oh" she had cried-- for the gills were full of blood.

And he had growled "Cindy--Cindy!". The ghost of that morning in the meadows was in her mind as she replaced the hammer where it beloged on one shelf; and the nails where they belonged on another; and shut the cupboard about which, for he still kept his fishing tackle there, he was still so very particular.

"Ive been nailing ~~nailed~~ the plcard on the barn" she said, ~~giving him a lit~~tle pat tug, on the shoulder.

The words were like the first peal of a chime of bells; ~~When~~ as the first peals, you hear the second; ~~while~~ as the second peals you hear the third. So when Isa heard Mrs Swithin say, "Ive been nailing ~~nail~~ed the plcard on the barn" she knew that she would say next:

" ~~abou~~t for the pageant"

And he would say:

" Today? By Jupiter! I'd forgotten! Damn it!"

"If its fine" Mrs Swithin coninued "They'll act on the terrace... "

"And if its wet" Bartholomew replied "In the Barn."

"And which will it be?"Mrs Swithin contimued. "Wet or fine?"

~~And~~ Then, for the seventh time in succession, they both looked out of the window.

Every summer, for seven summers now, Isa had heard the same words; about the hammer and the nails; the pageant and the weather. Every year they said would it be wet or fine; and every year it was--one or the other. [Every year] The same chime followed the same chime; only this year beneath the chime ~~she heard~~ she heard
"The girl screamed and hit him about the face with a hammer...."

~~"The forecast" said~~ Mr Oliver, taking with her up the paper ~~[illegible]~~ the forecast. is "Variable winds; fair average temperature; rain at times."

....7....

"The forecast" said Mr Oliver turning the pages till he found ~~the forecast~~ it, "says: Variable winds; fair average temperature; rain at times."

~~Then~~ He put down the paper, and they all looked at the sky to see if the weather obeyed the metereoligist.
Certainly, the ~~sky~~ weather was variable. It was green in the garden one moment, grey the next. Here came the sun--an illimitable rapture of joy,
withdrew in compassion
rushing, embracing every flower, every leaf. Then, in compassion
it seemed, covering its face,
it withdrew, covering its face ~~it seemed~~ as if it forebore to
Yet, was it their own law, or no law that they obeyed?
look on human suffering. There was a fecklessness, a lack of symmtery and order in the clouds, as they thinned and thickened. ~~Was it their own law, or no law, that they obyed?~~ Some were wisps of white hair merely. ~~Yet~~ One, high up, very distant, had hardened to golden alabaster; was made of immortal marble.
a [illegible] [illegible]
And beyond was pure blue; a black blue. That had never filetered
that had
down; ~~somehow had~~ escaped registration by meterological insturmnts.
It never
~~That never~~ fell, as sun, shadow or rain upon the world; but disregarded the little coloured ball of earth entirely. No flower felt it; no field; no garden.

Mrs Swithins eye glazed as she looked at it. Isa thought
"
her gaze ~~was~~ is fixed because "she ~~saw~~ sees her God ~~up~~ there," God as ~~upon~~ his throne,
garden
his rock ~~throne~~. But, as a shadow next moment fell upon the ~~chair~~,
lowered
Mrs Swithin lowered her fixed look, and said,

"It looks ~~I'm afarid~~ very unsettled. It'll rain, I'm afraid. We can only pray...." she adds, clasping her hands.

"And provide umbrellas" said her btother ~~grimly~~.

had ~~by adding~~ he capped it with

Lucy flushed. He struck her faith. When she said pray; ~~he added~~ (umbrellas.) She hastily ~~flushed and~~ covered her crucifix f~~rom his irreverent~~ under her gaze. nervous fingers.

~~Then, the~~ Next moment, she cried ~~exclaimed~~,

"Oh there they are---the darlings!"

The permabul ator comes ~~was being trundled~~ across the lanw.

~~And~~ Isa ~~[illegible]~~ looked ~~too~~. What an angel of goodness [illegible] the old woman was! Thus to saulte the children; ~~to defy the weather~~; to beat up against those immensitoes, ~~those~~ & indifferences her skinny hands, her laughing eyes! How corageous, ~~and noble~~, to defy the weather!

"He looks blooming!" said Mrs Swithin.

"Its astonishing how they pick up" said Isa. ~~The scare, the measeles scare,~~ was over.

"He ate his breakfast?" ~~Mrs Swithin asked~~.

"Every scrap" ~~said Isa~~.

"And Baby--shes all right?" no sign of measles said Mrs Swithin.

"Not So far. Touch wood." Isa tapped the table.

"Tell me Bart" said Mrs Swithin turning to her brother, "Whats the origin of that? Touch wood.... ~~didnt~~ Antaeus, Didn't he touch earth?"

~~She ad~~ skipped down a side path of her own. She would have been, he thought, a very clever woman, had she fixed her gaze. But this led to that; and that to the other. What went in at one ear went out at the other. And all were circled, as happens after seventy, by ~~the encircling and~~ by an recurring question; hers was should she live at Kensington or at Kew? Yet every year when autumn came, she did neither.

she took a lodging at Hastings.

"Touch wood, touch earth; Antaeus" he muttered, bring the scattered bits together. Lempriere would settle it; or the Encyclopaedia. But it was not in books the answer to his question--why in Lucys skull shaped so much like his own there existed a prayable being? She didnt, he supposed, invest it with hair, teeth or toenails. It was, he supposed, more of a force, or a radiance, controlling the thursh and the worm, the tulip and the hound; and himself too, an old man with swollen veins. It got her out of bed on a cold morning and sent her down t e muddy path to worship it, whose mouthpiece was was that good fellow Streatfield. He smok~~ing~~ed cigars in the vestry. He needed some solace, doling out preachments to asthmatic elders, perpetually repairing the perpetually falling steeple, by means of placards nailed to barns. The love, ~~he thought~~ was thinking, that they should have given to flesh and blood they gave to the church...

When Lucy rapped her fingers on the table, & said "What the origin--the origin--of that?" ~~Lucy repeated, rapping her fingers on the table~~.

"Superstition" he said.

She flushed, and the little breath too was audible that she drew in as, once more, he struck a blow at her faith. But flesh and blood, ~~in~~ being brother and sister, was not a barrier but a mist. Nothing changed their affection; no argument; no fact; no truth. What she saw he didnt; what she did he didnt--and so on ad infintium.

"Cindy, Cindy" he grwoled. And the quarrel was over.

Between the acts. Later typescript

Pp. 21 - 29

9 p

On verso p. 21, 23 here:
[Between the acts] Holo. fragment. [p. 24 + 22 in print]

On verso p. 24: Fragment of typescript; another version of last page, unnumbered.

On verso of p. 25: Fragment, p. 233 of longer version

....8...

The Barn to which Lucy had nailed the placard was a great large building in the farm yard. It w as as old as the Church, and built pf the same stone; but it had no steeple. It was raised on cones of grey stone at the corners, to protect it from rats and damp. always said It was how Those who had been to ~~[illegible]~~ Greece were reminded of a Greek temple; those who had never been to Greece--and~~they were~~in the majority--- admired it none the less. Its roof was weathered red and orange; and inside it was a hollow hall Sun shafted, brown, smelling of corn, dark when the doors were shut, but splendidly illuminated when the doors at the end stood open, as they did to let the waggons in. The long low waggons, leaning their s afts on the ground, were beautiful too; ships of the field, breasting the corn not the sea; returning in the evening at harvest green with hay, It was hay harvest now, The lanes were tasselled with hay caught tufts where the waggons had passed.

Now benches were drawn across the floor of the Barn. If it ra ned, the actors were to act in the barn; planks had been laid together at one end to form a stage. It it was wet or fine, Anyhow, the audience would take tea there. Young men and women--- Jim, Iris, David and Jessica, -- were even now busy with garlands of red and white paper roses , made of paper, left over from the Coronat on. The seeds and the dust from the sacks made them sneeze.

Iris had a handkechief bound about her ~~fore~~head! Jessica wore breeches. The young men worked in shirt sleeves. Pale husks had stuck in their hair. and it was easy to run a splinter of wood into the fingers.

"Old Flimsy" (Mrs Swithins nickname) had been nailing another placard to the barn. The first had been blown down, or the village idiot, who always tore down what had been nailed up, had done it, and was chuckling over the placard under the shade of some hedge. The workers were laughing too; ~~as if~~ old Swithin ha left a wake of laughter behind her. The old girl with a wisp of white hair flying, and knobbed shoed as if she had claws covered with corns like a canary's, and black stockings wrinkled about the ankles, naturally made David cock his eyebrow and Jessica wink back as she handed him a length of paper roses. Snobs They were They were — the They were snobs, long enough stationed, that is, and in that corner of the world to have taken indelibly the print of some three centuries of customary behaviour. So they laughed; but admired. If she wore pearls, pearls they were.

"Old Flimsy on the hop" said David. She would be in and out twenty times, and finally bring them lemonade in a great jug and a plate of sandwiches. She held the festoons; he hammered A hen strayed in; a file of cows passed the door; then a sheep dog; then the cowman, Bond. Who stopped.

~~He stopped.~~ He contemplated the young people hanging roses from one rafter to another. He thought very little, of anybody, simples or gentry. Leaning, silent, sardonic, against the door he was like a withered willow, bent over a stream, all its leaves shed, and in his eyes the whimsical flow of the waters.

"Hi Huh!" he cried suddenly. It was cow-langauge, Huh, presumably, for the parti coloured cow who had thrust her head in at the door lowed her head, lashed her tail and amble off. He followed after.

[24]

blind, tugged by the light breeze, ~~flutter; it cut~~ flapped a
fan of light, then of shadow; the fire gasped, then glowed;
& the tortoiseshell butterfly beating on the lower
pane ~~suggest worked human help, — vanity~~
For a ~~moment~~, suggested that if no one came, of the
~~room remained empty~~, the books would turn
mouldy, ~~the butterfly would~~ & the fire would be out,
& the butterfly would be dead.

But here was the old man. ~~heralded by the~~ the impetuous [illegible] dog
impetuosity of the dog. Mr. Oliver, who had read his
paper, was drowsy, & sat down; & the dog
couched at his side. He looked like a stone dog;
a crusader dog; guarding even in the
realms of death the sleep of the master. But
the master was not dead, only ~~dreaming~~ seeing, as in a glass, ~~in imagination~~
& himself, a young man; alone in the sun, a cascade falling;
but no water; hills ~~pleated~~ like grey stuff; pleated;
a bullock, half a hoop of ribs, half
maggot eaten entrails in the sand; &
& in the shadow of the rocks; savages
& in his hand his revolver. That was the
hand, lying on the chair arm, its veins fluid now,
still swollen, but with a brownish
that had ~~clenched~~ held the revolver...

Isa, his ~~daughter in law~~ came in.
Was she interrupting him? Of course she was. not for him to
Destroying Indian youth. But it was
complain. As he had persisted in living to be seventy four
it was his fault. Indeed, he did be grateful to her:
she entertained him; with her children. Many old men
had only the past ....: ~~were~~ old men in clubs, old men in
rooms off Jermyn Street.

....9....

"Thats the problem" said Mrs ~within, to Isa who

While Mr Oliver consulted the Encylcopaesia, searching under "Superstition" for the origin of the expression "Touch wood"; She and Isa discussed fish: wherein wondering whether, coming from a distance, it would be fresh.

They were so far from the sea. It was a h undred miles away-- Mrs Swithin thought perhaps, a hundred and fifty.

"They do say" she continued, "one can hear the waves on a still night. After a storm they say you can hear a wave break... I like that story--- Who was it?- hearing the waves in the middle of the fields one night he saddled his horse and rode to the sea. Who was it, Bart, who rode to the sea?"

How ~~could he tell~~? Boy ~~when~~ he was reading?

~~Xlxxxxxxxxx~~ "You cant expect it brought to your door in a pail of water" said Mrs Swithin. " as I can remember when we were children, living in a ~~farmhouse~~ home by the sea. Lobsters, fresh from the lobster pots. How they pinched the stick she gave them! And salmon--- you know if theyre fresh because theyve lice in their scales..

Bartholomew loo~~king up over his glasses~~, nodded. A fact that was.

He ~~too~~ remembered. Thomas his bringing up nets full of fish. But in their old ~~minds~~ submerged minds.

They were remeber ng; ~~but~~ Isa was seeing---

the garden, variable, as the forecast said, in the lig ght brreze. Again, the children passed; and she tapped on the window. & She blew them a kiss. In the drone of the garden it went unheeded

"Are we really" she s id turning round,

So they talked about [illegible] to [illegible] - how she looked foreign:
~~Russian~~!
~~Then~~. - So back to the [illegible]: So to the [illegible] was
In her stays yes, old Mrs. Oliver saw; they had [illegible] the
law. to [illegible] what
But you don't [illegible].
So to [illegible]..

A foolish gallant lady, pausing on what she thought to be the
threshold of the Library had once said, "Next to
the Kitchen, the library's always the nicest room in the house."
Then she added: Books are the mirror of the soul.
~~In [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]~~ days, And had stood gazing at the backs of that
very mixed society ~~as if she saw~~ as in a glass. images
As the train took over three hours to reach
the midland village in the heart of England, no one
ventured on so long a journey without buying a
~~bookstall~~ book. on a bookstall. And then, the mirror, besides
reflecting the ~~soul, as she called it, left the~~ the soul in its
sub~~sublimities. reflected the trivialities~~. ~~when the soul~~ is in its
sublimities. reflected the soul [illegible]
trivialities. Nobody could ~~say~~, pretend, as they
looked at the shuffle of shilling shockers that weekenders
had dropped, in agony, that the soul was always as
deep too: that the looking glass was always
reflecting some Great Queen, or King Harry at Agincourt.
Ida ~~had to visit Mrs~~ ~~A mixed collection. It was:~~
A very mixed & mis-called collection this was - in the
what was called the library.
~~But it~~. But at the moment it was
Empty. Mrs Giles had to visit the kitchen. Mr. Oliver
was ~~still~~ still on the terrace. The yellow
....

[p22]

~~So they talked about [illegible] [illegible]. Then she looked [illegible]:~~
~~~~Romans~~!~~
~~Then.— So back to the cesspool: so to the [illegible] was~~
~~In her [illegible], old Mr Oliver said, they had [illegible]~~
~~[illegible], to [illegible] what~~
~~But you don't remember.~~
~~So to [illegible].~~

A foolish gallant lady, pausing on what she took to be the threshold of the Library had once said; "Next to the kitchen, the library's always the nicest room in the house." Then she added: Books are the mirror of the soul. And had stood gazing looked at the backs of those ~~[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] days~~, shapes very mixed society ~~as if she were~~ as in a glass.

As the train took over three hours to reach the midland village in the heart of England, no one ventured on so long a journey without buying a ~~bookstall~~ book at a bookstall. And then, the mirror, besides reflecting the ~~soul, as she called it, reflt the~~ soul in its ~~sublimities reflected its peculiarities~~. the soul is in its sublimities, reflected the soul ~~when the soul~~ in its peculiarities. Nobody could ~~say~~, however, as they looked at the shabby shelves that weekenders had dropped, on arriving, that the soul was always top too: that the looking glass was always reflecting some great Queen, or Henry at Agincourt. ~~A mixed collection, it was:~~

~~Isa had to visit Mrs~~ It was then A very mixed & motley collection ~~it was~~ – in the what was called the library.

~~But it~~. But at the moment it was Empty. Mrs Giles had to visit the kitchen. Mr Oliver was ~~still~~ still on the terrace. The yellow ....
~~~~

a hundred miles from the sea?"

"Only "Eighty 35 ~~three~~" said her father in law, as if he had whipped a ttape measure from his pocket and measured it exactly.

"It seems more" said Isa. "It seems as if the view from the on the terrace terrace went on for ever and ever."

"They call it the North sea now" said Mrs Swithin, "Not the German ocean. "And, as She smiled. But why?

The she miled; because --but how could she explain, to her niece, that she was thinking

But once there as no sea." said Mrs Swithin No sea at all between us and the continet. I was readiog that in a book this morning.

~~kaw~~ There were rhododendrons, and mammoths in the Strand.

I was reading this morning, how there were rhododendrons in the Strand; and mammoths on Piccadilly.

"W~~e were savages" said~~ Isa.

She

The we were svages " said Isa.

Then it came into her mind that her destist had told her that [illegible] [illegible] him

[illegible]

that they could perform very skilful poerations on the brain! Savages

She thought he had said that he falsse teeth were invented, say in the time of the Pharoahs. "At least, so my dentist said" she explained

[illegible] what my she explained

What man d'you go to now?" asked Mrs swithin.

"The same old couple. Batty and Bates, off Sloane Street" she answered.

It was

"And Mr Ba es told you they had lflase teeth in the time of the Pharaohs?" said Mrs swithib. "Batty of course"

"Oh not Mr Bates!2 Isa exclaimed. Bates only talks about Royalty the Rpyal Acadamey; and the Royal family. Once he had a patinet---

" still dont know what it meant" said Mrs swithin. "the peasants; the ^ings; the fool; ourselves..."

~~With~~ its sheath sliced in four, like petals round a flower, exposing a white cone, Giles offer d a banana to his wife. Isa took it. She also looked at the sky. As if a light breeze were wafting fugitive shreds. she saw besides the play, the audince--dispersing. Some drove on the high road; and some cycled; some took short cuts acr oss meadows. The vicarage gate painted a dull red brown swung ope ; th door door of the new red villa opened; again, the car swept up the drive the low hanging boughs in the ace ue brushing the roof. All were dispersing. Then she looked again at the marble, rosy, amber, purpled cloud. The play. What did it mean?

"Lucy" said bartholomew, holding his cherrot on his thin fan shaped hand"asks too much "

Giles struck a match for his father.

"Toommuchxmch" Lucy asked, dipping her raspberry in sugar.
Any way
"We should b glad it as so fine" she added. "Save for that shower, that sudden shower..."

Then she gazed at the sky. "The Kings and Queens; people pas ng; the looking glasses; the voices in the bush; and then the Recror spoke. But when they asked a robe for a speech, she wasnt there."

Giles extingusihed the match n the desert plate, with a little fizz.

"~~Wir~~ That Wise woman" said Dathorlmew. left us all guessing."

a Princess. So he kept me waiting-- well over an hour.
And You know how, when ones small, how one haites waiting."

"Marraiges with cousins cant be good for the teeth" said Mrs Swithin.

Bart put his finger inside his mouth and projected the upper row outside his lips. They were false.
Yet the Olivers, hadnt married cousins.
~~That was true~~. The Olivers cou;dnt trace their descent for more than two or three hu dre years.

But the Swithins could ,

"The Swithinsxxxx " Mrs Swithin began; Then she stopped.
about a Saint le [illegible]
Bart would rack another joke if she said that. And she had had two jokes cracked at her already; one about an umbrella; and one about superstition; So she stopped ~~short~~; and said.
"How did we begin t this talk? "She counted on her fingers.
The Phar oahs; dentists; fish... Oh yes, you were saying, Isa, you'd ordered fish; and you were afraid t wouldnt be fresh.
And I said, "Thats the problem...."

233

Sauntering across the ywllow caroet, Mrs Swithin sat down opposite the window. The filetred light made her gleam like an iridescent snail shell; or a sea worn glass.

He said we'd made more than last year"

"How much did he say we'd made?" she asked. "More tha last year. But last year it rained"

This year, last year, next year, never, Isa made up her little rhy e.

[illegible]

better in the end.

"Mrs Whats her name" said Lucy.. "imprarved. At first I thought her odious."

"~~Mrs Whatshername~~. You mena Manresa" ~~said~~ Isa.

Beyond the shell of the house flwers and leaves ~~xxxxx~~ burnt, as her hand burnt on the window ledge. A seamless surface sensitive" she rambled, imagining a thin sentient skin, of plant, of flower, of flesh, os silver sea, spreading ~~seamless~~ over the world.

a [illegible]

"But if we're left asking questions at the end, isnt it a faylure?"

taking

Mrs swithin, having ~~found~~ her ball of grey wool pinioned with needles, addressed this question to her knitting.

"It said she meant " said Isa, turning her hand palm uppermost in the sunshine, " we are parts of one another.

Partly our act

And you —

"Did tou feel that?" mur,ured Mrs Swithin, knitting.

([illegible])

"Yes.. no" Isa murmured, for it was yes , no. It was dispersing and

[illegible]

uniting; ~~There was the tide~~, ebbing, flowing; and the birds, scattering congregating; like and the sower casting seed.—

"But splintered" she said, Should it be splintered, fissur d oe shivered? the word for a reflection in a looking glass?

Or is perhaps a fragment.."

~~for the the glass that a bullet cracks~~?

"I thought she men ant, said Lucy picking up the same idea, xmxmxmxmxm@xmxmx lo....

The fish had been delivered; ~~by~~ Mitchells boy, holding them in a crook g m. a

Jumped off on] his motor bike. There was no feeding the pony with lumps of sugar at the kitchen door, nor time for gossip, since his round had been increased. He had to deliver right over the hill at Bickley; ~~and~~ also go round by Waythorn, Roddam and Pyeminster. ~~little villages~~, whose names, like his own, were in Dokesda Domesday book. They were villages But that cook --Mrs sands she was called and by old freinds Trixie, had never those villages seen. Never in all her fifty years had she been over the hill, nor wanted to.

He dabbed them down on the kitchen table the filleted soles ~~in their damp paxxxx paper~~, the semi-transparent xxxxhxx boneless fixxxxx slips. And before Mrs Sands had time to peel the paper off, he was gone, giving a slap to the very fine yellow cat whorose majestically from the basket chair and advanced superbly to the table, winding the fish.

Where they a bit whiffy' Mrs Sands held them to her nose. The cat rubbed itself this way, that way; against the table legs, against her legs. She would save a slice for Sunny--his drawing room name Sung-Yen had undergone a kitchen chnage into Sunny. She took them, the cat attendant, to the larder and laid them on a plate in that semi-ecclesiastical apartment. For the house, before the Reformation, like so many houses in that neighbourhood, had a Chapel; and the Chapel had become a larder, changing, like the cats name, as religion changed. The Master (his drawing room name; in the kitchen they called him Bartie) would bring gentlemen sometimes to see the larder--often when Cokk wasnt dressed. ~~And~~ Not to see the hams that hung from the hooks, or the butter on a blue slate;

or the joint for tomorrows dinner, but to see the cellar which opened out of the larder, and the its Carved arch carving on the arch. If you tapped --one gentleman had a hammer-- there was a hollow sound. Undoubtedly, he said, there was a concealed under this ~~subterranean~~ passage. where where somebody once upon a time had hid. Mrs s ands wished they wouldnt come into the kitchen telling ~~these~~ stories with the girls about. It put ideas into their silly heads. They heard dead men rolling barrels. They saw a white lady walking under the trees. No one would cross the terrace after dark. ~~because of the white lady walking under the trees.~~ If a cat sneezed, it was a ghost.

Sunny had his little bit off a fillet. Then Mrs Sands she took an egg ~~[illegible]~~ of the basket great crcok full of eggs, some with yello fluff sticking to the shell, then a pinch of flour to coat those semi-transparent slips; and a crust from the great eartheware crcok full of crusts. Then, returning to the kitchen, she made those quick movements at the ~~oxxxx~~ oven, cinder raking, stoking, damping, which sent strange echoes through the house, so that in the library, the sitting room, the dining room or the nursery, whatever they were doing, they all ~~the whole~~ house knew, whether they were reading or working, or dressing or ~~undressing~~ bathing ~~adding up accounts, or bathing~~ the children that it must be getting on for lunch ~~time.~~ or dinner

....11....

"The sandwiches" said Mrs ~within, coming in to the kitchen. She refrained from adding Mrs Sands, for Sand and sandwiches clashed; "Never play" her mother used to say " on peoples names. And Trixie was not a name that suited , as Sands did, the thin acid woman, ~~wh[illegible]~~ red haired ~~level headed~~, sharp and clean, who never dashed off masterpeieces, it was true; but then never dropped hair pins in the soup. "Whats this?" Bart had said, raising a hair pin in his spoon; in the old days, ~~wh[illegible]~~ fifteen years ago, before Sands came; in the time of Jessie Pook.

Mrs Swithin
Mrs ~ads fetched bread; ~~and she~~ fethed ham. One cut the bread, the other the ham. It was soothing, it was consolidating, this hand work together. The cooks hands, the ladi s hands were both thin hands. But cooks hands cut, and cut and cut. Whereas Lucy, holding the loaf, held the knife up. Why's stale bread, she mused, easier to cut than new? And so skipped, sidelong, by way of from yeast to alcohol; so to fermentation; inebriation and [illegible] [illegible] Bacchus; and lay under purple lamps in a vineyard in Italy; while she cut; Whereas Sands heard the clock tick; saw the cat; noted ~~[illegible]~~ a fly buzz; and registered, as her lips showed, a grudge she ~~would~~ mustn't ~~not~~ speak against people ~~i[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ making work in the kitchen while they had a high old time hanging paper roses in the Barn.

"Will it be fine?" asked Mrs ~within, with her knife suspended.

Ij the kitchen they always humoured old mother Swithins fanci.

"Seems like it" said Mrs sands, giving her sharp look out of the kitchen window.

"But it wasnt ~~rained~~ last year" said Mrs Swithin. "D'you remember what a rush we ha getting the chairs in?"

She cut again. Then she asked about Betty Mrs sands nephew who was apprenticed to a butcher.

'Hed been doing what boys shouldnt do: cheeking the master.

"That'll be all right" said Mrs swithin--half meaning the boy, half meaning the sandwich, as it happened, a very neat one. "Mr Giles may be late" she added, Complacently laying it on top of the pile.

For Isa husband, the stockbroker, was coming from London. And the local train, which met the express train, arraived by no means punctually ~~at the lit le station~~. Even if he caught the early train, which was by no means Can ~~to be taken for gran~~ted. In which ~~In that case it meant~~ case it meant--~~but~~ what or did it mean, to Mrs sands, when people missed their trains, and she, whatever she might want to do, had to their ~~keep meals hot~~? serve them a[illegible] hot [illegible]. [illegible]

"There!" said Mrs swithin, surveying ~~taking~~ the plate ~~piling~~ the sandwiches one on top of another, some neat enough, others jutting out, [illegible] "Ill take them to the Barn." with [illegible]

As for the lemonade, she assujed that jane the kitchen maid would follow after.

Betweew the acts. Later typescript

33?
Pp. 30-50 Wanting 36? and 39

18p

12....

Bartlet pused in the dining room to move a yellow rose. Yellow, white carnation red--he placed them. He loved arranging flowers and the green sword or heart shaped leaf that came, fitly, betwen them. Queerly, he loved it considering his gambling and dribking. All was ready-- silver and white, forks nd napkins, and in the centre ~~highlyxcolouredxxxx~~ the splashed variegated bowl of the bowl of roses. So, giving a look, he left the fdining room.

The picture hung opposite the window. In real life they had nver met, the long lady and the man holding his horse by the rein. The lady was a picture, bought by Olive because he liked the picture; the man was an ancestor. He held the rein in his hand. He said, to the painter in the first place:

"If you want my likeness, dang it sir, take it when the leaves are on the trees." There were leaves on the tree He said. "Aint there room for Colin as well as Buster?" Colin was his famous hound. But there was only room for Buster. It waa he seemed to say, to the company now, the diners, a s damned shame to leave out C olin whom he had wished buried in at his feet, in the same graeve about 1750; but that skunk the reverend wahtshis name the parson clergyman, refused.

He was a talk producer, that ancstor. But the lady was a picture. In her yellow robe, leaning, with a pillar to support her, a silver arrow in her hand, and a feather in her hair she led the eye up, then down, from the curve to the straight, through gldes of greeney, and shades of silve and dun and rose into silence. The room was empty.

Empty, empty empty; silent, silent, silent. a
The room as [illegible]
held
shell ~~said~~ singing of what was before time was; like
a vase stood in the very heart of the house, alabaster, smooth , cold, holding the still, distilled essence of empiness, silence.

Across the hall

A door opened. One voice, nother voice , a third voice came wimpling and warbling; gruff--Barts voice; qauvering--Lucys voice--middle toned--Isa voice--- Then
[illegible]
voices pmetuously, impatiently, protestingly came across the hall saying the trains late... saying keep it hot--saying We wont, no, Bartlet ~~really~~ we wont wait.
The voices [illegible]
Coming out from the library they stopped in the hall. They encountered, a complication evidently: a rock. Utterly impossible it was even in he heart of th country to be a family; alone. That was the shock.

Immediately

After that the rock was raced round embraced. If it was painful, it was essential ; there must be society. Cows and sheep have the desire...If ~~it~~ was painful, it was al~~so pleasant~~ coming out of the library

to run slap into Mrs Manresa and an unknown young man

with tow coloured hair and a twisted face. The voices clashed.
No escape was possible; meeting was ineivtable.
Uninvited, unexpected, droppers in, lured off the
high road by the very same instinct that caused the sheep
and the vole to desire propinquity , society, they had
dropped in. But they had brought a lunch basket.
~~They had it with them.~~

"We couldnt resist, when we saw the name on the
sign post" Mrs Manresa began, in her [illegible] "And this is a friend--
William Dodge. We were going to sit all alone in a
hedge. And I said, Why not ask our dear friends,
seeing the sign post, to shelte us? A seat at the table
---thats all we want. We have our own basket. We have
our own forks and glasses. We ask nothing but----"
society, apparently; propinquity½ & be with her kind
And she waved her hand upon which there was a glove;
and under the glove it seemed rings, at old Mr
Oliver.

He bowed dep ove he hand-- a hu dred years ago he woul
have kissed it. In all this sound of welcome, protest,
apology and again welcome, there was an element of
silence supplied by Isabella, observing the unknown
young man. H ewas of cousre 'a gentleman'; witness
socks and trousers; brainy leftish, --tie spotted, wais
coat undone; a worker, urban, professional, that is
putty coloured, unwholesome; very nervous, exhibiting a
twitch at this sudden introduction, abd fundamentally
infernally conceited, for he deprecated Mrs manresas

She had been born, but it was only gossip said so, in Tasmania; he grandfather had been exported for some hanky panky mid Victorian scandal; malversation of trusts was it? But the story got no further the only time Isabella heard it than 'exported' for the husband of the

Communicate

lady --Mrs Blencowe of the Grange-- took excpetion, pednatically, to 'exported' ; said 'expatriated' was ~~bett~~ more like it, but not the right word, which he had on the tip of his tongue, but couldnt get at. And so the story dwindled away,. Sometimes she referred to an uncle a Bishop. But he was thought to have been a Colonial Bishop only. They fogot and forgave very easily in the colonies. Also it was said her diamonds and rubies had been dug out of the earth with his own hands by a 'husband' who was not Ralph Manresa. Ralph, a Jew, got up to look the very spit and image of the landed gentry, supplied --that was certain from directing City companies, tons of money; and they were childless. But surely with George the Sixth on the throne it was old fashioned, dowdy, savoured of moth eaten furs bugles cameos and black edged note paper ~~and old maids tea parties in Caethral closes~~ to go ferreting into

peoples past

~~facts~~. people's pasts?

"All I need" said Mrs manresa, ogling Bartlett Richard, as if he were a real man mot a stuffed man, " is a corckscrew." She had a bottle of champgane, but not a corkscrew.

"Look B ill" she continued, cocking her thumb--she was opening the bottle-- "at ~~both~~ the ~~two~~ pictures. "Didnt I tell you you'd have a treat?"

Vulgar she was in her gestures; in her whole person; over sexed, over dressed for a picnic. But what a desirable , at least valuable, quality it was-- for everybody felt, directly she spoke, "She's said it, or shes done it, not I" and could take advantage of the breach of decorum, of the fresh air that blew in, to follow, like leaping dolphins in the wake of an ice breaking armour plated merchant ship. Did she not restore to old Bartholomew his green islands his youth?

"I told him" she went on, ogling Bart now, "that he wouldnt look at our things" (of which they had heaps and mounatins) "after yours . And I promised him you'd show him the---the---" here the champagne fizzed up, and she insisted upon filling Barts glass first " What is it all you learned gentlemen rave about? An arch? Norman? Saxon? "Who's the last from school?" Mrs Giles?" She ogled Isabella now, conferring youth upon her; but always when she spoke to women, she veiled her eyes, for they, being conspirators, saw through it.

So, ~~with blow after blow~~, she staked out her claim, with Champagne With ogling,
~~what with the champagne and the ogling, to be a wild child of nature,~~
~~blowing in to this --she did give one secret smile--~~
~~sheltered harbour, which did make her smile, yes, after London.~~
~~yet it did too challange London. For on she went to offer them a~~
~~sample of her life; a few gobbets of gossip; mere trash; her~~

A thorough good sort she was--, she made old Bart feel young. Out of the corner of his eye, as he raised his glass, he saw a flash of white in the garden. Some one [illegible] passing.

The scullery maid, before the plates came out, was ~~strl~~ Cooling her cheek ~~strolling~~ by the lily pool.

There had always been lilies there, self sown from wind dropped seed, floating red and white on the green plates of their leaves. Water, for hundreds of years, had silted down into the hollow, and lay there, four or five d feet deep over a black cushion of mud. Under the thick plate of green water, submerged

Glazed

in their ~~slef~~ self centred world, fish swam-- gold, splashed with white, ~~some~~ streaked with black or silver. Silently they maeuvred in their water world, poised in the blue patch made by the sky, or shot silnetly to the edge where the grass, ~~bending~~ trembling, made a fringe of nodding shadow. On the water paveme nt spiders printed their delicate feet. A grain fell and spiralled down; a petal fell, filled and sank. At that the fleet of boat shaped bodies paused; poised; equipped; mailed; then with a waver of undulation off they flashed.

It was in that ~~xkx~~ deep centre, in that black heart, that the lady had drowned herself. Ten years since the pool had been dredged, and a thigh bone recovered. Alas, it was a sheeps, not a ladies. And sheep have no ghotsts, for sheep have no souls. When they die, they die completely. But, th servants insisted; they must have a ghost; the ghost must be a ladies; who had drowned herself for love. So none of them would walk by the lily pool at night, only now when the sun shone, and the gentry still sat at ~~dinner~~ table.

As the flo r petal sank, Bartholomew sipped his wine.

Happy as a boy he felt ~~he felt~~; yet reckless as an old man; an unusual, an agreeable sensation. F umbling in his mind for something to say to this adorable lady, he chose the first thing that came handy; the story of the sheeps thigh. "Servants" he said "must have their ghost." Kitchen maids in particular ~~needed~~ ghosts depnded on them. must have drowned ladies.

"Oh but so meant ~~do~~ I!" cried the wild child of nature, Mrs manresa. She became, all of a sudden, as solemn as an owl. She knew she said, picnhing a bit of bread to make this empjatic, that Ralph, when he was at the war, cu couldnt have been killed without her knwoing it, "wherever I was, whatever I was doing" she added, waving her hands, so that the diam nds flashed in ~~the sun~~.

"I dont feel that" said Mrs swithin, shaking her head.

"No" Mrs Manresa she lau hed. "None of you would. You see I'm on a level with..." she waited till Bartlet had retired " the servants. I'm nothing like so grown u as alert you are ~~are~~."

She preened approved of her adolescence. Rightly or wrongly? A spring of feeling bubbled up through her ~~the~~ mud. They had laid theirs with blocks of marble. Sheeps bones were sheeps bones to them, not the relics of the drwoned Lady Ermyntrude.

"And which camp" said Bartholomew, turning to the unknwon guest, "d'you belong to? The grown or the ungrown?"

Isabella opened her mouth. hoping Didge would open his. and so enable her to place him. But he did ~~not answer~~ sat staring.

"I beg your pardon sir" he said – They ~~were~~ all lookinG at him. "I was looking at the pictures."

instinct vely. Aunt Lucy, foolish; free; always, since he had chosen, after leavibg cillege, to take a job in the city, expres ing her amazement, her amusement, at men who spent their lives, buying and selling, ploughs?, glass beads was it?, or stocks and shares? ~~was it~~, to savages who wished, most oddly--for were they not beautiful naked?- to dress or to live like the English? A frivolous, a malignant statemn hers was of a problem which, for he had no speacial gift, no capital, and had been furiously in love with his wife-- he nodded to her across the table-- had afflicted him for ten years. Given his choice, he would have chosen to farm. But He was not given his choice. So one thing led to another; and the conglomeration of things pressed you flat; held you fast, like a fish in water. So he came for the week end; ~~[illegible]~~ and changed.

"How d'you do" he said all round; nodded to the unknown guest; dis~~liked~~ took against him him; and ate his fillet of sole.

He was the very type of all that Mrs Manresa adored. His hair curled; far from running away, as many chins did, his was firm; the nose straight, if short; the eyes, of course with that hair, blue; and finally to make the type complete, there was something firece, untamed, in the expression which incited her, even at forty five, to furbish up her ancient batteries.

"He is my husband" Isabella thought, as they nodded across the bunch of many coloured flowers. "The father of my children . It worked, that old cliché; she felt pride; and affection; then pride again in herself, whom he had chosne. It was a shock to find, after the mornings thrill, and the arrow of desire shot through her thighs last night by the Byronic man, the gentleman farmer, ~~who~~

not a dapper city gent
~~she felt~~ how much she felt when he came in, ~~not a dapper city~~
but a cricketer
~~gent but a cricketer~~, of love and hate. ~~[illegible]~~

They had first met in Scotland, fishing. --she from one rock ~~in a very swift stream~~; he from another. Her line had got tangled; she had given over, and she had watched him with the stream rushing through his legs, casting, casting--until like a thick ingot of silver bent in the middle the salmon had leapt, had been caught; and she knew. she had loved him.

Batholomew loved too, ~~his~~ him son; & noted his anger; -about what? But remembered his guests. The family was not a family in the presence of strangers. He must, rather laboriously pompously, tell them the story of the pictures, at which the unkonw guest had been looking when Giles came in.

"That" he indicated the man with a horse " was my ancestor. He had a dog. The dog was famous. The dog has his place in history. He left it on record that he wished them his dog to be buried with him...." They looked at the picture

"I always feel" Lucy ~~interrupted~~ broke the silence "He's saying "Paint my dog"

"But what about the horse?" said Mrs Manresa.

"The horse " said Batholomew, putting on his glasses, He looked at the horse. The hind quarters were not satisfactory.

But William Dodge was [illegible] looking at the lady.

"Ah " said Batholomew, who had bought that p tire because he liked that picture "~~I see~~ Youre an artist."

Dodge denied it. for the second time ~~thatx~~ in half an hour or so. ~~He shhol his head~~.

What for did a good sort like the woman Manresa bring these half breeds in her trail? Giles asked himself. And his silence made its contribution to the talk-- Dodge that is, shook his head.

"I ~~rather~~ like it" that picture" That was all he could bring himself to say.

"And youre right" said Batholomew. "A gentleman, I forget his name-- connected with some Institue, a man who goes about giving advice, gratis, to degenerate descendants like ourslves, he said...he said... He paused. They all looked at the lady. But she looked over their heads, looking at nothing. He led them down slopes into the ~~dark~~ centre. leaving silence.

"Said it was by Sir Joshua?" Mrs manr sa broje the silnce

"No, no" William Dodge said hastily, but under his breath.

"Whys he afraid?" Isabella asked herself. A poor specimen ~~he must be~~ he was, afraid to stick up for his own e) beliefs, just as she was afraid ~~af-id~~ of her husband. Didnt she write her poetry in a book bound like an account book lest Giles might suspect? She looked at Giles.

He had finished his fish; he had eaten quickly, not to keep them waiting. Now there was cherry tart. Mrs manresa was counting the stones.

"Tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, apothecary, ploughboy.... thats me!" she cried, delighted to have it confirmed by the cherry stones that she was a wild child of nature.

"Do You believe in that too?" said the old gentleman, courteousl chaffing her.

"Of course--of course I do!" she cried. Now she d got onto the rails again--- now she was a ~~thxxx~~ thorough good sort again. And they were all delighted, because now they could follow in her wake and leave the silver and dun shades that led to the dark heart of silence.

"I had a father" said Dodge under his breath to Isa w ho sat next him " who loved pictures."

"Oh I too " Isa exclaimed. Flurriedly, disconnectedly she explained; she used to stay when she was a child when she had the whooping cough with an uncle a clergyman; who wore a skull cap; and never did anything; didnt even preach; but made up poems, walking in his garden, aloud. "People thought him mad" she said. ~~But~~ I didnt...."

She stopped.

"Tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, appothecary, ploughboy... It appears th~~at I am a thief~~" "I am a thief" said old Bartholomew, laying down his sppoon. "Shall we drink our cofee in the garden?" He rose.

"To what wild antre of the unvisited earth, wind brushed and waving, sheall we go now? Or sun kissed summit; or pearl hung cavern?" Isa murmured, pushing the deck chairs along the gravel in front of her. Or spin like spiders' ~~webs~~ from star to star, and dance in the maze of the moon?

She held her deck chair at the wrong angle. The frame with the notches was upside down.

"Songs my uncle taught me" said William Dodge, hearing her mutter, and unfolded her chair, and fixed ~~unfolding her chair and fixing~~ the bar into the right notch.

"Dont you find " she said flushing, as if she had spoken in an empty room and then from behind ~~out from~~ a curtain had stepped [illegible] a friend, " that you talk nonsense-if youre doing something with your hands? "

But what did he do with his hands? the white, the fine, the shapely?

Giles went back to the house and brought more chairs, and placed them in a semi circle so that the view might be shared and the shelter of the old wall. For by some luckcy chance a wall had been built continuing the house, it might be with the intention of adding another wing, on the raised ground. But, funds money perhaps lacking, the plan was abandoned, and the wall remained nothing but a wall. Later, another generation had planted fruit trees, which in time had spread their arms widely across the red-orange weathered brick. Mrs Sands called it a good year if she could make six pots of apricot ~~peach~~ jam from them-- the fruit was never sweet enough for dessert. Perhaps three apricots were wworth enclosing in muslin bags. But they were so beautiful, naked, with one flushed cheek, one green, that Mrs Swithin left them naked, and the wasps burrowed holes.

The ground sloped up; so that, to quote F. N. Figgis's guide book, " they commanded a fine view of the surrounding country... the spire of Bolney Minster, Rough Norton woods, and on an eminence rather to the left, Hogbens Folly, so called because....."

The Guide book , written in 1830, still told the truth. No house had been built; no town ~~tn~~ had sprung up; Hogbens Folly was still eminent; the very flat field pareclled land had changed only in one respect--- the tractor ~~motorplough~~ had to some extent superseded the horse. But the cows were the same. If Figgis were alive

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now Figgis would have said the same. So they always said when in summer they sat there to drink coffee , if they had ~~there were~~ guests, strangers. ~~amxkhmax.~~ When they were alone they said nothing. They looked at the view; they looked at what they knew, to see if what they knew might perhaps be different today. Most days it was the same.

"That's what makes a view so sad " said Mrs Switihin, lowering herself into ~~her~~ the deck chair which Giles had brought her "And so beautiful." It'll be there" she added nodding at the distance ~~which had a~~ blue-rippled as if a strip of gauze had been laid on it. "It'll be there when we're not."

he showed
only could
with his Aunt:

Giles nicked his deck chair into position with a jerk. Thus ~~he~~ showed his irritation; his rage ~~imapteince~~ with old fogies who sat and looked at views over coffee and cream when the whole of Europe --over there-- was bristling like.... He had no command of metaphor. Only the ineffective word "hedgehog" illustrated his vision of Europe bristling with raised guns, pointed poised planes. At any moment guns would rake that land into furrows; planes splinter Bolney Minster into smithereeens; and blast the Folly. He too loved the view. ~~andmbalmadtAuntmluzyx~~ And blamed Aunt Lucy. Looking at views ~~skaxdaah xat~~ instead of doing ~~something~~ ... what? .. What she had done was to marry; a north country squire now dead; and bear two children; one now in Canada; the other in Birmingham; But he exempted his father, whom he loved, as he loved the view, from censure; it wasnt his fault ~~that~~ he had to suffer. ~~had ruled India~~. As for himself, he had to earn his living; and so sat, with old fogies, looking at the view.

"Beautiful" said Mrs Manresa, " beautiful..." she mumbled, ~~for~~ She was lighting a cigarette; ~~and~~ The breeze blew ~~out~~ her match. out Giles hollowed his hand and lit another. She too was exempted;

because--- but he didnt go into that.

"Since youre interested in pictures" said Batholomew, turning to the silent guest, "why is it, that we, as a race, are so incurious, irresponsive and insenstivie"--the champagne had given him an unusual flow of three decker words-- to ~~that~~ noble art of painting? to that art? Whereas e~~xxx~~ Mrs manresa, if she'll allow me my old mand liberty, has her Shakespeare by heart"

"Shakespeare by heart!2 Mrs manresa protested. ~~She struck an attitude.~~ "To be or not to be, that is the question. Whether 'tis nobler...." Go on! She nudged Giles.

"Fade far away and quite forget what thou amongs the leaves has never known...." Isa supplied the first words that came into her head, by way of helping her husband out of ~~what she saw was~~ his difficulty. He was no reader.

"The weariness, the torture, and the fret..." William Dodge added, buryin the end of his cigarette in a crack between the tiles.

"There!" Bartholomew exclaimed cocking his little finger aloft. all quoting "That proves it. But what springs touched, what secret drawer opens its treausres in our minds if I say Reynolds! Constable! ~~or~~ Chrome---

"Why called Old?" Mrs manresa thrust in.

"Wd havent the words --that's all " said Mrs swithin. They're in the tunnel behind the eyes; not on the lips; thats all."

"Thoughts without words" said her brother. "Can such things be?"

"Quite beyond me" said Mrs manresa, shaking her head. "Much too clever. May I help myself? I know its wrong. But I've reached the age--and the figure-- when I do what I like."

She took the little silver cream jig and let the smooth fluid curl luxuroously into her coffee. to hich she added a whole shovel ful of brown candy. ~~Then~~ Then, sensuously, she stirred the mixture round and round.

~~Do what you like!~~ "Help yourself to whatever you like!"

"Admirable woman!" Bartholomew exclaimed ~~in wardly~~. He felt the champagne withdrawing, and hastened, before the last trace of generality was withdrawn to make the most of it, as if he cast one last look into a lit up chamber before going into the a dark night.

The wild child, about once more on the old man's benignity looked over her coffee cup at Giles with whom she felt in conspiracy. A thread united them, visible, invisible, like those threads, now seen, now not, that unite trembling grass blades in autumn before the sun rises. She had met him once only at a cricket match. ~~But~~ And then had be ~~been~~ spun between them an early morning thread before the twigs and leaves of real friendship emerge.

Then She looked down at her cup before she darnk. Looking was part of drinking. Why waste that sensation, she seemed to ask, why waste a single drop that can be pressed out of this ripe, ~~this~~ the melting, this adorable world? Then she drank. ~~That was why~~ And the air round her became threaded with ~~was~~ full of sensation. That was why Bartholomew felt so young. And Giles felt it ~~all ov~~er. Had he been a horse, the thin brown skin would have twitched, as if a fly had settled. Isabella twitched too--~~with rage~~ arrows of anger, pain, with jealousy. struck her pierced through her skin.

"And now" said Mrs Manresa, putting down her cup, "about this entertainment-- this pageant, into which we've gone and butted"---she made it too seem ripe like the apricot into which the wasps were burrowing----"Tell me whats it to be?"

"Dont I hear...?"

She geard Laughter ~~voices~~, down among the bushes, where the terrace came to an end.

Bey ond the ~~lihimppx~~ lily pool, the ground sank again, and in that dip of the ground bushes and brambles had mobbed themselves together. It was always shady, sun-flecked in summer; dark and damp in winter. In summer there were always butterflies, fritillaries darting through; Red Admirals, feasting and floating; and cabbage whites vontent to spend a whole lief time ~~there~~, unabitiously, round a bush like muslin milkmaids fluttering. Butterfly catching, for generation after generation, began there: for Bartholomew; and Lucy; for Giles; for George it had begun only the day before yestderady when, in his little green net, he had caught a cabbage white.

It was the very pla ce for a dressing room, just as, Obviously, the terrace was the very place for a play.

"The very place!" Miss La Trobe had exclaimed the first time she came to call and was shown the grounds. It was ~~on~~ a winters day. The trees were leafless then.

"Thats the place for a pagenat, Mr Oliver!" she exclaimed. "Winding in and out between the trees...." She waved her hand at the trees standing bare in the clear light of January. "There the stage; here the audience; and down there among the bushes a perfect dressing room for the actors."

She was always all agog to get things up. But where did she spring from? With that name she wasnt presumably pure English. From the Channel Islands perhaps? Only her eyes and somethin about her always made Mrs Bingham suspect that she had

Russian blood in her. "Thos e deep set eyes; that very square Jaw ~~cut ch~~in..." they reminded her of the Tartars. Rumour said she had kept a tea shop in Winchester; that ch ad failed; She had been an actress. That had failed. She had bought a four roomed cottage and shared it with an actress. They had quarrelled. Very little was actually known about her. Outwardly she was swarthy and thick set; and strode about the village in a smock frock; sometimes with a cigarette in her mouth; ofte with a whip in her hand; and used rather strong language; ~~for~~ Then Perhaps she wasnt altogether a lady? At any rate, she had a psassion for getting things up.

"Are they going to act?" Mrs Manresa asked.
"Act; dance; sing; a little bit of everything" said Giles.
"Miss la Trobe is a lady of wonderful energy" said Mrs Switin.
"She makes every one do something" said Isabella.
"Our part" said Bartholomew "is to be the audience.
~~And~~ [illegible] a very important part too."
"Also we provide the tea" said Mrs Swithin.
"Shant we go and g help?" said Mrs Manresa. "Cut up bread and butter?"
"No, no " said Batholromew. "Our duty is to remain seated. "
"One year we had Gammer Gurton's Needle" said Mrs Swithin. "One year we wrote the play ourselves. The son of our blacksmith-- Eddie? no, Tony-- had the lovelieest voice I ever heard. And Elsie, at the Crossways, turned out to be a perfect mimic. She took us all off-- Bart, Giles and myself. — old Flimsy.) People are gifted-- very ~~extraord~~inarily. The question is, how to bring it out... Thats where

she's so clever--Miss La Trobe. Of course she has the whole of English literature to choose from. But how can one choose? Often on a wet day I begin counting up; the things I have read; the things I havent."

"And leaving my books on the floor" said her brother.

"Like the pig in the story, Or was it a donkey?" she laughed tapping him lightly on the kneee.

"The donkey who couldnt choose between hay or turnips and so starved" Isabella explained, interposing --anything-- between her Aunt and her husband. She knew how ~~this afternoon,~~ Giles hated this
this afternoon.
kind of talk. Books open; no conclusion come to. and he, ~~this afternoon~~, sitting in the audie ce.

Our ~~part is~~ Duty is to remain seated."

"To be the audience..." Words this afternoon ceased to lie flat
& became menacing 'In the audience' —
in the senetnce; they rose and shook their fist at you. This afternoon he wasnt Giles Oliver come to see the villagers act t eir annual
manacled to a rock he was
p,ay; but forced to behold passively indescribable horror.
His face showed it; and Isa, not knwoing what to do, abruptly, half purposely, knocked over a coffee cup.

William Dodge caught it as it fell. He held it for a moment. He turned it. From the faint blue mark, as of crossed daggers, in the glaze at the bottom he knew that it was English, made perhaps at Nottingham, date about 1760. And his expression, as he came to this conclusion, gave Giles another peg on which to hang his rage as one hangs a coat on a peg, conveniently.
~~That is~~ he need not condemn himself or the state of the world entirely; but people in particular; Aunt Lucy; then Mrs Manresa's boy freind. A toady; a lick spittle; not a down right plain man of

Between the acts. Later typescript

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senses; but a teaser and twitcher; a fingerer of sensations; picking and choosing; dillying and dallying; not a man to have straightforward relations with a woman--his head was close to Isa ~~ha~~ head-- but simply a--- at this word, which he could not speak aloud, he pursed his lips; and the signet ring on his little finger looked redder, for the flesh next it whitened as he gripped the arm of the ~~deck~~ chair.

"Oh what fun!" cried Mrs manresa in her fluty voice. "A little bit of everything. A song. A dance. Then a play acted by the villagers themelves. Only " her she turned with her head on one side towards Isabella "I'm sure she s written it. Havent you Mrs Giles?" Isa flushed; and denied it.

"For myself" ~~she~~ Mrs Manresa continued "speaking plainly I cant put two words together. I dont know how it is, --such a catterbox as I am with my tongue, but once I hold a pen----" She made a face, and screwed her fingers as if she held a pen between the fingers knobbed with diamond rings. But the pen she held thus on the little table absolutely refused to move.

"And my handwriting-- so huge--so clumsy---" She made a face and dropped the invisible pen.

Very delicately William Dodge set the cup in its saucer.

"Now he " said Mrs manresa, as if referring to the delicacy with which he did this, and imputing to him the same skill in writing "writes beautifully. Every letter perfectly formed"

Again they all looked at him. Instantly he put his hands in his

pockets. Isabella guessed the word that Giles had not spoken. Well, was it wrong/ if he was that word? Why do we judge each other? Do we know each other? Not here, not now. But some time when we
where we know not
know not, flying rushing through the air, this cloud and crust, this doubt, this dust, ~~xxxx~~ she waited for a rhyme; it failed her; but univer sal love would love, all follow, one sun would shine through our crystal clarity; and all, without a doubt, would be clear light. She started. The sound of laughter reached her.

"I think I hear them" she said aloud.

" Theyre getting ready. Theyre dressing up.* in the bushes"

Miss La Trobe was pacing to and fro between two leaning birch trees. One hand ~~was~~ deep sunk ~~stuck~~ in her jacket pocket; the other held a foolscap sheet. She was reading what was written there under separate headings. She had the look of a commander pacing his deck. The leaning graceful trees with black bracelets circling the silver bark were distant about a ships length.

Now the sun was shining, and shading her eyes in the attitude proper to an Admoral pacing his qurater deck she decided the risk the engagement out of doors. All stage properties, she commanded, should be moved from the barn to the bushes. The actors while she paced, taking all responsibility and deciding her dispositin of forces, dressed among the brambles. Hence the laughter.

The clothes were strewn on the grass. Cardboard crowns, swords made of silver paper, turban/s that were in fact six penny dish cloths lay on the on the grass or were flung on the bushes. There were pools of red and purple in the green shade; and flashes of silver. Colour seemed to attract butteflies.

She started. Again ~~The~~ the sound of laughter reached her.

"I think I hear them" she said. "Theyre getting ready. Theyre dressing up, in the bushes."

Miss La Trobe was pacing to and fro between two leaning birch trees. One hand was deep stuck in her jacket pocket; the other held a fools cap sheet. She was reading what was written there. She had the look of a commander pacing his deck. The leaning graceful trees with black bracelets circling the silver bark were distant about a ships length.

Now the sun was shining; and, shading her eyes in the attitude proper to an Admiral pacing his quarter deck, she had decided to risk the engagement out of doors. Douhts were over. All stage properties, she had ~~commanded~~, ~~should~~ must be moved from the barn to the bushes. It had been done. The actors while she paced, taking all responsibility and putting her faith in the weather, dressed among the brambles. Hence the laughter.

The clothes were strewn on the grass. Cardboard crwons, swords made of silver paper, turband that were in ~~fact~~ six penny dish cloths, lay on the grass or were flung on the bushes. There were pools of red and purple

in the bushes; on the grass

in the green shade and flashes of silver. The dresses attracted the butterflies. Red, silver, ~~and~~ blue & yellow gave off warmth and sweetness, i~~t se med~~; ~~the~~ Red Admirals gluttonously absorbed richness from ~~orange~~ dish cloths; the cabbage whites drank icy coolness from silver paper. Changing, tasting, returning, they sampled the ~~clothing.~~ Colours.

Red, silver and tawny yellow gave off a thrill of warmth not to the eye merely, but to the whole nerve favric, so that the Red Admiral was gluttonously abosrbing richness from an orange dish cloth; and the cabbage white drank icy coolness from the silver paper. They sampled; changing places, tasting, returning.

"It has the makings..." Miss La trobe muttered. She stopped under the further burch tree. She always wanted to make something out of odds and ends that struck her fancy. Another play always lay behind the play she had just written. Part of the qaulity of this scene was in its transience. The butterflies moving; the light changing; the children leaping, ; the mothers laughing. "No, I dont get it" she muttered; and resumed her walk.

"Bossy" they called her; just as they called Mrs Swithin "Flimsy". Her abrupt manner and stocky figure; her thick ankles and sturdy shoes; her rapid decisions, barked out in guttural accents got their goat. No one liked to be ordered about singly. But in little troops they appealed to her. Some one must lead. Then too they could put the blame on her.

"Miss La trobe!" they hailed her now.

"Whats the idea about this?"

She stopped. David and Iris eachhad a hand on a gramophone. It must be hidden; yet must be close enough to the audience to be heard. Well, hadnt she given orders? Where were the hurdles covered in leaves? Fetch them. Mr Streafield had said he would see to it. Where was Mr Streafield? No clergyman was visible. Perhaps hes in the Barn. "Tommy, cut along and fetch him." "Tommy's wanted in the first scene." "Beryl then ..."

The mothers disputed. One child had been chosen; another not. Fair hair was unjustly preferred to dark. Mrs Ebury had forbidden Fanny to act because of Nellies nettle rash. There was another name in the village for nettle rsash. the Balls cottage was not at all clean. In the last war, many f them reemebered, Mrs ball had lived with another man while her husband was in the trenches. All this Miss La Trobe knew; but refused to be mixed up in it.. She spalshed into its fine mesh like a great stone into the lily p ool. made them all malleable. Only the rudiements were of use to her. Vanity for example. The boys wanted the big parts; the girld wanted the fine clothes. Expenses had to be kept down. Conventions outraged. Why couldnt they see, straight off, that a dish cloth wouldn round the head in the open So air looked much richer than old silk, ? They squabbled; but she kept out of it. Waiting for Mr Streafiled she paced between the birch trees.

The other trees were magnificently straight. They were ~~columnar~~; not too regular, but regular enough to suggest columns in a church; in a church without a roof; in an open air cathedral, a place where swallows darting seemed, by the regularity of the trees, to make a pattern; dancing, like the Russians, only not to music, but to the unheard rhythm of their own ~~mute~~ wild hearts.

"Well, we must possess our souls in patience" said Mrs manresa as the laughter died away. "Or could we help?" she suggested, looking over her shoulder. "~~To bring~~ with them chairs?"

But Bartlet and a garcene and a maid were all brining chairs-- for the audience. There wa nothing for them to do. Mrs manresa suppressed a yawn. They were silent. They stared at the view as if something might happen in one o those fields to relieve them of the intolerable burden of sitting silent, doing nothing, in company. Their minds and bodies were too close; yet not close enough. We aren't free, each one of them fel separately, to feel or think separately; nor yet to fall asleep. Were too close; but not close enough. So they fidgetted.

The heat had increased. The clouds had vanished. All was sun now. The view laid p bare by the sun seemed flattened, silenced, stilled. The cows were motionless. The brick wall, no longer ~~instead of~~ sheltering, beat back the grains of heat. in grains of sun.

Old Mr Oliver sighed profoundly. His head jerked; his hand fell. It fell within an inch or two of the dogs head who lay by his side, Then up he jerked it again on to his knee.

Giles glared. With his hands bound tight round his knees, he stared at the flat fields, Set in a glaring staring ~~txxxxx immovablex~~ trance he sat silent.

Isabella felt imprisoned. Through the bars of the prison, through the sleep haze that defelcted them blunt arrows brusied her ~~arrows~~ of love and hate. Through other peoples bdoes she could feel neithe love or hate distinctly. Most consicouly she felt thirst. She had drunk wine at luncheon. A beaker of cold warer, a beaker of cold water, she

she repeated; and saw water surronded by walls of shining glass.

Mrs Manresa longed to relax and curl on a cushiom in a cosy corner with a picture paper and a bag of sweets. Mrs Swithin and William Dodge surveyed the view coolly, aloofly.

How tempting, how very tempting ~~it was~~ to let the view triumph, to reflect its ripple and let their own minds ripple, a d let outlines elongate and pitch over...so-...with a sudden jerk. Mrs Manresa yielded, pitched, plunged, then pulled herself up.

"What a view!" she exclaimed, pretending to throw away her cigarette. but in truth concealing her yawn. Then she sighed, pretending to express not her own drowsiness, but something connected she felt about views.

Nobody answered her. The flat fields glared ~~yshinxxx~~ green yellow, blue yellow, red yellow and blue again. The repetition was senseless, hideous, ~~and~~ stupefying.

"Come" said Mrs swithin in a low voice, as if the exact moment as if she had promised, & it was time to fulfil her promise. for speech had come, "Come, and I'll show you the house." She addressed no one in particular, Yet William Dodge knew that she meant him. and rose with a jerk as of a toy suddenly pulled straight by a string.

"What energy!" Mrs manresa half sighed, half yawned.

"Have I the courage to go too?" Isabella asked herself.

They were going; & she desired ~~she sat there~~, desiring cold water, a beaker of cold water; but desire petered out suppressed by the leaden duty she owed to others. She watched them go-- Mrs Swithin, tottering yet tripping; and Dodge unfurled and stragtned ~~striding~~ as he strode beside her along the blazing tiles under the hot wall till they reached the shade of the house.

A match box fell. --Bartolomews. His fingers had loosed it; He haddropped it. He gave up the game; he couldnt be bothered. With his head on one side, his hand dangling above the dogs head, he lay, fast asleep. Snoring.

in the shade of the hall

"This" said Mrs Swithin, pausing at the bottom of the stiars, "is the
the staircase. Now we go up."

She went up, two steps in advance of her guest. Lenths of silver yellow painted satin unfurled themselves on a canvas as they mounted.

"Not an ancestreess" said Mrs swithin as they came level with the picture. [illegible] "But we say she is. "We claim her ecause we've known her — ever so many years. But who was she? Whpo painted her?" She shook her head. The sun was pouring down on her She looked a lady lit up ~~as i~~f for a banquet. "Both ~~But~~ I like her best Mrs S. murmured in the moonlight"

Said Lucy ~~passed on~~. The painted one. She mounted more stairs.

"Perhaps, like me, you dont care for ~~about~~ ancestors, Mr....."
"D"Flesh and blood ancestors I mean. Spriti ancestors, people ones descended from by way of the mind..." she panted slightly as she went up stairs. "Thats different. Poets... Here are some of our books. You ~~like~~ books? ~~No, its picture~~s...."
She drew her hand over the books sunk in the wall of the corridor so that they seemed part of the wall, as if they were pan pipes. Had he not been alone with her, this whimsicality would have seemed to him an affecttaion. But they were alone; she had forgotten his name even. That made a difference.

"We dont look after them as we should" she murmured.

58 My brother says, they built the house,

sun,

"North for shelter; not southfor usn. So theyre damp in winter" She paused. "And now--what comes nect?"

She stopped. There was a door.

"The morning room." She opened the door. "Where my mother recieved her guests"

Two chairs faced each other on either side of a fine fluted mantelpiece. He looked over her sho lder.

She shut the door.

"Now up, now up again" . Again they mounted.

"Up and up they went" she panted, seeing, it seemed, an invisible procession, " up and up to bed."

"A bishop; a traveller; and a baronet. I've forgotten even their names. I ignore. ~~I skip~~. I forget."

She stopped at a window in the passage and held the curtain back. Beneath was the garden, bathed in sun. The grass was sleek and shining. Three white piegeons were flirt~~ed~~ing and tipto~~ed~~ing, as ornate as ladies in ball dresses. Their elegant bodies swayed as they minced with tiny steps on their little pink feet upon the grass. Suddenly, up they rose in a flutter, , circled, and flew away.

she turned

"Now, ~~the old lday sighed~~, for the bedrooms." She tapped twice very distinctly on a door. With her head on one side, she listened.

"One never knows" she murmured, "if theres ~~not~~ somebody there". Then she flung open the door.

He half expected to see ~~someone~~ somebody there, naked, or half dressed, or knelt in prayer. But the room was empty. The room was tidy as a pin, not slept in for months, a spare room. Candles stood on the dressing table. The counterpane was straight. Mrs Swithin stopped by the bed.

"Here" she said "yes here"--she tapped the counterpane. "I was born. In this bed. "

Her voice died away. She sank down on the edge of the bed. She was tired, no doubt, by the stairs, by the heat. "But we have other lives, I think I hope." she murmured. "We live in others, Mr.... We live in things." She spoke simply. She spoke with an effort. She spoke as if she must overcome her tiredness out of cahrity towards a syranger, a guest. She had forgotten his name. Twice she had said "Mr" and stopped.

The furniture was mid-Victorian, ~~probabl~~y bought at Maples perhaps in the forties. The carpet was covered with a small purple dots. ~~Thexx~~ And a wb white circle marked the place where the slop pail had stood by the wash stand.

Could he say "I'm William"? He wished to. Old and frail she had climbed the stairs. ~~Thatmwax~~ She had spoken her thoughts., ignoring, not caring if he thought her, as he had, inconsequent, whimsical, b~~oring~~. and foolish. She had lent him a hand to help him up a steep place. Sitting on the bed, ~~she guessing his trouble,~~ She had guessed his trouble he ~~thought~~ heard her she sang, swinging her little legs, "Come and see my sea weeds, come and see my se^shells, come and see my dicky bird hop upon its perch"---an old childs nursery rhyme to help a child. Standing by the cupboard in the corner, he saw her reflected in the glass. ~~Their eyes met in the glass~~. Cut off from their bodies th~~ey smiled at their eyes in th glass.~~ their eyes smiled, their bodiless eyes. at their eyes in the glass.

Then she slipped off the bed.

she said
"Now, what ~~comes~~ next?" ~~she asked~~

and
~~She~~ pattered down the corridor. A door stood open. ~~It was the nursery~~. "very one was out in the garden. The room was like a ship deserted by its crew. The children had been playing-- there was a spotted horse in the middle of the carpet. The nurse had been sewing--there was a piece of linen on the table. The baby had been in the cot. The cot was empty.

"The nursery" said Mrs Swithin.

Words rraised themselves and vecame symobilcal. "The cradle of our race" she seemed to say.

Dodge crossed to the fireplace and looked at the Newfoundlad Dog in the Christmas anual, licking a child's hand that was pinned to the wall. Theo room smelt warm and sweet; of clothes drying; of milk, biscuits and warm water. "Good fteinds" the picture was called. A rushing sound came in through the open door. He turned. The old woman had wandered out into the passage and leant against the window.

He left the door open for the crew to come back to and joined her.

Down in the courtyard benaeth the window cars were assembling. Their narrow black roofs were laid together like blocks of a floor. Chauufeurs were jumping down; here old ladies gingerly advanced black legs with silver buckled shoes; old gentlemen striped trousers. Young men in shorts leapt out on one side; girls with skin coloured legs on the oeht other. There was a purring and a churning of the

Between the acts. Later typescript

Pp. 61-69.

19 p.

63-64 in two drafts
65-68 in two drafts
69 in three drafts
67-68 in additional draft

yellow gravel. The audience was assmebling. But they, Looking down from the upper window, ~~they~~ were truants, very detached. Together they leant half out of the window.

And then a wind blew and all the muslin blinds fluttered out, as if some majestic Goddess rising from her throne among her peers had tossed her amber coloured raiment and the other gods, seeing her rise and go, laughed, and their laughter floated her on.

Mrs Swithin put her hands to her hair for the breeze had ruffled it.

"Mr...." she began

"I'm William" he interrupted.

At that she smiled a ravishing girls smile, as if the wind had warmed the wintry blue in her eyes to amber.

" I took you ~~away~~ 'she apologised from your freinds " ~~she apologised~~. "William. Because I felt wound into a tight ball, here..." She touched her bony forehead upon which a blue vein wriggled like a blue worm. But her eyes in their caves of bone were still lambent. He saw her eyes only. And he wished to kneel before her; to kiss her hand; and to say : "At school they held me under a bucket of dirty water; Mrs Swithin; When I looked up, the world was dirty, Mrs Swithin; So I married; but my childs not my child, Mrs Swithin. IM a half amn, Mrs Swithin; a flickering , mind-divided little snake in hthe grass; Mrs Swithin; as Giles saw; but youve healed me..." so he wished to say; but said nothing; and the breeze went lolloping along the corridors, blowing the blinds out.

Once more, he looked and she looked down on to the ~~[illegible]xx~~ yellow gravel c~~ourtyar~~d that made a crescent round the door. He saw The sun strike ued the cross on her breast, Pendant ~~on~~ from a chain; it the cross swung as she leant out; and he asked himself, How could she weight herself down by that sleek symbol? As he looked at it, they were truants no more. The purring [illegible] wheels became vocal. "Hurry, hurry, hurry" it seemed to say, or you'll br late. Hurry, hurry, hurry, or the seats'll be taken."

"Oh!" cried Mrs Swithin, "Theres Mr Streafield!" And they saw a clergyman, a strapping clergyman, carrying a hurdle, a leafy hurdle. He was striding through the cars with the air of a person of authority, who is awaited, expected, and now comes.

"I suppose" Mrs Swithin mu~~ured in a fluttering~~ fluttered voice, "we must go and jion the auience" as if she were of two minds, and they fluttered to right and to left, like pigeons rising from the grass.

The audience streamed along the paths and spread across the lawn. Many were old; many were in the prime of life. There were children among them. Among them, as Mr Figgis might have observed, were representatives of some of our most respected families. The Dyces of Denton; the Wickhams of Owlswick. And so on. Some had been there for centuries, seldom selling an acre. On the other hand there were newcomers, the Manresas, brining the old houses up to date, adding bath rooms. And a scatter of odds and ends like Cobbet of Cobbs Corner, retired, it was understood, on a pension from a tea plnatation. Not an asset. Did his own housework, and dug his garden. The building of a car factory and of an aerodrome in the neighbourhood had attracted a number of floating unattached residents. Also there was Mr Page the reporter, attending for the County Gazette. But, roughly speaking, had Figgis (1780--1850) come alive, and called a roll call , half the ladies and gentlemen present would have said Adsum. I'm here, in place of my grandfather or greatgrandfather as the case might be. Even at this moment, about three thirty on a June day 1939, they were still nodding to each other, as they took their seats, and saying, if they happened to find a seat next a freind, "Oh that hideous new ~~red~~ house, at Pyes Copse! What an eyesore! And those bungalows!

Had Mr Figgis called the names of the villagers, they too would have answered. Triisie Sands had been an Iliffe. Bartletts mother ~~was~~ a Perry. The green mounds in the churchyard had been cast up by them for three or four centuries. Like moles, their underground delving work had turned the earth and made it friable. True, there were newcomers and absentees The motor bike, the motor bus, the factory siren --- The Rev. W. R. Streafield laid the blame on them.

an asset. He did his own housework and dug in his garden. The building of a car factory and of an aerodrome in the neighbourhood had attracted a number of unnatached floating residents. Also there was Mr Page the reporter, ~~from the~~ representing the local paper. Roughly speaking, however, had Figgis been there in person and called a roll call, half the ladies and gentlemen present would have said Adsum; I'm here, in place of my grandfather or great grand father as the case might be. At this very moment, half past three on a ~~in~~ June day in 1939, they greeted each other, and as they took their seats, finding if possible a seat next one another, they said: "How nice to see you! – "That hideous new house at Pyes Corner! What an eyesore! And those bungalows--have you seen 'em?"

Again, had Figiis called the names of the villagers, they too would have answered. Mrs Sands was born Ilffe; Bartletts mother was one of the Perrys. The green mounds in the churchyard had been cast up by their m~~xxxxxxx~~ moling which for centuries had made ~~it~~ the earth friable. True, there were absenttes when Mr Strefield called his roll call in the church. The motor bike, the motor bus, and the f~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ movies-- when Mr Streafiled counted his congregation he laid the blame on them.

Calling he was called

Rows of chairs, decks chairs, gilt chairs, hired cane chairs and indigenous garden seats had been drawn up on the terrace. There ~~was~~ were plenty of ~~room~~ seats. for everybody. But Some preferred to sit on the ground. And certainly, Miss La Trobe had spoken the truth when she said, "The very place for a pageant!" The lawn was as flat as the floor of a theatre. The terrace, rising, made a natural stage.

64

Rows of chairs.

Deck chairs and gilt chairs, hired cane chairs and indigenous garden seats had been drawn up miscellaneously. There was plnety of room for everybody. Some preferred ai ting on the earth. Miss La Trobe had been right when she said that the grounds of Pointz Hall were cut out for an entertainment. The lawn was as flat as the floor of a theatre. The terrace, rising, made a natural stage, . The trees gave accent to the figures, and the human figure was seen to great advantage against a background of sky. As ofor the waet er, it was turning out against all expectations, a very ~~remarkably~~ ~~beautiful~~ fine day.' a perfect summer day

What luck,
Mrs A.
Johnson [illegible]
Grace
was just
right.

"What luck!" Mrs Arthur Johnson was just saying. "Last year.. when the play ~~gagn.~~ began. Or Was it the play, or was it not? A cg chuffing sound--chuff , chuff, chuff-- came ~~began~~ in the bushes. It was the noise a mcahine makes when som hing has gone wrong. Some sat down hastily; others stopped talking guiltily. Chuff, chuff, chuff, the mcahine buzzed in the bushes. Then, while they looked apprehensively, a small girl, dressed like a pink bud, ~~appxaxxxx~~ took her stand on a mat in the middle, behind a conch shape hung with leaves. 21

Gentle and simpel, I addre s you all, she pieped, ~~at~~ . They drew

Come hither for our festival.
This is a pageant, all may see,
Drawn fro our island history.

England am I.

It was the play then. It ~~had begun unexpectedly~~. The audience ~~settled down~~. They glared, Some [illegible] looked at the programme.

England am I the child repeated. She had forgotten

The trees barred the stage like pillars. And the human figure was seen to great advanatge against a back ground of sky. As for the waether, it was turning out, against all expectations, a very fine day. A perfect summer~~y~~ afternoon.

"What Luck!" Mrs Carter was saying. " Last year..." Then the play began. Y~~es? No~~? Was it, or was it not? the play? Chuff, chuff, chuff, sounded from the bushes. It was the noise a machine makes when something has gone wrong. Some sat down hastily; others stopped talking guiltily. All looked at the bushes, For the stage was empty. Chuff chuff chuff, the machine buzzed in th bushes. While they looked apprehensively and some finished their senetences, a small girl, like a rose bud in pink, advanced; a~~nd~~ took her stand on a mat, behind a conch, hung with leaves. & piped:

Gentles and simples I address you all

So it was the play then. ~~Sxmxmax~~ was it Or the prologue?

Come hither for our festival, (she continued)
 This is a pageant, all may see,
Drawn from our Island history.
  England am I....

"Shes England," they whispered. Its begun. "The prologue" they added, looking down at their programmes.

"England am I" she ~~said~~ piped again; and stopped. She had forgotten her lines.

"Hear! Hear!" said an old man in a white waistcoat briskly. "Bravo! Barvo!"

the next line. She seemed about to burst into tears.

"Hear, hear!" said an old man briskly. "Bravo! Bravo!"

"Blast them! Miss La Trobe cursed behind a tree. She looked along the front row. They glared as if they were exposed to a frost that nipped them and fixed them all at the same level Bond, the cowman was th only one who looked fluid and matural.

"Music! Music! " she signalled. But the machine contuned chuff chuff chuff.

"A child new born..." she prompted.

"A child new born " Phyllis Jones contued.

Sprung from the sea
Whose billows blown by mighty storm
Cut off from France and Germany
This isle.

Chuff chuff chuff went the machine in the bushes.

TIme, time, time am I,
a hollow voice boomed magaphontically;
Time I watch them, see them . There!

And then a long line of villagers in shirts made of sacking began passing in single file in and out between the trees,
singing: but the words were inaudible
~~behind~~ England ~~who~~ cast a shy look at them over her shoulder,
England am I,
"Now weak and small,
A child as all may shsee,
she began again, recollecting her lines..

Mrs Manresa , ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ in the middle of the front row flt as if sh had been peppered with a shower of hard little stones. There was a vast vacancy between her and the m men in sacking, between her and the piping child. She had to keep her eyes open and, if possible, smile. But she felt as if her skin cracked very time she smiled.

Chuff, chuff, chuff the machine w nt, like a corn cutter on a hot day. Now the villagers were singing:

Cutting the roads, up to the hill top we climbed, Down in the valley saw, wild bore, hog, rhinoceros, rein deer, Dug ourselves in to the hill top; Ground roots between stone, ground corn; Till we too lay under g-r-o-u-n-d.

The cvoices petered away; and the machine stopped.

Miss La Trobe strode across to the bushes. It was death and damnation that stare of the forzen audience. She snatched a record and in a sexond the buzz of the mcahine ran into music.

Arjed against fate
The valiant Rhoderick,
Armed and valiant,
Bold and blatant
Firm , elatant,
See the warrior tramp the dust....

she had chosen in her hurry a pompous popular march.

Regaining her station behind the tree Miss La Trobe noted the effect of the music. It did the trick. It loosened muscles. The ice cracked on the most exposed face-- that painted fat face fashionable womans in the middle. The stout lady began to beat time with her hand on the arm of her chair. music had set her off anyhow The stout woman was ~~dxxxx~~ day dreaming at any rate. Mrs Manresa was humming:

My home is at Windsor, close to the Inn
Royal George is the name of the pub;
And boys you'll believe me,
I dont want no asking...
Once more the
The wild child was once more Queen of the festival.
my
She radiated sensation, royalty, complacency, good humour.
~~She was~~ in possession of herself.

Miss La Trobe sighed with relief. The bridge between play and audience had been skimmed at least. But there was an interruption--oh the rt torture of these interruptions!

"Sorry 'I'm so late" Mrs Swithin was saying. She pushed
through the chairs
her way to an ampty seat beside her brother. "Whats it all about? I've missed the prologue. England? That little girl? Oh I see. Now shes gone.. And whos this?"

It was Hilda, the caroenters daughter. She had taken the little girls place.

"Oh England s grown..."Miss La Trobe prompted her.

Oh Englands grown a girl now, Hilda sang out
(she had a lovely voice)
With roses in her hair,
Wild roses, red roses,
She roams the lanes and chooses
A garland for her hair.

A "A cushion? Thank you so much" said Mrs Swithin, stuffing the cushion behind her back. "Thats England in the time of Chaucer I take it. Shes m been maying, nutting. Look at the
who are ? the people being led in?
flowers in her hair! But now-- those ~~are the~~ Pilgrims? ~~The~~ Canterbury pilgrims?" She pointed.

She pointed. The villagers were passing between the trees, winding in and out and singing, but only a word or two was audible:

Down to the village we came, wore ruts in the grass;
Built the house in the lane; --- the wind blew away some lines of the song; and then was heard
To the shrine of the Saint ....to the tomb.... we are come.

Here Isa looked round. He had come.... He was sitting just behind her to the right. She missed what they were singing.

Peasants lovers, labourers, the heroes, in turn to the [illegible], in turn to the long [illegible] [illegible]. Now

They were tossing hay on their rakes. Then she geard

I kissed a girl and let her go,
Another did I tumble,
In the straw and in the hay....

They had reached the end of the terrace by the bushes, and the ned of the song was bl n away.

"~~Its~~ Scenes from English histyr" Mrs manresa, ~~who had~~ a ~~programme~~ , explained to Mrs Swithin. as the machine chuffed again. It would take ever so long, unless they skipped. Chuff , chuff, chuff the machine gapsed like a corn cutter on a hot day.

Bartholomew took out his cigar case and lit a cheroot "Its an ambitious attempt" he said.

"Dont crab it till its done" said Lucy. "Anyhow, she added, its lovely to look at. I'd no notion we looked so nice."

Hadnt she? The beauty of the children, of the villagers, of the trees against the sky, fairly took Williams breth away.

"Something gone wrong with the machine?" he said by way

"Blast them!" Miss La Trobe , hidden behind the tree, c~~ursed the~~m. She looked along the front row. They glared as if they were exposed to a f~~xmxx~~ frost that nipped them and fixed them all at the same level. Only Bond the v cowman looked fluid and natiral.

"Music!" she s gnalled. "Music!" But the machine continued.

Chuff. Chuff. Chuff.

"A child new born..." she prompted.

"A child new born" Phyllis Jone continued
Sprung fro the sea
Whose billows blown by mighty storm
Cut off from France and Germany
    This isle.

She glanced back over her shoulder.

C uff chuff chuff the machine buzzed. A long line of villages in shirts made of sacking began passing in andout in single file behind her between the trees. They were singing; but not a word reached the audience.

England am I, Phyllis Jones continued, facing the audience;

~~A child new born~~, Now weak and small,
    A child, as all may see.

Her words pppered the audience as with a shower of amll hard little stones. Mrs Manresa, in the very centre, smiled; but she felt as if her skin cracked when she smiled.

There was a vast vacancy between her and th~~epipin~~g singing villagers, the piping child.

Chuff, chuff chuff went the machine like a corn cutter on a hot day.

The villagers were singing; but half their words were blwon away.

Cutting the roads... up to the hill top....we climbed.
Down in the valley ~~...chuff...chuff...chuff~~.... saw
wild bore, hog, rhinoeceros, rein deer..... Du g
ourslves int ot the hill top.... Ground roots between
stones.... Groun corn... till we too....lay....
under gxaxx g--r--o--u--n---d...

The words b petered away. Chuff...chuff...chuff...the machia ticked. And then at last, ~~someone found a record. An~~d the machine ground out a tune.

Armed against fate
The valiant Rhoderick,
Armed and valiant,
Bold and blatant,
Firm elatant,
See the warriors--here they come...

The pomous popualr maoxhxmatthadxx brayed and bxxxx blared. It~~ did the trick~~, Miss La Trobe watched from behind the tree. Muscles loosened; ~~th~~e ice cracked. The stout lady in the middle began to beat time with her hand on her chair. Mrs anresa was humming:

My home is at Windsor, close to the Inn,
Y Rpyal George is the name of the pub.
And boys you'll believe me,
I dont want no asking....

~~The tune had done the trick.~~ She was afloat on the stream of melody . ~~She~~ radiate~~d~~in royalty, complacency, good hinour; ~~the play had begun.~~ the wild child was Queen of the d festival The play had begun.

~~Then~~ But there was an interruption. Oh, Miss La Trobe sighed behind the tree, the torture of these interrutions.'

"Sorry I'm so late" said Mrs Swithin. She pushed her way through the chairs to her seat beside her brother. "Whats it all about? IVe missed the prologue. England? That little girl? Now shes gone..."

Phyllis had skipped off the mat.

"And whos this?" asked Mrs Swithin.

It was Hilda, the carpenters daughter. ~~She~~ who now stood where England had stood.

"Oh Englands grown..." Miss La Trobe prompted her.

"Oh Englands grown a girl now" Hilda sang out

"What a lovely voice!" Someone exclaimed.

With roses in her hair,
Wild roses, red roses,
She roams the lanes and chooses
A garland for her hair.

"A cushion? Thank you so much" said Mrs Swithin, stuffing the cushion behind her back.

She leant forawrd.

Thats England in the time of Chaucer I take it. Shes been She has flowers in her hair. maying, nutting.... But those, passing behind her--" she pointed. "The Canterbury Pilgrims?" Look!

Again the villagers were passing in and out between the trees. They were singing; but only a word or two was audible

"....wore ruts in the grass.... built the house in the lane..." was audible the wind blew away the connecting words of their chant. And then they heard, as they reached the end

To the shrine of the Saint, ...to the to,mb

we are come

They had reached the the end of the terrace by the bushes.

~~Thayxmmmx~~

Isa looked behind her. There was ~~a confused~~ another interruption He~~ had co~~me. Mr and Mrs Rupert h anies, late because of a breakdown on the road, had come. ~~Hexhadxcome~~. He was sitting to the right, several rows back. Mr Grey.

Mean while the pilgrims having done their duty by the Saint, were--it appeared--- tossing hay on their rakes.

I kissed a girl and let her go,

Another did I tumble,

In the straw and in the hay----

~~Thenxwhatxhadxbeenxaxgapxwhenxshe~~

singing: That was what they were doing

That was what they were at, when she looked round.

"Scnes from English History" Mrs Manresa explained to Mrs Swithin, She spoke in a loud cheerful voice, as if the old lady were deaf. "Merry England."

~~Thexscufflexwasxnowxworldless.xWordsxperishedxaxx~~

She clapped energetically.

The ~~ancientxx~~ pilgrims Clumped scuffled away into the bushes. [illegible]

Chuff, chuff, chuff the machine ticked. The tune was finished

~~Butxshexwasxnotxlisteningxx~~

Mrs manresa looked at her programme. It would take ever so long unless they skipped. Early Briton;

69

Early Britons. Plantagenets; Tudors; Stuarts. She ticked them off, but probably she had forgotten a ~~chapt~~ reign or two. "Ambitous isnt it?" she said to Bartholomew while they waited. Chuff , chuff chuff, went the machine. ~~The stage was empty.~~

Could they talk? Could they move? No. For the play was going on. ~~Time was passing. Was that her meaning~~?

Y the stage was empty; and only the tick of the gramophone needle was heard.

The ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ regular tick, tick, tick, held them together.

Nothing happened whatsoever.

"Id no notion we looked so nice" Mrs Swithin murmured. to William [illegible]! ~~Hadnt she?~~ The beauty of the children, of the villagers, of the tres had fairly taken his breath away. Tick, tick tick, the machine continued.

"Marking time" said old Oliver.

"Which dont exist for us" Lucy whispered. "Weve only the presnrt."

~~Wasnt~~ But was [illegible] ~~Isnt~~ that enough? William asked himself. [illegible] ? Wasnt ~~the world beautiful~~? Beauty? ~~Wasnt~~ it there before their eyes?

~~Then~~ [illegible] Isa fidgetted. Her bare brown arm went nervously to her head. She ~~jad~~ half turned in her seat. T We have the future to disturb the present, her movement seemed to say. Who was she looking for? William, turning, saw only a a man in grey,

Now-The tick tick stopped. Anotherrecord was on the gramophon. a waltz in In time to it /Isa she hummed;

"What d I ask? to fly, away, from night and day, and issue wehere-- no partings are--- where hand finds hand and

She was afloat on the stream of the melody. Radiating royalty, complacency, good homour, the wild child was the Queen of the Festival. The play had begun.

But there was an interruption. “Oh ”, Miss La Trobe growled behind her tree, ~~thismdax~~ the torture of these interruptions.”

"Soory I'm so late" said Mrs Swithin. She pushed her way through the chairs to a seat beside her brother.

"Whats it all about? I've missed the prologue. England? That little girl? Now she's gone.."

Phyllis had slipped off her mat.

"And who's this?" asked Mrs Swithin.

It was Hilda, the carpenters daughter. She now stood where Englan had stood.

"Oh Englands grown..." miss La Trobe promptd her.

"Oh Englands fgrown a a girl now" Hilda sang out

("What a lovely voice!" some one exclaimed.)

"With roses in her hair,
Wild roses, red roses,
She roams the lanes and chooses
A garland for her hair

"A cushion? Thank you so much" said Mrs Swithin, stuffing the cushion behind herback.

The leant shemeant forard.

"Thats England in the time of Cahucer, I take it. Shes been maying, nutting. She has flowers in he hair. ...But those, passing behind her--" she pointed. "The Canterbury pilgrims? Look!"

all the time

Agzin the villagers were passing in and out between the trees. They were singing; but only a word or two w s audible "....wore ruts in the grass....built the house in the lane..." The wind blew away the coen cting words of their chant, and then, as they reached the hy oak at the end they sang:

"To the shrine of the Saint,--...to the tomb...
lovers...believers...we come..."

They grouped themselves together.

There was a rustle: an interruption

Chairs were drawn back. Isa looked behind her. Mr and Mrs Rupert Haines, detained by a breakdown on the road, had arrived. They He was sitting to the right, several rows back, he was in grey.

Meanwhile the pilgrims, having doen their homage to the tomb, were--it appeared--tossing hay on their rakes.

I kissed a girl and let her go,
Another did I tumble,
In the straw and in the hay....

That was what they were singing, as they scooped and tossed the invisible hay, when she looked round again.

"Saax Scenes from English history" Mrs Manresa explained to Mrs Swithin. She spoke in a loud cheefrul voice, as if the old lady were deaf. "Merry England."

She clapped energetiaclly.

The singers scampered away into the bushes. The tune stopped. Chuff, chuff, chuff, the machine ticked. Mrs manresa looked at herprogramme. It would take till midnight unless they skipped. Early Britons; Plantagenets; Tudors; Stuarts. She ticked them off; but probably she had forgotten a reign or two.

"Ambitious isnt it?" she said to Bartholomew while they waited. Chuff, chuff, chuff went the machine. Could they talk? Could they move? No. For the play was go going on. Yet the stage was empty; only the cows moved in the meadows; and only the tick of the gramophone needle was heard. The tick tick tick seemed to hold them together. Nothing whatsoever appeared on the stage.

"Id no notion we looked so nice" Mrs Swithin whispered to William. Hadnt she? ~~The beauty~~--The children, the villagers and the trees behind them-- the meadow-- the bbeauty took his breath away. Tick tick tick, the machine contnued.

"Marking time" said old Oliver beneath his breath.

"Which dont exist for us" Lucy whispered. We(re so old. Weve only the present."

Isnt that enough? William asked himself. Beauty? But then Isa fidgetted. Her bare brown arm went nervously to her head. She half turned in her seat. Now, for us, whove the future--the future " she seemed to say. Who was she she looking for? William turning too saw only a man in grey. The tick tick stopped. A tune was put on the gramophone. In time to it, Isa hummed: What doo I ask? To fly, away, from night and day, and issue where --no partings are--- but eye meets eye and....Oh shecried alourd, Look at her!"

of saying something.

"Marking time" said old Oliver. "~~Which has ceased to exist for us Lucy.~~"

"We're so old" said Lucy. "We've only the present."

"A ~~present without a futur~~e" William thought. He glanced at Isa who fidtgtted; who murmured.

What do I ask? to fling away, night and day? ~~nightsmx~~ days coloured coat? ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ & ~~to~~ issue where and ~~unblowing, ungrowing are~~ the roses are ~~there~~; no~~r greetings, nor part~~ings; nor furtive f~~i dings an~~d feelings when hand seeks hand and eye seeks sh~~elter from the eye.~~ She could just see him, the gentleman farmer, with his wife, behind he, over he right shoulder.

A burst of laughter rang out. It was Mrs Clark, licensed to sell tobacco dressed (apprean ly) as Queen Elizabeth.

Between the acts. Later typescript

Pp. 70-75 Two drafts of p. 70
Three drafts of p. 71
10 p. Two drafts of p. 74

Ev ry one was clapping and laughing. From behind the bushes issued Queen Elizabeth --Eliza Clark, licensced to xsell tobacco. Could she be Mrs Calrk of the village shop? She was spelndidly made up. Her head, pearl hung, rose from a vast ruff. Shiny statins draped her. Sixpenny borrches glared like cats eyes and tigers eyes; pearls looped down: ; her cape was made of cooth of silver-- in fact sqaubs used to scour saucepans. She looked the age in person; And when she mounted the ~~soapxbox~~ sopa box in the centre, representing perhaps a rock in the ocean, her size made her appear giganctic. She could reach a flitch of bacon, or haul o a tub of oil with one sweep of her arm in the shop. For a moment she stood eminent dominant on th soap box with the blue and sailing clouds behind her. The breeze had risen.

The Queen of this great land....

those were the first words that could be heard above the roar of laughter and applause.

Mistress of ships and bearded men, she bawled,
Hawkins, Frobisher, Drake,
Tumbling their oranges, ingots of si;ver
Cargoes of diamonds, ducats of gold,
Down on the jetty, there is the west land ---
She poitntedher fist at the blazing blue sky
Mistress of pinnacles, spires and palaces---
Her arm swept towards the house--
For me, Shakespere sang---
Sh~~e stoppe~~d. (A cow mooed. A bird ~~s ng~~. twittered)

goose faced gobbling wife sitting behind her, to the right.
"What do I ask" she hummed-- they had put a tune on the grmaophone--- " to fly, away, from night and day, and issue where... no partings are... where hand finds hand.... and eye meets eye.... Oh she ~~exxxxxxx~~ exclaimed, aloud, "Look at her!"

the [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible]

Everyone was clapping and laughing. From behind the bushes issued Queen Elizabeth (Eliza. Clark licensed to sell tobavco) Could she be Mrs Calrk of the village shop? She was splendidly made up disgusied. Shiny satins draped her; sixpenny broc hes glared ~~ruby and emerals~~ like cats eyes and tigers eyes; rubies & emeralds zh she wore a cape made of cloth of silver-- in fact squabs used to scour saucepans tagged with cotton woo to imitate imperial ermine. She looked magfnificent. And her size-- her head almost struck the beams in the shop, she could reach down a flitch of bacon or roll haul a tub of oil with one sweep of her arm-- made he appear gigantic, She as she towered ~~st~~stood raised on a soap box ' draped green) above them with the blue and the sailing clouds behind her. For the breeze was blowing.

Stood

The Queen of this great land....

those were the first words that could be heard above the roar of laughter and applause...

Mistress of ships and bearded men, she bawled
Hawkins, Drake , Frobisher,
Tumbling their oranges, ingots of silver,
Cargoes of diaomnds, ducats of gold,
Down on the jetty, there is the west land,

Mistress of pinnacles, s ires and palaces;
For me, Shakespeare sang.... she paused.
(They heard the cows lowing in the field..)
And the throstle piped in the wild wood, the green wood,
Carolling England, praising the Queen.
Then there was heard too
~~Above dray and lorry~~,
On granite and cobble
From Widsor to Oxford
Loud laughter, low laughter
of warrior and lover,
The fighter, the singer.
~~And~~ The ashen haired babe
(she stretched out her swarthy muscular arms)
Stretched his arms in contentment
As home from the Isles vaame
The sea faring men...

Here the wind gave a tug at her head dress. Loops of oearls wer rather loosely fastned. ~~Andx~~ She had di to steady he ruffle which threatened to blow away.

Laughter, loud laughter, Giles muttered. The tune on the gramophone reeled from side to side as if drunk with merriment. Mrs manresa began beating her foot, and humming in time to it.

"Bravo! Bravo! " she cried "Theres life in the old dog yet!" And she trolloped out the words of the song with an abandonma which if vulgar was a great help to the actors. For the ruff had come unpinned, and the great Eliza had forgotten her line

"I fear I am not in my perfect mind Giles muttered.

He felt

In the green wood, the wild wood,
~~The throstle the mavis piped in the green~~
The thostle, the mavis,
The throstle piped in the green wood, the wild wood,

Carolling England, praising the Queen.

Then there was heard too,

On granite and cobble,

From Widsor to Oxford,

The curlew:

~~In the green wood, the wild wood,~~

The throstle, the mavis, the curlew,

In the green wood, the wild wood,
Carrolled and sang,
~~Carrolled and sang~~, prasing England, the Queen.

Then there was heard too

On granite and cobble

From Widnsor to Oxford

Loud laughter, low laughter

Of Warrior and lover,

the fighter, the singer.

The ashen haired babe

(she strtched out her swarthy, muscular arm)

Stertched his arm in contenemnt,

As home from the Isles came,

The sea ~~faring men~~ faring men....

Here the wind gave a tug at her head dress. Loops of pearls made it top heavy. She had to steady the ruffle which threatned to blow away.

Laughter, loud laughter, Giles muttered. The tune on the gramophone reeled from side to side as if drunk with merriment. Mrs anresa began beating her foot and humming in time to it.

"Bravo! Bravo.!" she cried. "Theres life in the old dog yet!" And she trolloped out the words of the song with an abandonment which, if vulgar, was a great help to the Elizabethan age. For the ruff had become unpinned and great Eliza had forgotten her lines. ~~But the laughter at of the audience~~ as ~~she struggled to restrain it~~ But the audience laughed so loud that it did not matter.

had come unpinned, and the great Eliza had forgotten her lines. But rh audience was lauhing so loud it did not matt

~~They laughed~~. "I fear I am not in my perfect mind" Giles mumured to he same tune. Words ~~did~~ Came to the surfa return. He remeberd a stricken deer in-whose lean flank the worlds harsh scorn has struck its thorn. Exiled from its festival, the music turned ironical... a churchyard haunter at whom the owl hoots and the ivy mocks tap--tap--tapping on the pane. the words forgetting again,
F or they are dead, and I.... I, I, I he repeated, glaring at his Aunt Lucy who sat craned forward her mouth gaping and her bony little hands clapping.
What were they laughing at'

At Albert, the village idiot, appreently. There was no need to dress him up. There he came, acting his own part. He came ambling across the grass, mopping and mowing.
I know where the tit nests, he began
In the hedgerow. I know, I know---
What dont I know?
All your secrets ladies,
And yours too, gentlemen....
He skipped along the front row of the audience leering at each in turn. Now he was picking and plucking at great Elizas skirts. She cu ffed him on the ear. He tweaked her back. He was enjoying himself immensely.
"Albert having the time of his life" Barytholomew whispered to Lucy.

"~~Xxxx~~ Hope he Dont doesnt have a fit" she murmured.
"I know...I know..." Albert tittered, skipping round the

the soap box.

"The village idiot!" whispered a stout black lady--Mrs Elmhurst-- who cam from a village ten miles distant where they too had an idiot. It wasnt nice. Suppose he suddenly did something dreadful? There he was pinching the Queens skirts. She half covered her eyes in case he did do, something dreadful.

Hoppety, jiggety, Albert resumed,
In at the window, and out of the door,
What does the little bird hear? (He whistled on his fingers)
And see! Theres a mouse....
(he made as if he were chasing it through the grass)
Now the clock strikes!
(he stood erect puffing out his cheeks as if he were blowing a dandelion clock)
One, two, three, four...

And off he skipped, as if his turn was over.

"Glad thats over" said Mrs Elmhurst, uncovering her face. "Now, what comes next? Oh look--its a tableau!"

Insvible helpers carrying hurdles had enclosed the Queens throne in axxx screens papered to rperesnt walls. They had strewn the ground with bundles of rushes. And all the villagers in their earh coloured clothes but with knots of ribbon had grouped themslves round the figure of Eliza on her soap box as if to form a court, an audience. Apparently, there was to be a play acted before her.

"What does the programme say?" asked Mrs Herbert Winthrop, raising her lornette.

She mumbled through the blurred carbon sheet. Yes it was a scene from a play.

~~Its~~ "About ~~a~~ false Duke; and a princess, disgusied as a boy; ~~a beggar; [illegible]~~ then the long lost heir turns out to be ~~th~~ the beggar; because of the mole on his cheek; and Ferdinando and Varinthia--thats the Dukes daughter - only shes been lost in a cave; falls in love with Ferdinando; who ~~w~~ had been put into a basket as a baby by an aged crone. And they marry. ~~"Thats all I can understand of it" she said, looking~~ more or less Thats I think what happens" she said, looking up from the programme.

"Play out the play" Eliza commanded.

An aged crone tottered forward.

(Mrs Otter, from the End House," some one murmured.) She sat herself on a packing case, and made motions, plucking her dishevvled locks and rocking herself from side to side, as if she were an aged beldame in a chimney corber.

("The crone, who saved the rightful heir" Mrs Winthrop explained.)

"'Twas a winters night , (she croaked) ~~out~~,
I mind me that, I to whom all's one now, summer or winter.
You say the sun shines? I believe you, Sir.
"Oh, but its winter, and the fogs abroad".
All's one to Elsbeth, summer or winter,
By the fireside, in the chimney corner, telling her beads.
I've cause to tell 'em.
Each bead ~~a crime.~~
(she he ld a bead between thumb and finger") a crime!

She mumbled through the blurred blue carbon sheet, It was as scene from a play. The paly was about a false Duke; a pribcess disgusied as a page boy; a beggar proved by a mole on his right cheek to be the long lost heir; how he is discoevred; but and they fall in love at first sight. "Thats all I can understand of it" she said, looking up from her programme.

Carinthia
Ferdinando

An aged crone had tottered forward.

" (Mrs Otter ~~Price~~ from the End House," someone murmured.)

She sat herself on a packing case; and made motions, plucjing her dishevlled locks and rocking hersel d from side to side, as if she were an aged beldame in a chimney corner.

"Twas a winters night

she croaked out,

I mind me that, I to whom all's one now, summer or winter,

Here ~~she pause~~d, (she screw~~ing~~es her eyes up.)

You say the sun shines? I believe you , Sir.

"Oh but its winter, and the fogs abraod"

All's one to Elsbeth, summer or winter,

By the fireside, in the chimney corner, telling her beads.

(~~She wore a long string of coloured beads~~)

I've cause to tell 'em.

Each bead a crime .

(She held one between finger and thumb.)

Twas a winters night, before cockcrow---

Yet the cock did crow, ere he left me--

The man with a hood on his face, and the bloody hands

And the babe in the basket.

"Tee hee " he mewed, as who should say, 'I want my toy'

Poor witling!

Tee hee, tee hee! I could not slay him!

For that, Mary in Heaven forgive me

The sins I've sinned before cockcorw!

Down to the creek in the dawn I slipped

Where the gull haunts and the hron stands

Like a stake on the edge of the marghes....

& accosted her.

Here she broke off. Three young men swaggered on to the stage ; She addressed her

---Are you come to torture me Sirs? !" she broke off

There is little blood in this arm---

She extended her skinny forearm ~~from her ragged shift~~.

They bawled. She was sgone deaf. They bawled so loud,

and all, together so that it was difficult to make out

what they were saying; apparently it was: Did dhse

remember concealing a child in a cradle among the rushed

some twenty years previously?

"The wind hawxx howls and the bittern shrieks...

shr replied.

There is little blood in my arm, Isabella repeated.

That was all she had heard. There was such a medley of

of things going on, what with the beldames deafness,

the bawling of the youths, and the confusion of the lpot

plot that she could make nothing of it. Did the plot

matter? She shifted and looked over her right shoulder.

The plot was only there to breed emotion. And there were only

Crude three; love; hate; anguish. There was no need to puzzle out

the plot. Perhaps there was none. Miss La Trobe had

Between the acts. Later typescript

Pp. 76-81-82

18 p.

P. 76 in two drafts
P 77 in three drafts
P. 78 in two drafts
P 79 in three drafts
P. 80 in five drafts
P. 81 in two drafts
P. 82 in one, belonging to fragment

meant that, when she cut out the knot in the centre.

Love; hate; anguish--never mind the lpot.

Meanwhile the beldame had recognised the mole; and declared staggering back on her chair, that the ~~childwasthe~~ the long lost heir.

Prince was the child. ~~They embraced.~~ Recognition followed Then an embrace

The young Prince was almost smothered in the withered arms of the beldame. Then he started apart.

"Look where she comes!" he cried.

They all looked where she came.' Syliva Perkins in white muslin.

Who came? Isa looked. The nightingales song? The pearl in nights black ear? ~~Carinthia.~~ Love embraced

["Oh Carinthia , oh!2

Th~~ey fell apart~~]. All arms were riased. All faces stared.

["Oh Rupert, oh!" That summed up all that anybody could ever say.)

"Hail sweet Carinthia!" said the Prince sweeping his hat. off

And she to him raising her eyes,

"My love! My Lord!"

It was enough. Enough enough, Isa repeated. All e lse was veribiage, repetition.

The beldame, meanwhil , because that was enough, had sunk back on her chair, the beads dnagling from her finger.

"Look to the beldame there--old Elsbeths sick!"

They crowded round her.

"Dead Sirs", she cried

the youths, and the confusion of the plot that she could make nothing of it.

Did the plot matter? She shiftd and looked over her right shoulder. The plot was only there to beget emotion. There were only ~~three~~ two emotions: love; and hate. There was no need to puzzle out the plot. Perhaps Miss La Trobe meant that when she cut this knot in the centre? Dont bother about the plot; the plots ntohing. But what was happening? The Prince had come. Plucking up his sleeve, the beldame recognised the mole; and, staggering back in her chair, shriekd,

~~It is my~~ My child! My child!

Recognition followed. The young Prince (Albert Perry) was ~~ah~~ was almost smothered in the withered arms of the beldame. Tha suddenly he started apart.

"Look where she comes!" he cried.

They all looked where she came; Sylvia Edwardes in white sat satin.

Who came? Isa looked. The nightingales song? The pearl in nights black ear? Love embodied.

~~"Oh Carinthia Oh"~~

All arms were raised; all faces stared.

Hail ~~Sart~~ Sweet Carinthia! said the Prince, sweeping his hat off.

And she to him, raising her eyes,

"My love! My Lord!"

It was enough. Enough. Enough, Isa repeated. All else was verbiage, repetition.

The beldame meanwhile, because that was enough, had sunk back on her chair, the beads dangling from her fingers

"Look to the beldame there--old Elsbeths sick!"

(They crowded round her)

"Dead Sirs"

She fell back lifeless. The crowd drew away.

"Peace, let her pass, She to whom alls one now, summer or winter."

Peace was the third emotion. Love. Hate. Peace. Therre w emotions made the ply of human life. I~~sa pondered~~.

Now the Priest whose cotton wool moustache .confused his utterance stepped forward and pronounc d benediction.

From the distaff of lifes tangled skein, unlloose her hands.
(They unloosed her hands.)
Of her frailty, let nothing now remember d be.
Call for the robin redbreast and thw wren.
And roses fall your crimson pall.
("Petals were rewn from wicker p baskets.)
Cover the corpse. Sleep well.
(They covered the corpse.
On you fair Sirs, (he turned to the happy couple)
Let Heaven rain benediction!
Hatse ere the envying sun,
Nights curtain haith undone. Let music sound,
and the fres air of Heaven waft you to ~~golden~~ green slumber!
Lead on the dance!

The gramophone blared. Dukes, preists, shephers, pilgrims and serving men took hands and danced. The idiot scampered in and out. Hands joined, heads knocking, they danced round the majestic figure of the Elizabethan age personified by Mrs Calrk licensed to sell tobacco on her soap box.

She fell back lifeless. The crowd drew away.

"Peace, let her pass" they myttered.

Peace was the fourth emotion; love, hate, anguish, peace.

Four emotions made the ply of man's life.

Now th priest whose cotton wool ~~mxxx~~ moustache confused

his utternace stepped fowards and pronounced benediction.

clasp

From the distaff of lifes tangled skein, unloose her hnads.

(They unloosed he hands.)

Of her frailty let nothing remembered be.
~~Le~~t roses let fall. for crimson pall.
Cover the ~~xxxxxx~~ corpse.

'(They covered the corpse.)

~~He turned to the happy couple.~~

On you fair sirs, let heaven rain benediction!

~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ He turnd to the happy couple.

Haste ere the~~xxxxx~~ envying sun

Nights curtain hath undone. Let music sound,

couch!

and the free air of Heaven waft you to your ~~xxxxx~~

Lead on the dance!"

Dukes , priests, shepherds, pilgrims and serving men

took hands and danced. The idiot scampered in and iut.

heads knocking

Hnds joined, they danced round the majestic figure of the

Elizabethan age personified by Mrs Calrk licensed to sell

tobacco on her aop box. It was a mellay; a medley;

an entrancing spectacle, William thought, of dappled

light and sahde on half clothed or beautifully coloured

fantasically swinging and jerking limbs.

And Mrs manresa applauded loufdly. It was (somehow) herself.

She fell back lifeless.

The crowd ~~stanhmpaxhxxx~~ drew away.

"Peace. Let her pass " they muttered.

Peace [illegible]

That was the fourth emotion; love, hate, anguish, peace.

Four emotions made the ply of mans life.

Now the old ~~Count~~ Priest whose cotton wool moustaches confused his utterance, stepped forward and pronounced benediction.

~~[illegible]~~

They are loved her too.

From the distaff of lifes tangled skein, unloose her hands.

Ddath hath taen her where the old are young again.

~~After the sun, let her eyes find~~ peace. Her sins forgotten,
of her frailty let nothing remebered be.
and rememebred nothing of her frailty. Cover the corpse.

Sleep, in peace.

On you, fair Sir, (he turned to the happy couple)

Let this

may Heaven ~~xxigxx~~ rain benediction! ~~Mayx~~ Bliss be your lot.

Let music sound, and the free air of Heaven waft you to your oich. Lead on the dance."

The gramophone struck up;

Armed aga nst fate the valiant Rhoderick,

~~Armedxaxx~~ Firm , elatant,

Bold and blatant,

See the wrarrior. —

The great Eliza dismountedf from her oapt box;

dukes, sjhpeherds, beldames; serving men

surrounded her; and the Elizabethan age, playing round by

Albert the idiot, joinedhands and danced a wild country jig.

It was a mellay; a medley; an entrancing spectacle (to William) of dappled light and shade on half clothed, fantastically coloured leaping, jerking, swinging legs and arms.

Mrs anresa applauded ~~loudly~~ x loudly. Somehow she was the Queen; rousing the surly hero (Giles) to action. "Bravo, Bravo! she cried, and her enthusiasm made Giles twist in his seat; ~~with~~ And the great lady of the ~~neighbourhood~~ in her bath chair, the lady whose marriage with the local peer had obliterated in his trashy title a name that had been a name when there were brambles and briars where the chrauch now stood-- so indigenous was she that even her body , cripped with arthritis, resembled an uncouth nocturnal animal now nearly extinct-- clapped and laughed loud; the sudden laughter of a startled jay.

"Ha , ha, ha! " she laughed and clutched the arms of ther chair with ungloved twisted hands.

" A maying, a maying! In andout, round abot ~~were~~ going a Maying! a Maying — they threw

It didnt matter what ~~waht~~ the words were. or who sang what ~~waht~~.
Round & round they whirled, intoxicated with the music

Then, at a sign from Miss La Trobe behind thetree, the dance Stopped ~~ended~~. A procession formed. Great Eliza descended from her sopa box. ~~A procession formed~~. Taking her skirts in her hands striding ~~ahead o them~~ with long strides, surrounded by Dukes and Princes, followed by the lovers arm in arm, with the rose covered corpse on its bier, & Albert the idiot playing ~~round~~ in & out, ~~concluding the procession~~, the Elizabetha age, ~~played round by Albert the~~ idiot, passed from the scene.

with Albert the
idiot
playing in
out in the
corpse on its
bier
concluding the procession,

the Queen

And Mrs Manresa applauded loudly; Itwas (somehow) the Queen (herself) rousing the surly hero (Giles) to action. "Bravo! Bravo!" she cried. and her enthusiasm made Giles twist in his seat; and the great lady of the neigbourhood, ~~[illegible]~~, -- the great lady who when marrying the married the local peer had obliterated in his trashy title a name that had been a name when there were brambles and brairs where the Norman church now stood-- so indigenous was she that even her body resembled a n uncouth nocturnal animal now nearly extinct-- clapped and laughed loud; the sudden laughter of a startled jay.

Ha ha ha she laughed; and clutched the arm of her seat with strong, ~~[illegible]~~ ungloved weed seeking hands.

The dance ended. A procession formed. Eliza desnded from her summit, and, surrounded by the dukes and the princes followed by the lovers, with the corpse on its bier ending the procession , the Elizabethan age passed from the scene.

Gentles and simples I address you all,
Joyce popped up in the middle of the stage again,
Our act is done, our scene is over,
Past is the day of crone and lover.
The bud has flowered; the flower ~~had~~ has fallen;
But soon will rise another dawning.
For time whose children small we be
Hath in his keeping...you shall see....
You shall see she repeated. but the gramophone playing loudly its pompous march tune drwoned her words, and then the megaphone stated in plain English

procession, the Elizabethan age passed from the scene.

"Curse, blast, damn!" Miss a Trobe in her rage stubbed her toe against a root. Here came the interval. Just at the wrong moment. Curse the actors! When she was writing this skimble skamble stuff in her cottage, she had agreed, to placate Mrs Sands and her grumble-- [illegible] [illegible] tea to be washed up, dinner to be served-- to cut the play here. A slave to her audience, she had gashed the scene ~~here;~~ just as she had brewed emotion, she her spilt it. ~~Interval. Interval~~ Curse it 'Now came the interval. She signalled.' -Phyllis! And Phyllis

And Phyllis popped up in the middle of the stage again.

Gentles and simples I address yo all, (she piped)
Our act is done, our scene is over,
Past is the day of crone and lover.
The bud has flowered; the flower has fallen;
But soon will rise another dawning,
For time whose children small we be,
Hath in his keeping, you shall see...
You shall see, she repeated,- Let her voice fail.

Not one listening but every ~~one was~~ head was bent upon the programme; and then Then cutting short her words, the megaphone announced in plain English, that therw would now be an how lengthy & tedious interval, a ten minutes interval, for Tea.

And the gramophone took up the tune;

Dispersed are we, the music hidden i the bush chanted. Dispersed are we.

procession, the Elizabethan age passed from the scene.

"Curse! Blast! Damn em!" Miss La trobe in her rage stubbed her toe against a root. Here, at the wrong moment, came the Interval. She had yeilded, writing this skimble skamble stuff in her cottage, to cut the play here. A slave to her audience--to Mrs sands's gxxxxx grumble; xxx about tea; about dinner; she had gashed the scene here; just as she had brewed emotion, she spilt it. So she signalled; Phyllis! And summoned, Phyllis popped up on the mat again, on the middle.

Gentles and simples, I address you all (she piped)
Our act is done, our scene is over.
Past is the day of crone and lover.
The bud has flowered; the flower has fallen.
But soon will rise another dawning,
For time whose children small we be,
Hath in his keeping, you shall see,
Yous hall see, she repated. ~~Her voice faile~~d.

Her voice failed. No one was listening. Heads bent on their pogrammes they read Interval. And cutting short her words, the gxxxxx megaphone announced in plain English: an interval, a ten minutes interval, for tea.

blared out
The gramophone struck up.

Armed against fate,
The valiant Rhoderick,
Bold and blatant,
Firm elatant....

tea wd. be served in the Barn. There ~~was an~~ will now be an

that therw would be an interval . ~~a sho~~rt interval, for tea.

Dispersed are we, the music hidden in the bush chanted;

Dispersed are we, And the audience, ~~[illegible]~~ began some to rise from their seats, while others stooped, ~~and~~ hunted for walking sticks, hats, bags , ~~and~~ then raised themselves and pushed back their chairs.

Dispersed are we the gramophone procalimed. as they streamed across the lawn.

Y ~~Yes~~, dispsered are we, Mrs manresa took up the strain,
Freely, boldly, fearing no one, (she pushed a deck chair out of her way) Youths and maidens (she glanced behind her, but Giles had his back turned) Follow, follow, follow me.
Oh Mr Parker! What a pleasure to see you here! I'm for tea.

Dispersed are we. Isabella fol owed her, humming,
All is over. The wave has broken,
Left us stranded, high and dry;
Single , separate; on the shingle;
Broken is the four fold ply...
Now I follow (she pushed her chair back)
she looked round her; Mr and Mrs haines were far away in the distance "that old harpy" she addressed Mrs manresa's —
well girt, tight, ~~frank, aboslutely~~ whom,
aboslitely frank figure--skij tight ~~in its~~ in its ~~v flo~~ flowered w red muslin. " to have tea."

[illegible]

Armed against fate, the gramop one blraed out,

The valiant Rhoderick,

Bold and blatant,

Firm, elatant, ~~amxmthan~~

[illegible]

and the audience began some of them to rise from their seats. Others stooped, hunted for walking sticks, hats and bags. And then, as they raised themselves and turned, the music modulated, and ~~xxxxxx~~ chanted:

~~xixpxmx~~ Dispersed are we. Dispersed are we.

Dispersed are we, it moaned, as they streamed across the lawns, and down the gravel paths.

Dispersed are we---- Mrs manresa took up the strain. Freely, boldy, d fearing no one (she pushed a deck chair out of her way) Youths and maidens (she glanced behind her; but Giles had his back turned) Follow, follow, follow me. Oh Mr Parker, what a pleasure to see you here! I'm for tea."

Dispersed are we. Isabella followed her, humming, All is over, the wave has broken. Lef us stranded, high and dry. Single, separate, on the shingle. Broken Broen is the three fold ply. ...Now I follw) ~~(she pushed her chair back)~~ sShe looked round her. The man in grey in the tow of his goose faced wife was far way in the distance " that old strumpet" she invoked Mrs manresa well girt, tight, abosultely frank figure in flowered voile, " to have tea." Dodge remained behind. divided. Dispersed are we? he asked. Arent I in the way? Shall I go or stay? Slip out some other way? Or follow folow, follow the dispersing company?

At that, th audience stirred. Some rose from their seats. Others stooped, looking for walking sticks, hats and bags. And then, as they raised themselves and turned about, the music modulated, The Music chanted: Dispersed are we. Dispersed are we. It moaned, dispersed are we, it lamneted, dispersed are we, as they steamed, ~~to its melo~~dy, across the lawns, across the paths, to wards the house, Dispersed are we. hm Dispersed are we--- Mrs Manresa took up the strain . Freely boldly, fearing no one (she pushed a deck chair out of her way) Youths and maidens (she glanced behind her, but Giles had his back turned) Follow, follow, follow me. Oh Mr Parker, what a pleasure to see you here! I'm for tea."

~~"Dis persed are we. " Isabella followed her humming. "All is over. The wave has broken. Left us stranded, high and dry. Broken is the three fold ply... Now I follow (she pushed her chair back)xxx.... The man in grey was over there far away, by the ilex tree) "that old strumpet" she invoked Mrs Manresas tight flwered figure in front " to have tea."~~

~~Dodge lingered behind. "Shall I" he murmured " go or stay? Slip out some other way? Or follow, follow, the dispersing, the retreating [illegible] woman in the flowered ?" dispersing, the retreating...?"~~

Dispersed are we, the music wailed; dispered are we.

They followed; they dispsereed, flowing over the lawns,
behind,
streaming towards the house. Dodge remained b~~ehind~~
divided, In his mind he asked,
hesitant. Dispersed are we ? Arent I in the way?

Should I ~~stay or go~~ go or stay? Slip out some other way? Or follow, and have tea? Disps

Dispersed are we.

Giles rmeained with his back turned, to the retreating company.

To folow? Whom? Where? Nowhere--anywhere.

He kicked his chair back. He stubbed his light tennis shoe on the wood. "Nowhere — anywhere"

Here Cobbet of Cobbs Corner who sat under the Mobkey puzzle tree rose. and paused. "What he mused, " was in her mind? What idea lay behind? that made her indue the antique with this sham lure? galmour? and set 'em climbing, climbing, climbing up the monkey puzzle trree?

Dispersed are we. He turned, and followed the retreating co company.

Mrs Swithin, retrieving her bag from under her seat and rsing rather flushed from the effrot, chirruped:

"Bart dear, come with me. " She put her arm through his. "D'you remember, when we were children , the play we acted in the nursery? This play made me see..."

Bart bantered her. "For us, my old Cindy , its over.

India
He meant the glare and the stare; the beat of the tom tom, in India. But he too remembered; the play; in the nursery; a reed with a note wrapped up in a pebble. Red Indians the

the heat. which

bags. And then, as they raised themselves and turned about the music modulated. The music chnated: Dispersed are we. Dispersed are we. It moaned, dispersed are we. It lamtneted, Dispersed are we, as they s~~txxxxxd~~x steamed, spotting the grass with colour, across the lawns, and down the paths: Dispersed are we.

Mrs manresa took up the strain. Dispersed are we. "Freely, boldly, fearing no one (she pushed a deck chair out of her way) Youths and maidens (she glanced behind her, but Giles had his back turned) "Follow, follow, follow me. ...Oh Mr. Parker, what a pleasure to see you here! I'm for tea!"

"Dispersed are we " Isabella followed her, humming. "All is over. The wave has broken. Left us stranded, high and dry. Single, separate on the shingle. Broken is the three-fold ply.... Now I follow (she pushed her chair back .... The man in grey was Lost in The Crowd o~~ver ther~~e by the ilex.) "that old strumpet" (she invoked Mrs manresa's tight flowered figure in front of her) to have tea."

Dodge remained behind. "Shall I " he murmured "go or stay? Slip out some other way? Or follow, follow follow the dispersing company?"

Dispersed are we, the music wailed; dispersed are we.

Giles remained like a stake in the tide of the flowing moving bodies. d~~ispersing compan~~y.

"Follow?" He kicked his chair back.

"Whom? Where?" He stubbed his light tennis shoes

Δ [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible]
Amid
ways?
Am I [illegible],
[illegible].
Dispersed—
dispersed
are

They fol owed; they dispsered; flowing over the lawns,

~~[illegible]~~ steaming towards the house.

Only Giles remained with his back turned.

To follow? Whom? Where? No where--anywhere.. He kicked his chair back. He stibbed his toe in its light tennis shoe on the wood.

Mrs swithin, retrieving her bag from under her seat, and rising rather flushed from the extertion, chirruped: Bart dear, come with me. She put her arm through his. D'you remember when we were children the play we acted in the nursery? This play made me, see...."

Bart bantered her. "For us, ~~my~~ old Cindy, its over.-'

the mu

~~He meant~~ The glare and the stare, th beat of the tom tom; he meant; in India,

But he remembered; the play in the nursery; a reed with a paper ~~ra~~ warpped up in a pebble. Red Indians the game was; They had acted that story. But now, the gramophone in the bushes lamnted, as he escorted her, Dispsered are we. Ahd so, streaming across the lawns to the valediction of gramophone hid in the bushes, the audience followed one anoth past t e house, across the road, to the barn, for tea.

Miss La Trobe drew out from herhiding place behind the tree. Violet and white the womens dresses ~~[illegible]~~ spotted the gr en lawn. Still for a moment she ruled them. Had she not imposed her will? Relief, triumph; indeed a sort of eacsy fe filled her. Had she not for a moment imposed her will? Then the music stopped; and the breeze was audible, rustling among the leaves. She turned.

Miss La Trobe drew out from her hiding place behind the tree.

Violet, white, lemon coloured, the womens dresses

ruffled

spotted the green lasawn. Still for a moment she held them

together. A company. For a moment triumph possessed her.

Had she not for thirty five minutes made them all see ?

The [illegible] a memory of [illegible]

what ~~she~~ saw? For a moment, one ~~moment, she stood~~ there,

content. Then the music stopped; the breeze was audible,

rustling among the leaves. And there was young Oliver.

alone

~~She hadnt made him see~~ standing ~~by his chair~~, with his back

to the audiemce. She hadnt made him see; nor Cobbet of

[illegible] A faliure, as usual; The actors had mangled the

Cobs corner. As usual , another failure. And she turned to

the actors, who ~~had mangled their parts; They were now~~

~~and~~ were ~~now~~ undressing down in the bushes,

by the lake.

a blurred image
The cursed actors forgot.
I felt for one minute

when the bodiless feeling ... the [illegible] illusion the final moment.

Cobbet too; though [illegible] Olv-

~~younf Oliver~~,

Fro the tail of her eye she ssaw him go--her enemy.

Gile took a short cut to the Barn. A path led across the

fields. This dry summer it was hard as brick.

He kicked a stone--a flinty yellow stone, sharp-edged,

as if cut by a ~~savage~~ savage for an arrow head. It ~~IThere~~ was

he remembered Ston

an old game--a childs game --stone kicking. By the rules

he remembered

of the game the same stone must be kicked to a given goal;

say a gate, or a clump of grass. This time a gate was the

goal; to be reached in ten kicks. He played it by himself;

and the stone was Manresa (lust) Dodge (perversion)

himself (coward). He kicked once, twice, t hrice. He

reached the gate in nine. There, couched in the grass,

curled up in an olive green ring, was a snake.

"Dispersed are we " Isabella followed her humming. "A ll is over. The wave has broken. Left us stranded, high and dry. Single, separate, on the shingle. Broken is the three-fold ply. ...Now I follow (she pushed her chair back) ... The man in grey was over there by the ilex. "that old strumpet" --she invoked Mrs manresa tight, flowered figure in front ~~frank figure in flowered whit~~e " to have tea."

Dodge remained behind. "Shall I, he murmured, go or stay? Sliop out some other way? Or follow, follow, follow, the dispersing company?" 1/t

Dispersed are we, the music wailed; dispered are we.

Giles remained with his back turned to the ret eating company.

"Folow? ~~Whom? Where?~~ He kicked his chair back. "Whom? Where? ~~He kicked his chair back~~ He stubbed his light tennis shoes on the wood. "Now ehere--anyhwere" He stood still.

Here Cobbet of Cobbs Corner , alone under the Monkey Puzzle tree, rose and muttered: "What was in her mind? What idea ch? lay behind? ch? What made her indue the antique with this glamour Chan this smal lure? and set em climbing, climbing, climbing up the monkey puzzle tree?"

Dispersed are we. He turned and sauntered slowly after the retreating company. Dodge [illegible]

Now Lucy, retrieving her bag from beneath the seat, chirruped: to her brother:

"Bart my dear, come with me... ~~D~~ "D'you remember, when we were children, the play we acted in the nursery?" Bart also remembered; Red Indians the game was; a reed with a note wrapped up in a pebble...."But for us, my old Cindy, " he picked up his hat "the games over." The glare and the stare and the beat of the tom tom, he meant. They had acted their story. He gave her his arm. Off they strolled, And Mr Page, the reporter, noted the presence of Lady Haslip, of Haslip manor , wheeled by her footman. in a bath chair, wheeled by a footman.

To the valediction of the gramophone, hid in the bushes, the audience departed. [illegible] ~~"Dispersed are,~~ ~~It came to an end~~ "Dispersed are we."

~~The chairs were empty~~

Now Miss La Trobe stepped from ~~her hiding place~~ behind the tree. Still for one moment she held them together. flowing & streaming: ~~For one moment triumph possessed her~~ , the dispersing company. For twenty five minutes she [illegible] had made them see.... A vision imparted was relief from agony. For one moment, for one moment, ... Then the music petered out on the last word "we" . And she heard the breeze, rustling among the branches. And she saw Giles Oliver with his back to the audience. ~~And~~ She hadnt made him see. Nor, for the matter pf that, Cobbet of Cobbs Corner.

Flow

A failure, a failuer, a fialuer as usual, she muttered. Her vision escaped her. And turning, she strode towards the actors, undressing, where the butterflies feasted upon the innutrucious splendour of tinsel swords and dish cloths, down past the lily pool, among the brambles.

Between the acts. Later typescript.

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16 p

p. 82 in two drafts
p 83 in two drafts
p. 85 in three drafts
p. 87 in two drafts
p 89 in two drafts
p 90 in one, belonging
to fragment

the game was; They had acted that story. But now the gramophone in the bushes lamented Dispersed are we. And so, streaming across the lawns to the valediction of the gramophone hid in the bushes , the audience followed one another past the house down across the road, to the barn, for tea.

Now Miss La Trobe drew out from her hiding place behind the tree. Violet, white and lemon, the womens dresses dappled the green grass. Still for one moment she held them t gether. And triumph for one moment possessed her. Had she not for thirty five minutes made them see? A vision imparted was Triumph possessed release; her; relief from agony, for one moment.... Then the music petered out stopped. The breeze was was once more audible, rustling among the trees. And there was young Oliver, with his back to the audience. She hadnt made him see, b nor Cobbet of Cobbs Corner. A failure as usual. The actor had mangled their parts. And turning she strode towards the actors who were undressing ~~among the bushes~~, where the butterflies feasted upon the [innutricious] splendour of the tinsel, upon swords, and the oranged dish cloths. down by the lily pool among the bushes

Dispsered are we. From the tail of her eye she saw Cobbet go; then young Oliver her enemy. He turned.

Giles ~~He~~ took a short cut to the barn. A path led across the field. This dry summer the earth it was hard as brick. He kicked a stone-- a flinty yellow stone, sharp edged, as if cut by a savage for an arrow head. It was an old game, a childs game, he remembered, stone kicking. By the rules of the game the same stone, he remembered, must be kicked to a goal.

Say

say a gate, or a clump of grass. This time a gate was the goal; to be reached in ten kicks. He played the game by alone himself; He kicked the stone, once, twice, thrice. The first kick stone was Manresa (lust); the second Dodge (perversion); the third himself (coward). He reached the gate in nine. There couched in the grass, curled up in an olive green ring, was a snake. Dead? No, half choked with a toad in its mouth. The legs dangled , twitching outside. The snake lay tranced, unable to swallow; the toad quovered, unable to die. It was birth, the wrong way round. So he brought h s foot down on the snakes head, and crushed them both. He was wearing tennis shoes. The mass crushed and slithered. It left the white canvas sticky and red. But it was action--action relieved him. And he strode on to the Barn.

~~The Barn, the noble Barn, built seven hundred years ago some said; the Barn that reminded some people of a Greek temple, others of the middle ages, most people of an age before their own, scarecly anybody of the present moment, was empty at this moment on a summer afternoon in 1939.~~

But the great doors stood open.

~~It was ready. It was decorated with festoons of paper roses, left over f om the coronation. A lo g table stretched across one end, upon which was an urn, plates and cups, cakes and bread and butter. The great doors stood open. A shaft of light like a yellow banner sloped from the roof to the floor The farm hands the servants, were all at the pageant.~~

Yet

~~But it was full of life, of a kind. Mice slid in and out of holes o stood upright, nibbling. Swallows were busy with~~

-2-

The Barn, the noble Barn, built seven hundred years ago, some said; the Barn that reminded some people of a Greek Temple, others of the middle ages, most people of an age before their own, scarcely anyb ody of the present moment, was empty at this moment on a summer afternoon in 1939. ~~It was ready.~~ The great doors stood wide ppen. A shaft of light like a yellow banner sloped from the roof to the floor. Festoons of paper roses left over fro the coronation hung pendant drooped. A long table stretched across one end, upon which was an urn, plates and cups, cakes and bread and butter. It was empty. The farm hands, the [illegible] servants, were all at the pageant. The barn was empty. Yet ~~it was full of life.~~ Mice slid in and out of holes, or stood upright, nibbling. Swallows were [illegible] busy with straw in pockets of earth on the rafters. Countless beetles an insects of various sorts burrowed in the dry wood. A stray bitch had made the dark corber where the sacks stood a lying in ground for her puppies. All these eyes Expanding & narrowing some seeing in the light, others in the dark, & the barn looked the barn. all looked ly from different angles and edges. Minute nibblings and rustlings broke the silence. Whiffs of sweetness and richness veined the air. A blue bottle had settled on the cake and stabbed its yellow mass with a short drill. A butterfly Red Admiral sunned itself sensuously on a sunlit yellow plate.

Now Mrs Sands was approaching. She was pushing awa her way through the~~xxxxx~~ crwod to the Barn. She had turned the corner. She could see the great open door.

But ~~The Barn was~~ empty--butterflies she never saw; mice were only black pellets in kitchen drawers; moths she bundled in her hands and put out of the window; bitches suggested only servant girls misbehaving. Had there been a cat, she would have seen it. Any cat a starved cat with a patch of mange on its rump opened the flood gats of her childless heart wnand admitted her to the full tide unclean of love. But there was no cat. The Barn to Mrs Sands was empty; and so, running, panting, set upon her plan reaching the barn and taking up hs station behind the tea urn beforethe company came she reached the Barn . And the butterfly rose and the blue bottole; ~~and~~ In a moment the Barn was full-~~xThex~~ Follwojng her in a scud came the servants and helpers-- David, John, Irene, Lois. Water boiled. Syeam issued. Cake was sliced. All took their stations behind the table; and the company enetred.

with straw in pockets of earth on the rafters. Here and there a moth slept with folded wings. Countless beetles and insects of various sorts burrowed in the old wood. A stray bithc bitch had made the dark corner where the sacks stood a lying in place for her puppies. All these eyes, some adapted to light, others to darkness, looked from different angles and edgesMinute nibblings and rustlings broke the silence. Whiffs of sweetness and richness imperceptible to human nostrils veined the air. A blue bottle had settled on the cake and stabbed its yellow mass with a short persistent drill. A Red Ad miral sunned its self sensuously on a sunlit yellow plate.

Mrs sands was approaching. Mrs sands was shoving her way through the crowd. She wa making her way through all impediments to the Barn She could had turned the corner. the barn empty -
She could se e the great open door. But she had never seen a butterfly, not to name it. Mice were only vermin who left bl ack pellets in the kitchen drawers. A moth she would bundle in her hand and put out of the window. A ~~birch~~ bitch with its puppies suggested censorious thoughts of servant girls misbehaving with farm hands. Only a cat--any cat, a cat with a patch of mange on its rump--a starved cat, a lonely cat opened the flood gates of her childless heart and admitted her to the release of love. But there was no in the barn
cat. And even a cat would have made no impression upon her at the moment, so eager was she, so agitated, so set upon reaching the barn and taking up her station behind the urn bs before the company came. ~~She was the first~~ to reach

[illegible] 84

~~the Barn. The butterfly rose, and the blue bottle, and the swa llows skimmed from rafter to rafter. Fowlling her in a scud came all the servants and helpers-- David, Joh, Irene, Lois. Water boiled. Steam issued. Cake was sliced. They stood ready behind the table; and the comapny entered.~~

"This fine old Barn...." said Mrs Manresa, stopping in the door way. It was not for her to press ahead of the villagers. It was for her to be moved by the beauty of the B to stand still; to draw aside; to let other people ~~behind~~ come in first.

"We have one, much like it, at Lathom" said Mrs Parker, stopping, for the same reasons. "Perhaps not quite so large."

The villagers hung back. hesitatingly Then, dribbled past.

"And the decorations..." said Mrs manresa, looking round for some one to congratulate. She stood smiling, waiting. Then old Mrs within came in. She was gazing up too, but not at the decorations. At the swallows apparently.

"They come every year" she said. "The same birds."

Mrs manresa smiled benevolently. ~~She~~ humoure~~d~~ing the old lady, ~~But~~ the throat it was unlikely that they were the same birds.

"I suppose the decoratoons are left over from the Coronation" said Mrs arker. "We kept our too. We built a village hall." Mrs anresa laughed; she ~~remembered~~ . An anecdote was on the tip of her tongue; about a public lavatory built to celebrate the same occasion and how the ayor.... Could she tell it? No. The old lady, gazing at the swallows looked too refined. "Refeened" --Mrs manresa qualified the word to her own advanatge. and thus confirmed her approbatia of the wild child she was; whose nature was somehow proud simple human nature. Couldnt she span the old ladies 'refeenment' also the boys fun--- where was that nice fellow, Giles? She couldnt see him. Nor W Bill either. The villagers hung back. They wanted someone to start the ball rolling.

"Well I'm dying for my tea!" she said in her public voice; and strode forward. She laid hold of a thick china mug. Mrs sands, giving natural precedence to one of the house party, filled it at once. David gave her cake. She was the first to drink and the first to bite. O[illegible] [illegible] The villagers still hung back. Its all my eye about democracy she ~~thought~~ concluded. So did Mrs Marker, taking her mug too. The people looked to them. They led; the rest followed.

"What delicious tea!" each exclaimed, disgusting like rust boiled in water though it was, and the cake fly blown. ~~At home they only~~ drank Ch[illegible] China.

"They come every year" Mrs swithin repeated, ignoring the fact that the ladies had left her she was speaking to no one. "From Africa."

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The Barn was empty-- the b noble Barn, the barn that hadb been built over seven hundred years ago, ~~and reminded some people of a Greek Temple. It was empty.~~ The great doors stood open. A shaft of light like a yellow [illegible] banner sloped from roof to floor. A long table stretched across one ned, on which was an Urn; plates and cups; cakes and bread and butter. ~~It was empty on this moment of a June afternoon in 1939~~ Festoons of coloured paper left over from the coronation were nailed to the raf ts. The Barn was empty.

~~Yet it was full of life~~ also. Mice slid in and out of holes or sat upright, nibbling. Swallows who had their nests in pockets of earth i the raf ers swooped in and out with wisps of staraw in their beaks. Moths slept with foled wings. Countless bettles and insects of various sorts burrowed in the old wood. A stray bitch had made the dark corner where the sacks stood a lyin in ppace for her puppies. All their eyes, some adapted to light, others to darkness looked from different angles and edges. Whiffs of sweetness and richness veined the air. A blue bottle had settled on the cake and stabbed its yellow rock with a short drill. A Red admiral sunneditself sensuously on a sunny plate. Tge Barn was full of murmurs and nibblongs. The Barn stood empty.

Mrs sadnds ~~was~~ pushi~~ng~~ her way throug the crowd. But Mrs Sands had never seen a butterfly, not to name it. As for mice they were vermin who left black pellets in kitchen drawers. A moth she would bundle up in her hands and put out of window. A bitch suggested censorious thoughts of servantgirls misbehaving with farm hands. Only a cat-- not necesaarily a kitchen cat, any cat, a cat with a patch of mange on its rump, opened the flood gates of her childless heart,and admitted her to the world of adoration.

But therw was no cat; and even a cat would have made little effect on her at the moment; so blwon was she, so pressed, so set upon reaching the Barn and taking up her station behind the tea urn before the guests came , She reached the Barn; and the butterfly rose and the blue bottle.

Foll wng her in a scud came all the servants and helpers-- David, John, Iriene, Lois. Water boiled. Steam issued. Cakes wers sliced; andthe swallows swept from rafter to rafter in agitation.

The Barn filled. Fumes rose from the tea urn. China clatterdx voices chattered. Isa pressed her way to the table. "Dispersed are we " she mumrured. And held out her cup to be filled. She took it. "Let me turn away" she murmured, ~~sipping~~ ~~looking~~ turning, "from the array" she looked desolately round her " of china faces glazed and hard. Down the ride, that leads under the nut tree and the may tree, away, till I come to the wishing well, where the washerwoman's little boy --" she dropped sugar, two lumps, into her tea " dropped a pin. He got his horse, so they say. But what wish ~~w~~Should I drop into the well? " She looked round. She could not see Rupert Haines, nor anyone known to her. "That the waters should cover me of the wishing well." she added.

The noise of china and ~~voices~~ chatter drwoned her murmur. "Sugar for you?" they were saying. "Just a spot of milk? And you? Tea without milk or sugar. Thats the way I like it. A bit too strong? Let me add water. "

"Thats what I wished " Isa added, "when I dropped my pin. Water, water...."

"I must say" the voice said behind her, "its brave of the King and Queen. Theyre said to be going to India.

She looks such a dear. Some one I know said that his hair..."

"There, " Isa mused " would the dead leaf fall, when the leaves fall, on the water. Should I mind not again to see may tree or nut tree? Not again to hear on the trembling spray the thrush sing , or to see, dipping and diving as if he skimmed waves in the air, the yellow woodpecker?"

She was looking at the canary yellow festoons left over from the coronation.

"I thought they said Canada, not India" the voice said behind her back. To which the other voice answered: "D'you believe what the papers say? For instance about the Duke of Windsor. He landed on the South coast. Queen Mary met him. ~~Thexpapersxsayxshexmetxhim.~~ She'd been buying furniture-- thats a fact. And the papers say she met him...."

"Alone, under a tree, the withered tree that keeps all day murmuring of the sea, and hears the rider gallop..."

Isa filled in the refrain . The she started. There was William Dodge by her side.

He smiled. She smiled. They were conspirators, in league against the company; each murmuring some song my uncle taugh me.

"Its the play" she said. "The play keeps running in my head.

He admired her.

~~He wished she would say; Come along; I'll show you--- a vine, or a stable, or a pig stye or something.~~

~~But she said nothing. They stood there holding their cups Then as he fumbled for something to say he saw her eyes change. as if she had got out of one dress and put on another. A small boy butted his way through the crowd strking out aginast xxxx skirts and trousers as if he were swimming.~~

~~"Here! Here!" she said raising her arm.~~

88x 87 a

She was beautiful in hm her way. — as a picture. He wanted to see her with her glass green eyes and thick body--the neck broad as a pillar-- against an arum lily or a vine. He wished she would say, Come along. I'll show you --the greenhouse, or the stable or the pig sty or something. But she said nothing, and they stood there holding their cups. Then as he fumbled for something to say, as that it was a mere sketch for a pic but that a sketch sometimes hints more — and so on, he saw her eyes change ~~It w~~as as if she had got out of one dress and put on another A small boy battled his way through the crowd, striking out against skirts and trousers as if he were swimming, blindly.

"here! Here! " she cried, raising her arm.

He made a bee line for her.

He was her little boy apparently. She gave him a slice of cake; then a mug of milk. ~~[illegible]~~

Then a dodge

They ceased to be conspirators. Then nurse came up. Then

The mother

She changed her dress again, This time he judged, from the expression in her eyes, it was something in the nature of a strait waistcoat. The handsome young man in blue jacket and brass buttons standing in a beam of dusky light scowling was her husband. And she ~~was~~ his wife. Their relations , he judged, were , as people said in novels, "strained". He had noted that in his ~~p rtabl~~e pocket note book at luhceon. But There was something so exciting to him in the male-- in the muscular, the hirsute, the virile--

so exciting to him

that he forgot her ~~beauty~~; and his desire to see her against a fan of green vine leaf with a purple bunch pendant in some green house. Giles, ~~with~~ his scowl, his rage, and his virility plunged him into emotions in which the mind had I have no part. Of what, of whom, was Giles he thinking? Of Mrs Manresa?

Mrs Manresa had ~~havi~~g gulped one cup of disgusting India tea had put it down. She was anxious to rid herself of Mrs Parker. Her own sex bored her horribly, if they were of her own class. She had no objection to the class below; cooks, shop keepers, farmers wives; or to the class above; Viscountesses, Countesses and so on. It was the woman of her own class that bored her. ~~[illegible]~~ To the ~~[illegible]~~ left Mrs Parker; abruptly ~~[illegible]~~

"O Mrs Moore"--she hailed the keepers wife. "What did

you think of it? And what did baby think of it? "
'think of it?"
Here she pinched baby. "I thought it as good as anything I've seen in London...But we mustnt be out done. We'll have a play of our own . In our Barn. We'll show 'em (she winked obliquely at the table; so many bought cakes; so few made at home) "how we do it. "

And so, cracking her jokes, she saw Giles, and swept him in. But what had he done with his shoes? They were blood stained. Vague as it was, some sense that he had proved his valour for her admiration flattered her. If vague, it was sweet. Taking him on, she made him the audeince for her breezy chaff: for her vision of herself, the Queen; of him, the hero.

"Thats Mrs Neale" she exclaimed. "A perfect marvel of a woman! Arent you, Mrs Neale ~~Dont you he~~ "She runs" our post office. She can do sums in her head. Cant you Mrs Neale? Twenty five penny halfpenny stamps, two packets of stamped envelopes; and a apcket of post cards--- how much does that come to Mrs Neale?"

Mrs Neale laughed; Mrs Manresa laughed; Giles too smiled, looking down at his shoes.

Sh drew him down the Barn; in andout from one to another She knew them all. Every one was a through good sort. She wouldnt allow it --no not for a moment; that Pins ent had a bad leg. "No, we're not going to take that as an excuse" she chaffed him; If he couldnt bowl, he could bat. She chaffed him. S~~he drew Giles~~ in. Giles ~~had to~~ ~~hath~~ followed in her wake.

So ~~they made their round of the Barn~~,
After all, a fish on the line meant much the same to him and Pinsent. Foxes were identical to them; also jays and magpies. Pinsent had stayed on the land; Giles had

on another. He looked. A small boy battled through the crowd, striking against skirts and trousers as if he were swimming blindly.

"Here! Here!" she cried, raising her arm.

He made a bee line for her. He was her little boy apparent~~l~~ Her son. Her George. She gave him cake; then a mug of milk.

They ceased to be conspirators. Then a nurse came up. Then again she d changed her dress. This time, from the expression in her eyes, it was he guessed, something of a strait wiastcoat. The handsome young man in blue jacket and brass buttons standing in a beam of dusty light, scowling. was her husband. And she his wife. He had noted at lucnch, in his pocket note book, that theire relations were, as people say in novels, "strained." As he had noted, at the play, her bare arm raised to her shoulder, when she turned.-

hirsute, virile, male

But Giles, ~~thexmuscularx,xthexhirsutex,xthexvirilex~~ plu ged him into emotions in which the mind had no share. He forgot--- how she would have looked against a fan of
vine
~~gxx~~en leaf with a purple bunch pendant in a green house. Of whom was he ~~Gilesxthinkingxxxx~~ thinking--th muscular, the hirsute, the virile? Of Mrs manresa? Not of Isa.

Of Mrs Manresa?

Mrs Manresa ~~She~~ had gulped her cup of India tea. Mrs Manrsa had set it down.

But the muscular, the hirsute, the virile plunged him
mind.
into eomtions in which the eye had no share . He forgot how she would have looked against a fan of vine leaf with a purple bunch pendant in a green house, he look~~ing~~ed at Giles. Of whom was he thinking? Not of Isa. Of Mrs Manresa?

Over there, Mrs Manresa ~~oxxxxthxxe~~ had gulped her cup of tea; she had set it down. How could she rid herself, she asked, of Mrs Parker? If they were of her own class, how they bored her--her own sex! Not the class below; cooks, shop keepers, farmers wives; not the class above; Countesses, Duchesses; it was the women of her own class that bored her. And so she left Mrs Parker, ~~xxx~~ abruptly.

"Oh Mrs Moore!" she hailed the keepers wife. "What did you think of it? And what did baby " --here she pinched baby--" think of it? I thought it every bit as good as anything I've seen in London. ...But we mustnt be out done We'll have a play of our own. In our Barn. We 'll show 'em " (here she winked obliquely at the table; so many bought cakes; so few made at home) " how we do it."

Then, cracking her jokes, she turned; saw Giles; and swept him in. But what--she looked down-- what has he done with his shoes? They were blood stained. Vaguely some sense that he had proved his valour for her admiration flattered her. If vague, it was sweet. Taking him on, she made him her hero; and herself the Queen.

"Thats Mrs Neale!" she exclaimed. She "A perfect marvel of a woman, arent you Mrs Neale! She runs our post office. She can do sums in her head, cant you Mrs Neale? Twenty five half penny stamps, two packets of gone to the city. All the same, she was a thought good sort, the Manresa. He ~~was~~ felt less of an audience, more of an actor, going round with her. And so they approached the old couple, Papa and Aunt Lucy, sitting on their Windsor chairs.

Lois had reserved two Windsor chairs for old Bart and old Flimsy. Mrs Sands had sent them tea. It would have caused more bother than it was worth to have asserted the democratic principle. of equality.

She forgot to drink. She was

"Swallows" said Lucy, looking at the birds. Excoted by the company they were flitting from c~~ampanyxchamx~~ rafter to rafter. ~~Aaamx~~ Across Africa, across France, ~~Year after~~ ~~yxxxxxxxxxxyear~~ they had come to nest here. Year after year they came. Before there was a Channel, when the earth upon which her Windsor chair was planted was a riot of rhododenrons, and humming birds quiev red at the mouth of scarlet trumpets, as she had read that morning in her Outline of History, they had come.... Bart thanks Bart half rose from his chair. But Mrs Manresa absolutely refused to take his seat. "Go on sitting, go on sitting" she pressed him down again. "I'll squat on the floor" She squatted. Giles remained standing.

"And what did you think of the play?" she asked.

Bartholomew looked at his son. He remained silent. "And you, Mrs Swithin?" Mrs Manresa pressed the old lady, humoursly.

"I missed the prologue" said Lucy. mumbled

"I was hoping you'd tell me" Mrs Manresa went on, "whether it was taken from a ~~real play~~--an old play?"

Between the acts.   Later typescript

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areal play?"

"Theyre are only seven plots, dont they say?" said Bartholomew.

"Look!" Lucy exclaimed.

"The birds?" said Mrs Manresa looking up.

There was a bird with a straw in its beak; and the straw dropped.

Lucy laughed. Giles turned away. She was mocking him as usual. Lord boy].

"Going?" said Bartholomew. "Time for the next act?"

And he heaved himself up from his chair. Regardless of Mrs Manresa and of Lucy oft he strolled ~~off~~ too.

"Swallow my sister, oh sister swallow...." he muttered, feeling for his cigar case, follwing his son.

Mrs Manresa was nettled. What for had she squatted on the floor then? Were her charms fading? But, woman of action as she was, de serted by the male sex she was not going to suffer tortures of boredom from the 'refeened ' old lady. She too scrambled up, ~~as [illegible]~~ putting her hands to her ~~[illegible]~~ hair, as if it were high time she went too, though it was nothing of the kind and her hair was perfectly tidy.

Cobbet of Cobbs corner saw through her game. He had known human nature in the east. He preferred the geranims, ~~[illegible]~~ carnations and zinnias. wh. They needed watering, in dry weather like this. he'd need more

And Automanitcally he consulted his watch, as the woman ~~in~~ panting follow pursuit of the surly fellow in blue coat and tennis shoes.., went past. he looked at his watch. Water at Seven

William watched him approach.

Armed and valiant,
Bold and blatant
Firm , elatant...

the pipular march tune rang in his head.

He approached; he came. The fingers of Williams left hand closed themselves; his face remained a blank; as, at ~~last~~, Giles ~~joined them~~. approaches

Mrs Parker was deploring to Isa , in a ~~low~~ voice, disctreetly the introducion of the village idiot. Isa, immobile, was looking beyond her, at her husband. He was coming; "Oh that idiot" Mrs Parker was saying.

~~Mrs Parker was~~ deploring to Isa, in a low voice, the village ~~idiot~~. the introduction of the village idiot.

"Oh that idiot" she was saying. But Isa was immobile, watching her husband

~~Isa~~ He was her husband, Isa was thinking. She cd. feel that Manresa But she could feel that ~~woman~~ in attached to him. She had by heart [illegible] "One of those passing affairs" she ~~had~~ the words by heart, --it had happened before-- "that make no differnece... " Start He stood beside her.

"The idiot?" William answered for her.

"~~After~~ all, He's in the tradition..."

"But surely" said Mrs Parker, rep~~eating~~ telling to Giles how creepy the idiot had made her feell "we have one in our villg she added--Surely ~~Mr Oli~~ver were more civilised?"

"Are we ?" said Giles. He looked once at William.

It was as though he had [illegible]

He knew what his left hand was doing. He despsied him.

It was a bit of luck; he could desp se him instead og himself,

He ~~could~~ Also despsie Mrs Parker. But not his wife. ~~But~~ She she had not spoken to him--not one word all day.

William watched him approach.

Armed and valiant
Bold and blatant,
Firm, elatant...

the popular march tune rang in his head.

He approached; he came. The fingers of Williams left hand closed themselves; his face remained a blabk. as Giles approached.

MrsParker as deploring to Isa, in a low voice, the village idiot.

"Oh that idiot!" she was saying. But Isa was immobile, watching her husband. She could feel Mrs Manresa in his wake.

Explaining, apologising, as he had done before

She could hear him in the dusk, in their bedroom, explain "One of these passing affairs"-- "It makes no difference..!" his apology for ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~t; she had heard it before. He stood beside her.

asked Mrs Parker for her all

"The idiot?" William answered for her. "He's in the ~~old~~ tradition."

"But surely" sa d Mrs Parker, and told Giles how creepy the idiot had made her feel---"We have one in our village" ---Surely, we're more civilised?"

"Are we?" said Giles. He looked, once, at William. He knew not his name, but what his left hand was doing. It was a bit of luck. Hecould despise him, not ~~instead~~ of himself. He cd doubt

Also Mrs Parker. But not Isa, not his wife. She had not spoken to him-- not one word all day.

"Surely, " said Mrs Parker, looking from one to the other, "surely we are?"

Giles then did what, to Isa, was his usual trick; shut his lips; frowned; and took up the pose of one who bears the burden, making money, in the city, for her to spend.

"No" said Isa, as plainly as words could say it, "I dont admire you. " She did not look him in the face; she looked down at his feet. "Silly little boy, with blood on his boots!" Giles shifted his feet. Whom did she admire then? Not Dodge. That he could take for certain. Some one else? Some man, he was sure, in the Barn. Which man? He looked about him.

Then Mr Streatfiled, the clergyman, interrupted. He was carrying cups.

"I shake hands with my heart!" he exclaimed, nodding his handsome weather beaten head as he deposited the burden on the table, safely.

Mrs Parker took the tribute to herself "Mr Streafiled!" she exclaimed. "Doing all the work! You make me ashamed, standing here gossiping!"

"Like the see the greenhouse?" said Isa suddenly, turning to William Dodge.

~~That~~ The desire had left him. But there was nothing for now it but to follow the woman. Her husband, it seemed, had no intention of coming too. The Manresa, Dodge saw, lagging behind, had him in thrall. Now that she had a real man she dropped him, the half man. Relucatntly he followed.

The path was narrow; ~~she~~ Isa went ahead. And she was braod;
she fairly filled the path, swaying slightly as she walked, 2
plucking a leaf here and there.

Fly then, follow, she hummed,
The dappled herds in the cedar grove,
Who, sporting play
Tge red with the Roe
The stag with the doe,
Fly--away
I grieving stay, Alone I linger,
I pluck the bitter herb by the r ined wall
The churchyard wall, and press its sour, its sweet, its sour
Long grey leaf, so,
Twixt thumb and finger...

She threw away the shred of Old Mans beard that she had
picked in passing, and kicked open the green house door.

She took up an old knife that lay on the plank.

Wife
He had lagged behind. She waited. He saw her
standing against the green glass, the fig tree and the blue
hydrangea. Knife in hand she murmured

She spake, Isa mumured, ~~waiting for him to come,~~
And from her bosom's snowy antre drew
The gleaming blade.
Plunge blade! she said,
AAnd struck.
Faithless! she cried. Knife too!
It broke.
So too my heart, she said.

She laughed ~~was smiling~~ , ironically. as he came up hair, as if it were high time that she went too, though it was nothing of the kind and her hair was perfectly tidy.

Cobbett in his corner saw through her little game. He had known human nature in the East. It was the same in the West. Only plants remained-- the carnation, the zinnia, and the geranium. Automatically he consulted his watch; time to water at seven; and noted observed the little game of the woman following the man through the ~~crwod~~ crowd to the table, in the west as in the east.

~~And~~ William, ~~sxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ now attached to Mrs Parker, ~~xxxx~~ and Isa, watched him approach. Armed and valiant, Bold and blatant, Firm elatant---- the popular march tune rang in his head. He approached; he came. And the fingers of Williams left hand closed ~~xxxx~~ th mselves; ~~axxxxxxxxxxx xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxn~~ as the hero approached.

~~Mrs Parker was deploring to Isa in a low voice. "Oh that idiot!" she was saying. But Isa was immobile. She was watching her husband. She could feel the Manresa in his wake. She could hear in the dusk in their bedroom the usual explanation. "It made no difference" ~~ifxxxxxxxxxxx~~ he was saying. His infidelity was excused; not hers. Now he stood beside her.~~

~~"~~Butxhas~~ Its in in the tradition" William replied to Mrs Mrs Parker. deploring the idiot.~~

~~"But surely" said Mrs Parker, and told Giles how creepy the idiot had made her feel. "We have one in our village. --Surely we're more civilised, Mr Oliver?"~~

looking fr. one to another

"Surely" said Mrs Parker,' recalling the queer feeling the idiot had given her, as if she had crunched a snail in her salad, and a little proud of this proof of her sensibility, "surely we are?"

Giles then did what to Isa , was his usual trick. : shut his lips; frowned; took up the pose of one who bears the burden.

which she

Making money for her to spend. he

NV

"I dont admire you" Isa said as plainly as if she had used words. She did not look hi in the face; she looked down at his feet. "Silly little boy, with blood on his boots."

Giles shifted his feet. Whom did she admire then? Not Dodge. That he ~~wmmix~~ could take for certain. Some one else.?

What man

Some man, he was sure, in the Barn. But who? He looked about him.

Then Mr Streatfiled, the clergyman interrupted. He was carryi cups.

Mrs Parker was deploring to Isa in a low voice the village idiot.

"Oh that idiot!" she was saying. But Isa was immobile. ~~wxxx~~ watching her husband. She could feel the Manresa in his wake. She could hear~~xhim~~ in the dusk in their bedroom the usual explanation. It made no difference; his infidelity~~;~~ was excused, but ~~her's did~~. not hers.

"The idiot?" William answered Mrs Parker for her. "~~Its~~ It's in the traditio.n"

"But d surely" said Mrs Parker, and told Giles how creepy th~~atxidiot~~t ~~hadxmadexherxfeel~~ the idiot--"We have one in our village"-- had made her feel. "Surely, Mr Oliver, we're more civilised?"

"*We*? " said Giles. "*We*?" He looked, once, at Willa William. He knew, not his name; but what his left hand was doing. It was a bit of luck--that he could despise him, not himself. Also Mrs Parker. But not Isa--not his wife. She had not spoken to him; nd one word. Nor looked at him either.

"Surely" said Mrs Parker, looking from one to the other "Surely we are?"

Giles then did what to Isa, was his little trick; shut his lips; frowned, and took up the pose of one who bears the burden of the ~~whole~~ worlds woe, Making money, for her to spend.

"No" said Isa, as plainly as words could say it, "I ~~do~~ dont admire you." and looked, not at his face, but at his feet. "Silly little boy, with blood on his boots."

Giles shifted his feet. Whom then did she admire?

Not Dodge. That he could take for certain. Who else? Some one, he knew. Some man, he was sure, in the Barn. Which man? He looked round him.

Then Mr Streatfield, the clergyman, interrupted. He was carrying cups.

"So I shake hands with my heart!" he exclaimed, nodding his handsome weather beaten face as he deposited his burden on the table, safely.

Mrs Parker took that tribute soely to herself.

"Mr Steatfield!" she exclaimed. "Doing all the work! While we stand here gossiping!"

"Like to see the greenhouse?" said Isa suddenly, turning to William Dodge.

Oh not now, he could have cried. But there was nothing for it but to follow the woman. ~~Her husband, it~~ s~~eemed, had no wish to come~~ too. The Manresa, po~~lishing her face with a powder puff~~, apporached. She had him in thrall.

"I wish the play didnt run in my head" she said, ~~as he came up.~~ Then she sat down on a plank under the vine; and he sat beside her. The little grapes were still green; the leaves thin and yellow as the web between a birds claws.

"Still the play?" he asked. She nodded.

"Was that your littl boy? in the Barn? he asked

And she said

"I have a daughter too," she told him. "Youre married? "

He knew she guessed, from the way she said it, what kind of 'marraiage' his was.

do - what

"And you are...?"

"A clerk in a Government Office" he said.

She picked a leaf from a scented genranium.

"Theres something for you to smell Mr..." "

"I'm William" he said, taking the furry leaf and pressing it between thumb and finger.

"I'M Isa" she replied.

Women knew they had nothing to hope and nothing to fear from him. At first they resented serving as a lay figure-- a statue in a green house. Then they liked it. It made things simple. They could say whatever came into their heads.

To their feelings: About 1. You admire my husband? Yes. Are you happy? No.

They discussed their unhappiness, ~~and the reasons for it,~~

Is any one - of course? —

as if they had known each other all their lives.

"Its odd, " she said, "how easy it is for us to talk.

"Perhaps because weve never met before, and never shall again."

She dropped her [illegible]

"The doom of sudden death hanging over us" he said.

"Theres no retreating and advancing " he thought of the old woman showing him the house" for us, as for them."

"I wish the play didnt run in my head" she said. Then she sat down on a plank under the vine; and he sat beside her. The little grapes were still green; the leaves thin and yellow as the web between a birds claws.

"Still the paly?" he asked. She nodded.

" Was that your little boy in the Barn?" he asked.

"I have a daughter too, in the cradle" she told him.

And she asked; "Youre married?" Then she

He knew ~~she guessed~~ that she guessed, from the way she said it, what kind of 'marriage' his was.

Women knew at once that they had nothing to hope and nothing to fear from him. At first At first they resented --serving as a lay figure, as a statue in a green house. Then they liked it. It made things simole. They could say whatever came into their heads--as she did.

"Theres something for you to smell Mr..." she said, picking a leaf of scented genrainum.

"I'm William " he said, taking the furry leaf and pressing it bwteen thumb and finger.

"And I'm Isa " she replied.

Then they talked---about Giles. Do you admire him? Yes. Are you happy? No. Is any one--of our generation? and so on. as if they had known each other all their lives.

"Its odd" she said, as they always did, "How easy it is to talk to you.. Perhaps because weve never met before and never shall again."

Knowing the real reason

"The doom of sudden death hanging over us" he said.

"Theres no retreating and advancing " he thought of the old lady showing him the house, "for us as for them."

They sat [illegible]

They had left the Green House door open, and now music came through it. A.B.C. A.B.C. A.B.C.. Someone was practising scales. C.A.T. C.A T. C.A.T ~~xext~~. ~~Some one~~ then Cat struck a chord. was then Cat. Cat made Cat

~~The~~ separate letters made one word. Other words followed.

another voice was speaking, a third voice

It was a simple tune, like a nursery rhyme---

The King was in his counting house
Coutning out his money
The Queen was in her parlour,
ating bread and honey.

It wandered It ~~seemed like~~ a nother voice, a third voice, was saying somethig different. very simple. They listened & And they sat on, for some little time, on the plank in the greenhouse, with the vine over them, listening to Miss La Trobe or whoever it was ~~pramamx~~ practising her scales.

He could not find his son, . He had lost him in the crowd. And so old Bartholomew left the Barn, and went to his own room, the library, hilding his cheroot.

Oh sister swallow, oh swallow sister,
How can thy heart be full of the spring?

he muttered. How can my heart be full of the spring? he repeated standing in front of the bookcase. Books. The treasured lifeblood of immortal spirits. Poets, the legislators of mankind et ecetera. Doubtless it was so, but only Giles was unhappy. How can my heart, how can my heart, he repeated, puffing at his cheroot. Condemned in lifes infernal mine, to drudge the whole year round; condemned in

Dodge had lagged behind. ~~She took an old knife that l~~ She took a knife from a plank.
the plank. She waited. He saw her standing against the gre
glass, the fig tree, and the blue hydrangea, knife in hand.

"She spake" Isa murmured, "And from her bosom's snowy antre drew, The gleaming blade. Plunge blade! she said, And struck. Faithless! she cried. Knife too! It broke. So too my heart, she said."

She smiled ironically as he came up.

"I wish the play didnt run in my head" she said. Then she sat down on a plank under the vine. And he sat beside her. The little grapes above them were still green; the leaves thin and yellow as th e web between birds claws.

"Still the play?" he asked. She nodded.

"That was your son" he said "in the Barn?"

She had a daughter too, she told him, in the cradle. "And youre married?" she asked. From th ay she said it, he knew she guessed , as woman always guessed, everything. They knew at once that they had nothing to fear from he in or to hope. At first they resented--serving as a statue in a green h use. Then they liked it. Then they could say-- as she did-- whatever came into their heads. And hand him, as she handed him, a flower.

"Theres something for your button hole" she said, handing him a ~~leaf~~ sprig of scented geranium.

"I'M William" he said, taling the furry leaf and pressing it between thumb and finger.

"I'm Isa" she answered.

Then they talked, in words of one syllable, about every

Theres something for your button hole Mr..." she said, handing him a sprig of scented geranium.

"I'm William " he said, taking the furry leaf and pressing it between thumb and finger.

"I'm Isa" she answred. Then they talked i~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ like the conspirators: the lovers of fables? as if they had knonw each other all their lives; It ~~Which~~ was odd, she said, as they always did: Their conspiracy. She added, "Perhaps its because we've never met before, and never shall again."

"The doom of death hangi ng over us" he said. He was thinking of the old lady showing him the house. "Theres no retreating and advancing " he said, " for us, as for them." The futrre shadowed their present; [illegible]

[illegible]

They had left the greenhouse door open, and now music came through it. A.B.C. A.B. C. A. B. C.---some one was practising scales. C.A.T. C.A T. C.A.T. Then the separate letters made one word (Cat.) ~~Some one struck a chi chord~~. Other words followed. It was a simple tune, like a nursery rhyme--

The King was in his counting house,
Coutning out his money,
The Queen was in her parlour
Eatijg bread and honey----

They listened. Another voice, a third voice, was saying something simple. And ~~for some time~~ they sat on in the greenhouse on the plank with the vine over them, listening to Miss La Trobe or whoever it was practising her scales.

solituede to pine....Arms akimbo he stood in front of his well stocked country gentlemans library. Garibaldi; Wellingtn Life of Gladstone; Murrays History of the Punjaub; a whole series of Irrigations Officers reports; and Hibbert on the Diseases of the Dagxx Horse. A great harvest the mind had
his son was unheroic. His son was unheroic.
reaped; but for all this, compared with his son, he did not care one straw. for him

"So wh ts the use , oh sister swallow, my sister swallow, of singing your song? " He sank down in his chair. The dog, who had followed him, sank down on the floor at his feet. Yes, there he was, the flanks sucked in and out, the long nose resting on his paws, and a flick of foam on
his familiar spirit, his Afghan hound.
his nostril--his faithful body, his Aghan hound.

& remained half open
That was
The door half opened. Lucys way that was of coming into a room-- as if she did not know what she would find. Then
& her brother
She found her brother. Really, it seemed as if she saw him and his dog both for the first time. Was it because she had no body? Up in the clouds, like an airball, her mind touched ground now nand then with a shock of surpise. There was nothing in her to weight a man, like Giles , to the earth. She perched on the edge of a chair like a bird settling on a telephragh wire before starting for Africa. "Swallow, my sister, oh sister swallow...." he murmured.

"I'm Isa" she answered. Then they talked as if they had known each other all their lives; which was odd, she said, as they always did, considering she'd known him perhaps one hour. ~~Wxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx xXxx~~ Weren't they though conspirators, ~~lxxxxxx~~ seekers after hidden faces? That being confessed, she paused and wondered, as they always did, why they could speak so plainly to each other. And added, "Perhaps because we've never met before, and never shall again."

"The doom of sudden death hanging over us" he said. He was thinking of the old ~~lxdx~~ lady showing him the house.

"Theres no retreating and advancing " he said " for us as for them."

The future shadowed their present, like the sun coming through ~~andx~~ the ~~thin~~ many-veined transparent ~~[illegible]~~ vine leaf; A cross-cross of lines making no pattern ~~meaning nothing~~.

They had left the green house door open, and now music came through it. A.B.C, A.B.C., A.B.C.--- some one was practising scales. C.AT.? C.A.T.,?C.A T.. Then the separate letters made one word "Cat". Other words followed. It was a simple tune, like a nursery rhyme--

The king is in his counting house,
Coutning out his money,
The Queen is in her parlour
Eating bread and honey---

They listened. ~~They solidified~~. Another voice, a third voice was saying something simple. And they sat on in the greenhouse, on the plank with the vine over them, listening to Miss La Trobe or whoever it was practising her scales.

From the garden--the window aas open-- came the sound of someone practising scales. ABC. ABC. ABC. Then the separate letters formed one word Dog. And then a pharse. It was a simple tune, spoken by another voice.

Hark, hark the dogs do bark
The beggars are coming to town....

And then it langusihed and lenghethend and became a waltz.

so they ed) as they looked
Listening, looking, the trres tossing and the birds swooping, seemed called out of their private lives, out of their separa avocations, and made to take part.

The lamp of love burns high, over the dark cedar grove,
The lamp of love shines clear, clear as a star in the sky,

....old Bartholomew tapped his fingers on his knee

Leave your casement and come, lady I love till I die...

He looked sardonically at Lucy, perched on the arm of the chair, fingering her cross. How, he never understood, had she borne children?

For all are dancing, retreating and advancing,
The moth and the dragon fly.

He supposed she was thinking: God is peace; God is love. In your will is our freedom. For she belonged to the sect of the unifiers; he to the separatists.

Then the tune, with its feet always on the ssame spot, [illegible] became sugary, insipid; bored a hole with this perpetual invocation to pepetual adoration. Had it-- he was ignorant of musical terms--gone into the minor key?

For this day and this dance, and this merry, merry May,
the ~~waltz was now mourning,~~

Will be over (he tapped his forefi ger on ~~thxx~~ his knee)
With the cutting of the clover this retreating and advancing
--the wwifts certainly as they shot across the window seemed
to have shot b yond their orbits--
will be over, over , over
And the ice will dart its splinter, and the winter
Oh the winter, will fill the grate with ashes,
And there'll be no glow, no glow, on the log.
He knocked the ash off his cheroot, and stirred.
"So we must" said Lucy, as if he had said aloud, Its time
to ~~go.~~ Join the others They had their [illegible] [illegible]

He dusted the ash off his wasitcaot, and they stepped out of the window on to the lawn.

The music was summoning the audience. They were assembling. They were streaming across the lawn again. There was Manresa with Giles by her side, heading the procession. In ~~taught~~ taut plump curves her scarf blew round her her shoulders. The breeze was blowing. She looked, as eh she crossed the lawn, to the strains of the gramophone, Goddess like, bouyant, abundant, ~~hmnxcmnmmcopia~~ her cornucopia running ~~running or~~ over, flowing ~~over~~.
Old Oliver blessed the power of th human bodyto make ear th fruitful. Giles would keep his orbit so long as she weighted him to the earth. She stirred the stagnant pool of his old heart even --that lily pool wher bones lay buried, But the dragon fly shot over the surface; and the grasses trembled on the margin. as Manresa advanced to the command of xmThe loud s eaker,

Feet crucnhed the gravel Voices chattered. Inner

Between the acts. Later typescript.

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Pp. 102 in three drafts
Pp. 103 in three drafts
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Pp. 106 in two drafts

The inner voice, the other voice

was

were saying, How can we deny, that this brave music, ~~coming~~ wafted which ~~comes~~ from the bushes, is exprssive of some hidden harmony? When we wake (they were thinking) the day breaks us with its hard mallet blows. The öffice --some ~~had~~ Came from ~~been~~ in town that morning-- compels disparity. Scattered, shattered, hither thither summoned by the bell. Ping, ping , ping--thats the phone. "Forward" Serving" ---thats the shop. So we answer to the infernal agelong and eteranl order issued from on high. And obey. Working, serving, pushing, striving , earning wages,-to be spent --here? Oh dear no. Now? No bye and bye. When ears are deaf and the heart is dry...

Cobbet of Cobbs corner, stopped. to finger curiousoy exanining a plant in the border, lost was pressed on by people pushing from behind.

For I hear music, ~~the young people were saying~~ they were saying, Music wakes us. Music makes us see the hidden, join the broken. Look and listen. See tye flowers, how they ray their redness, whiteness, silverness and blue. And the trees with their many tongued ~~toibyed~~ much syllabling, their green and yellow leaves hustle us and shuffle us and bid us like the starlings and the rooks Come hither, crowd together , to chatter and make merry while the red cow moves forward and the black cow stands still.

They left the Chair in front of the level land that stretched away to the [illegible].

The audience reached their seats. They took their places. And, as the stage was still empty, and the actors still busy, dressing up, they turned to each other and began to talk.

Scraps & fragments came to Mrs La ~~Trobe~~ behind the tree.

They were saying:

en
" Theyre not ready...I hear them laughing...Dressing up... Thats the great thing---dressing up.... Its pleasant now, the suns not quite so hot. Thats one good the war brought us --longer days...And where did we leave off?.... Perhaps she'll reach the present, if she skips... D'you think we
ourselves I mean?
change? Clothes of course--- Clearing out a cupboard, I found my fathers old top hat.... But our selves-- do we ~~change~~? (People say so....D'you believe what people say?)

I dont go by politicians. I've a freind whos been in
And he tells me...
Russia...~~Amdxhxmstx~~ My dau ghter's ~~just~~ back from Italy... She says the common people, th~~e working classe~~s, cant stand Dictators.... Well, different people say different things.

They're not ready.
We ~~neednt have come so~~ early...We might have ~~had a~~ seen
to look at
look at the house. ...All ~~these~~ old houses have something
interesting
makes forget
you know... I like a play myself. It takes one out of oneself --more than a book. These days, thats what one wants. Something to make one forget... Or should I say, remember? ..Half the time, ~~though I wouldnt say it in public~~, we worry about what d~~oesn~~ont matter... People saying the end of the world has come. But it hasnt....

Wasnt that an odd case ~~about~~ the dog who couldnt have puppies? It was in the papers... And Queen Mary, meeting the Duke of Windsor.... D' you believe what in the papers? I ask the butcher or the grocer.... Thats Mr Streafiled, carrying a hurdle... The good clergyman I say, does more work thany any of us for less pay... Its the wives that make the mischeif....Still its better for a clergyman to be married.

But what about the Jews' The refugees . The Jews. People like ourselves, beginning life again... Its always been the same...My old mother, over ninety, can still read without glasses. After eighty, they get a fresh lease, dont they?... Now theyre coming...No, thats nothing... Yes, its dreadful...leaving litter. Id make it penal... But whos to collect the fines? ...Ah, there she is. Miss La Trobe that is, behind the tree."

She

fumed,

She w~~aite~~d, be nd the tree, with a handkechief in her hand. The music had stopped the actors delayed. The audince had

slipped the noose; had

[illegible]

s lit upinto scraps and fragment. I~~t was fatal~~

"Thats the origin of the expression "with a f~~xxx~~

some just distinctly, highly & separately "

flea in his ear?" said ~~Mxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ some one.

signalled peremptorily Another

~~Sxxx~~ Miss La Trobe ~~commanded another~~ tune; any tune.

ABC ABc ABC began again. Cat CAT CAT.

The king was in his counting house

Coutning out his money

The Queen was in the parlour

Eating bread and honey...

She watched them acquiesce, sink down, peacefully, into the nursery rhym; and then she dropped her handkercheif.

Mabel Hopkins

~~The Quee~~n strode out from nehind the bushes. ~~Mabel Hopki~~ns took her place on the raised ground in front of the audience. & stood there on the ra

Comely, stately, handsome

Eyes fed upon her as fish rise to a crumb of bread

was very handsome

on the water. She ~~lmmkedxx~~ was a Queen. ~~Through~~

Her cheeks had been powdered; her own colour glowed ~~very~~ lambent smooth ~~and~~ clear beneath. Her grey satin robe (a bed spread) pinned in stone stautue like folds gave her the majesty of a statue. She carried a sceptre and a little round orb. England was she? Queen Ann was she? Too nervous too the [illegible] was low at first; speak the first words clearly, all they heard was:

. . . reason holds sway.

Old Bartho,onew applauded.

Hear! hear! he said Bravo Bravo!

Thus encouraged, she spoke louder.

Time, leaning on his sickle, stands amazed. While commerce from her cornucopia pours the mingled tribute of her different ores. In distant mines the savage sweats; and from the reluctant w rth the painted pot os shaped. At my behest the arméd warrior lays his shield aside; the heathen leaves the alter, steaming smoking with unholy sacrifice. The violet and the eglantine over the riven earth their flowers entwine. No longer fears the unwary wanderer the posoned snake. And in the helmet, yellow bees their honey make.

She paused. The villagers had begun passing in and out between the trees behind her.

Digging and delving, ploughing and sowing, they were singing, a [illegible] [illegible] with [illegible] [illegible]

Beneath the dhelter of my flowing robe, she continued, --she extended her arm-- The arts arise. Music for me unfolds her heavenly harmony. At my behest the miser leaves his hoard unwatched; at peace the mother sees her children play...Her children play she

she repeated. And , waving her sceptre, figures advanced from the bushes.

Let swains and nymphs lead on the play dawn, while Zephyr sleeps and the unruly tribes of Heaven confess my sway.

Old Bathrolomew joined his finger tips; Mrs Manresa smoothed her skirts about her ankle.s A merry little old tune wa played on the gramophone.

Young Damon said to Cynthia
Come out now with the dawn
And don your azure tippet
And cast your cares adown.
~~For peace has come to England.~~
~~And reason now holds sway.~~
~~What pleasure lives in dreaming~~
~~When blue and green's the day?~~
~~Now cast y ur cares behind you.~~
~~Night passes; here is day.~~

Swains and nymphs, Lois, David, John and Iris, dressed in flowered silks and shirts and breeches took hands and circled the Waking Qu Mable Hopkins; dancing in a ring.

For peace has come to England,
And reason now holds sway.
What pleasure lies in dreaming
When blue and greens the day
Now cast your cares ehind you.
Night passes; here is day.

These words piped out suddenly by a little girl standing all alone on a mat in front of them took them by surprise. The play had begun unexpedtedly. Some at once squatted where they stood. Others began fumbling for their
glasses.
spectacles. There was a shortage of programmes.

"This isle..." she repated, definatly, yet as if about to burst into tears.

in a Panama hat
"Hear hear!" said an old man briskly.
"Bravo! Bravo!"

England, in the person of Phyllis Jones stood her ground, glaring at them. Then a loud buzzing sound, emerging apparently from the middle of a bush to the right distracted them. It was the kind of noise that a machine makes when something has gone wrong. They half expected an explosion. Then a voice , a hollow megaphontic voice,
meat
the shell of a voice from which the ~~natural sound~~ has been
sucked
extracted, bommed out:

Time, time, time I~~amxtimex~~ Time am I.

Time , I watch them,

See them,

There!

from the leaves
At that a rigid hand, like a signal, erected itself, and pointed.

A line of villagers in shirts made of sacking with ruddled legs passed in single file across the terrace, in and out between the trees.

Cutting the raods; ~~terracing~~;

the hollow voice boomed

Up to the hill tops we climbed.

Down in the valley, saw wild boar,

They came from the bushes. The men were in flowered waist coats; and white stockings and buckled shoes. The women wore wore broacdes, tucked up, pinned and draped. Flour had given them all powdered hair. Stars and gareters and pearls of a cheap sort made them all look like Lords and Ladies. Scene One" Mrs Elmhurst read out, for the benfit of her husband who was deaf; "Lady Harradens dressing room. Thats her. Mrs Potter from the End House she added, for his information. And Deb. thats her maid. I dont know who she is Lady Harraden. Now the pounce box...and then the patch... Hand me the mirror... So... And now my wig... A pox on the girl...Shes dreaming!

stirred the stagnant pool of his old heart even--where bones lay buried, but the dragon flies shot and the grass trembled as Mrs Manresa advanced across the lawn to the command of the gramophone.

Feet crunched the gravel. Voices chattered. ~~And~~ The inner voice, the other voice was saying: How can we deny that this brave music, wafted from the bushes, is expressive of some hidden harmony? When we wake (some were thinking) the day breaks us with its hard mallet blows; The Office (some were thinking) compels disparity. Scattered, shattered, hither, thither summoned by the bell. Ping--ping--ping-- thats the phone. "Forward" "Serving" --thats the shop. So we answer to the infernal, agelong and ~~eteranl~~ eternal order issued from on high. And obey. Working, serving, pushing, striving, earing wages--to be spent, here? Oh dear no. Now? No, bye and bye. When ears are deaf and the heart is dry.

~~Here~~ Cobbet of Cobbs Corner stopping to examine a plant that seldom grows in ~~that~~ soil, was pressed on by people pushing from behind.

For I hear music (they were saying). Music wakes us. Music makes us see the hidden, join the broken. Look and listen. See the flowers, how they ray their redness, whiteness, silverness and blue. And the trees with their many-tongued much-syllabling , their green and yellow leaves, hustle us and shuffle us, and bid us, like the starlings and the rooks, come together, crowd together, to chatter and make merry while the red cow moves forward and the black cow stands still.

The audience had reached their seats. Some sat down; others stood a moment, turned, and looked at the view. The stage was empty; the actors still dressing up among the bushes. ~~So~~ Again the, ~~audience~~ turned and began to talk. Scrpps and fragments reached Miss La Trobe where she stood behind the tree.

"Theyre not ready... I hear 'em laughing (they were saying). ...Dressing up. Thats the great thing, dressing up. And its pleasant now, the suns not so hot. ...Thats one good the war brought us--longer days... Where did we leave off? ~~Oh~~ The Elizabethans... Perhaps she'll reach the present, if she skips.... D'you think people chnage? Their clothes of course... But I meant ourselves.... Clearing out a cupboard I found my fathers old top hat... But our selves--do we change? D'you think?

D'you think

No, I dont go by politicians. I've a freind who's been in Russia. He says.... And my daughter, just back from Rome, she says the common people, the working classes hate Dictators... Well, different people say different things...

Theyre not ready. We might have waited. We might have gone upstairs. All old houses have smmmxx one thing or another , if you like, as I do, byegone times... Myself, I like a play, more than a book, these days. A play kames one forget, thats what one wants these days.... To foget? No, I say remember. Half the time we worry about what dont matter. People say the ned of the world has come. But it hasnt....

cow stands still.

They had r ached their seats. They sat down, some of th otjers stood for a moment, looking at the view. And, as the stage was still empty, and the actors still dressing up among the bushes, they turned and began to talk.

Scarps and fragments came to Miss La Trobes ear, where she stood behind her tree.

"Theyre not ready.... I hear 'em laughing.... (they were saying)... Dressing up. Thats the great thing--dressing up. Its ~~camkexmaxx~~ pleasant now. The suns not quite so hot. ...Thats one good the wa r brought us--longer days.... Where did we leave off? The Elizabethnas... Perhaps she'll reach the present, if she skips. ...D'you think people change? Their clothes of course. I meant ourselves... Clearing out a cupboard, I found my fathers old top hat.... But our selves... do we change?

No, I dont go by politicians. I've a friend who's been In russia. And my daughter, just back from Rome, she says the common people, the working classes, hate Dictaors..... Well, different people say different things.

Theyre not r ady. We might have waited. W e might have gone upstairs.... All old houses have something ~~interesting~~, if you like, as I do, o~~ld things~~ byegone times..... Myself, I like a play.... more than a book. A play somehow makes one forget and thats what one wants, these days. ...To forget? No, I say, remember. Half the time we worry about what dont matter... People say

And that odd case about the dog who couldnt have puppies-- did you see it in the papers? ...And Queen Mary meeting the Duke of Windsor... D'you believe whats in the papers? I ask the butcher, or the grocer... Thats Mr Streatfield, carrying a hurdle... The good clergyman, I say, does more work for less pay than any of us... Its the wives that make the trouble...Still its better, after all, for a clergyman to be married....

And what about the Jews? The refuggees; the Jews.... People like ourselves, beginning life again... ~~But~~ its always been the same.... My old mother, who's over ninety, ~~she~~ can remember.....Yes she still reads without glasses... After eighty they get a fresh lease as they say, ~~dont th~~ey? D'you want to?... Now ~~thxxxx~~ theyre coming... No, thats nothing.... I'd makine it penal, leaving litter. But who~~s~~, my husband says, to collect the fines? Ah, there she is, Miss La Trobe, over there, behind that tree.

~~xShexstoodxholdingxherxscriptxinxherxhand~~. The music ha d stopped. The actors delayed. ~~Shexcuxsedxthemx~~ Second by second the audience slipped the noose; split up into craps and fragments. Scowling, she raised her hand.

"Whats the origin of the expression 'with a flew in his ears?" She heard some one say.

Then she signalled peremtorily. Music. Music.

Theyre not ready. We might have waited. We might have seen the house, for all old houses have one thing or another, if you like, as I do, byegone times...
Myself I like a play better than a book,. these days. A play makes one forget, and thats what we want these days.-
To forget? No, I say lets remember. Bygone times.. ~~Half the~~ time we Dont we [illegible] worry about what dont matter. People saying the ends come, when it hasnt.

Did you see it in the papers-- the case about the dog,' wh couldnt have puppies? ... And Queen Mary meeting the Duke of Windsor?....D'you believe whats in the papers? I ask the butcher or the grocer... Thats Mr Streafield, carrying a hurdle... The good clergyman, I say, does more work for less pay than any of us.... Its the wives that make the trouble....

And what about the Jews? The refugees....the Jews....People like ourselves beginning life again... But its always been the same.....My old mother, who's over ninety, can remember.... Yes, she still reads without glasses. How amazing. Well, After eighty, dont they say, after 80 they get a fresh lease of life... Now theyre coming... No, thats nothing.... I'd make it penal, leaving litter. But then who's, my husband says, to collect the fines? Ah, there she is, Miss La Trobe, over there, behind that tree.

She stood Over there behind the tree, Miss La Trobe. ~~She~~ gnashed her teeh. She crushed her manuscript; because The actors delayed; ~~because~~ every moment the audience slipped the noose, split up into scraps and fragments.

" Music," she signalled "Music!"

"Whats the origin of the expression 'with a flea in his ear' " said a voice.

Down came her hand peremeptorily. "Music, Music," she signalled.

And the gramophone began ABC ABC ABC,

The king is in his counting house
Counting out his money
The Queen is in her parlour
Eating bread and honey

Miss La Trobe watched them sink down peacefully into the nursery rhyme. She watched them fold their hands and compose their faces. Then she beckeoned. And at last, with a final touvh to her head dress, which had been ~~delaying matters~~ giving trouble, Mabel ~~Hokins~~ Hopkins strode from the bushes, and took her place on the raised ground facing the audience.

Eyes fed upon her as fish rise to a crumb of bread on the water. Who was she? What age did she represent? She was beautiful--very. Her cheeks had been powdered; her colour glowed smooth and clear underneath. Her grey satin robe (a bedspread) pinned in stone-like folds gave her the majesty of a statue. She carried a sceptre and a little round orb. England was she? Queen Ann was she? Who was she? She spoke too low at first; all they heard was

(the rear)

Characters: Lady Harpy Harraden; in love with Sir Spaniel Lilyliver

~~Sir Spaniel Lilyliver, in love with~~

Deb, her maid.

~~Sir Spaniel Lilyliver in love with~~

Flavinda, her niece, in love with Valentine.

Sir Spaniel Lily liver in lòve with Flavinda

The rev. Smirking Peace be with you all, a clergyman.

Lord and Lady Fribble.

Valenine, in love with Flavinda.

Cels. Fops. Street sweeper. &c.

What names for real people! " she exclaimed. But look! Here they come."

They came from the bushes--the men in flowered waistcoats, white stockings and buckled shoes; the women wearing brocades tucked up, hooped ~~pi~~, and draped. Glass Thimbles, Stars and garters and imitation pearls made them all loo the very image of lords and ladies.

"The first scene" Mrs Elmhurst read out "is Lady Harraden's dressing room." Thats her.. Mrs Otter from the Enfd House really; but shes wonderfully made up. And thats Deb, her maid. Who she is, I dont know."

"Hush, hush" some one whispered.

She dropped her programme. The play had begun. Lady Harpy Harraden, had come jnto her dressing room, followed by Deb, her maid. ~~all of a flutter.~~ She spoke.

Lady. H. H. Give me the pounce box...Then the patch... Hand me the mirror girl ~~(to Deb.)~~ So, Now my wig...A pox on the girl! Shes dreaming...

Deb. I was thinking my lady what the gentleman said when he when he saw you in the Park.

Lady H.H. (gazing in the glass) So so--what was it? Some silly trash. Cupids dart--hah hah! Lighting his taper---tush---at my eyes...pooh! That was in milords time--twenty years since... But now--what'll he say of me now?

(She looks i the mirro) Sir Spaniel Lililver I mean--good Sir Spaniel. Thats his chaise at the door.. Run, child, dont ke p him waiting.

Deb. (going to the door) Say? He'll rattle his tongue as a gamble rattles dice in a box. He'll find no words to fit you. He'll stand like a pig in a poke... Your servant, Sir Spaniel.

(Enter Sir Spaniel.)

Sir S. Hail my fair Saint! What, out of bed so early? ~~I~~ me thought, as I came along ~~down~~ the Mall, the air was something brihter than usual. Heres the reason.... Venus, Aphrodite, Upon my word, a very galaxy, a constellation. As I'm a sinner, a very the Aurora Borealis!

(he sweeps his hat off.)

Lady H. H. Oh flatterer, flatterer. I know your ways. But come, sit down... A glass of aqaua vitae. Take this seat Sir Spaniel. Dxxxx I've something ve y private and particular to s y to you. You had my letter, Sir?

Sir S... Pinned to my heart (he strikes his breast)

Lady H. H. I have a favour to ask of you, Sir.

Sir S. (singing-) What favour could fair Chole ask that Damon would not get her? ~~A done with rhymes. Rhymes are~~
still used.

Damon would not get her? Adone with rhymes. Rhymes are still abed. Lets speak prose. What can Asphodilla ask of her plain servant Lilyliver? Speak out Madam. An ape with a ring in its nose? Or a strong young jackanapes to tell th~~[illegible]~~ takes of us when were no longer here to tell the truth about ourselves?

Lady H. H. (flirting her fan) Fie fie, Sir Spaniel. You make me blush--you do indeed. But come closer. We dont want the whole world to hear us.

Sir S. (aside) Come closer? a pox on my life. The old hag stinks like a red herring thats been stood over head in a tar barrel...(Aloud) Your meaning , Madam? You were saying--?

Lady H. H. I have a niece, Sir Spaniel. Flavinda by name..

Sir S (aside) Why thats the girl I love to be sure!

(aloud) You have a niece, madam? I seem to remember hearing so. An only child, left by your brother, so I've heard, in your ladyships change---him that persihed at sea?

Lady H. H. The very same. for Shes of age now; and marriageable Ive kept her a~~s~~ close as a weeveil, Sir Spaniel, wrapped in the sere cloths of her virginity; only maids about her; never a man , s~~[illegible]~~x to my knowledge, save ~~Dick~~ Clout the serving man who has a wart on his nose and a face like a nut grater. Yet some fool has caught her fancy. Some gilded Harry, Dick, call him what you will .

Sir S. (aside) Thats young Valentine I warrant. I caught em at the play together. (Aloud) Say you so, Madam? ~~Ah!~~

Lady H. H. Shes not so ill favoured, Sir Spaniel, --we have ahem beauty in our line-- but that a gentleman of taste and bredd breeding, like yourself now, might take pity on her.

Sir S. Saving your presence, Madam. Eyes tha have seen the sun are not so easily dazzled by the lesser lights--the Cassiopeias, the Aldebrans, the Great Bears and so on. A fig for them when the sun's up!

Lady H. H. (ogling him) You praise my hair dresser Sir; Or my ear rings (she shakes her head)

Sir S (aside) She jingles like a she- ass at a Fair. She's ~~hung with trumpery~~ rigged like a Barbers pole on May day (Aloud) Your commands , Madam?

Lady H. H. Well Sir 'twas this way. Brother Bob, for my father was a plain country gentleman and would have none of the fancy names the foreigners brought with t em--Asphodilla I call myself, buy my Christen name is Sue-- brother Bob as I was telling you, ran away to sea; and so they say, became Emp or of the Indies, where the very stones are emeralds and the sheep crop rubies. Which, for a tenderer hearted man never lived, he would have brought back with him, Sir, to mend the family fortunes Sir. But the ship, Sir, the frigate, or what they call it, for I've no head for sea terms, never crossed a ditch without saying the Lords prayer backwards, struck a rock. The whale had him. But the cradle ~~was~~ by the bounty of heaven ~~both~~ safe washed ashore with this the baby as girl in it, this Flavinda. Whats more to the point with safe and sound, wrapped in parchment. the will in it. Brother Bobs will.

Safe & sound wrapped up for a pillow.

Deb there...Deb I say ! (She hollas for Deb)

Sir S. (aside) Ah hah! I smell a rat! A will quotha! Where theres a will theres a way...

Lady H. H. The will, Deb. The will. In the ebony box by by the right hand of the escritoire opposite the window.... A pox on the girl! Shes dreaming... Its these romances, In Spane these romances. Cant see a candle gutter but its her heart thats melting; or snuff a wick without reciting all the names in Cupids calendar... (Enter Deb, carrying a parchment) So... Give it here. The will...Borther Bobs Will.

(she mumbles over the will)

Lady H. H. To cut the matter short Sir, for these lawyers, even at the Antipodes are a long winded race---

Sir S To match their eras Madam

Lady H. H. Very true, very true. To cut the matter short, Sir, my brother Bob left all he died possessed of to his only child Flavinda; with this proviso (mark ye) That she marry to her Aunts liking. Her Aunt: thats me. Otherwise, (mark ye) all--to wit ten bushels of diamonds; item of rubies item two hundr miles of fertile territory bounding the river Amazon to the Nor nor East; item his snuff box; item his flageolet--- he was always one to love a tune , Sir, borther Bob--- item six macaws and as amnay concubines as he had with him at the time of his decease--all this with other trifles needless to specify he left, mark ye , should she fail to marry to her aunts liking (thats me) to found a Chapel, Sir Spaniel, where six poor virgins should sing hymns in perpetuaity (as the lawyers have it) for the repose of his soul--which to speak the truth, Sir Spaniel, poor brother Bob stands in need of, permabulating the gulf stream as he is and consorting with

Between the acts. Later typescript.

Pp. 110 - 119

1 p

Pp. 111 in two drafts.
one numbered 113
and TL to Mr B. on verso.
P 116 wanting ?
P 117 in two drafts

8 p. Pp. 116 - 123 in another

19 p

Sirens. But take it: read the will yourself Sir.

Sir S (reading) "Must marry to her Aunts liking" Thats plain enough.

Lady H H. Her Aunt Sir, Thats me. Thats plain enough

Sir S. Aside) She speaks the truth there. (Aloud) You would have me understand Madam?

Lady H. H. Let me whisper in your ear Sir Spaniel.
made compact
~~Suppose I took a liking to a certain ge tleman...~~
in
You and I have long entertained a high opion of one another. Sir Spainel. Played at ball together. Bound our wrists with daisy chains together. Once, If I mind aright, you called me,
wife
Your little bride Ah Hag. We might have made a match of it Sir Spaienl, had fortune favoured... You take my meaning, Sif

Sir S. Had it been written in letters of gold visible from St Pauls Church yard to the Goat and Compasses at Peckham it could have been no plainer.... Hist, I'll whisper it. I Sir Spaniel Lililiver, do hereby bind myself to take thee--whats the name of the green girl that was cast up like a shell covered with weeds in a lobser pot? Flavinda eh? Flavinda so--- to be my wedded wife ...Oh for a lawyer to have it all in writing!

Lady H. H. On condition, Sir Spainel

Sir S. On condition, Asphodilla

(both speak together)

That the money is shared between us.

Lady H. H. We want no lawyer to certify that. Your hand on it Sir Spaniel!

Sir S. Your lips Madam

Sirens. But take it: read the will yourself Sir.

Sir S (reading) "Must marry to her Aunts liking" Thats plain enough.

Lady H H. Her Aunt Sir, Thats me. Thats plain enough

Sir S. Aside) She speaks the truth there. (Aloud) You would have me understand Madam?

Lady H. H. Let me whisper in your ear Sir Spaniel. ~~Suppose I took a liking~~ made compact to a certain ge tleman... You and I have long entertained a high opi n on of one another. Sir Spainel. Played at ball together. Bound our wrists with daisy chains together. Once, If I mind aright, you called me, Your little wife bride Ah ~~H~~ag. We might have made a match of it Sir Spaienl, had fortune favoured... You take my meaning, Sif

Sir S. Had it been written in letters of gold visible from St Pauls Church yard to the Goat and Compasses at Peckham it could have been no plainer.... Hist, I'll whisper it. I Sir Spaniel Lililiver, do hereby bind myself to take thee--whats the name of the green girl that was cast up like a shell covered with weeds in a lobser pot? Flavinda eh? Flavinda so--- to be my wedded wife ...Oh for a lawyer to have it all in writing!

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Sir S. Your lips Madam

Sir Spaniel!

Sir S. L Your lips Madam!

They embrace

Sir S. L. Pah! She stinks!

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" laughed the old indigenous lady in her Bath chair.

"Reason, begad! Reason!" exclaimed old Barthlomew. and looked at his son as if exhorting him to give over these womanish vapours and be a Man, Sir.

Giles sat straight as a dart, his feet tucked under him.

Mrs anresa had out her mirror and lipstick and attended to her lips and nose.

The. gramophone while the screen ws removed,

gently stated one of those simple old English airs
to be perfectly true;
which say, more or less, what we all know to be a fact;
How Eve, that is,
that is, how Eve, gathering ~~shmmxx~~ her robes about her

stands , reluctant still to let her dewy mantle fall.
flocks,
The herded flock, the tune continued, in pease

Dear Mr B.

I should be much interested to know what was the result of Mr Morgans ~~intervention~~ intervention about the passage in my life of Roger Fry. I assume that the book is out in America; but I have not received my c pies, owing, I suppose, to the difficulty of transit. I should be inter sted to hear whether you were able to make thw alteration that Mr Morgan reesuted. The book went into a third impression over her unexpectedly, and ~~I was too late to~~ it was too late to get the senetnces removed. I admit that I am not sorry, as I hope that the s les have been satisfactory. In spite of all our difficulkies here, our books are doing better than we expected.

I shall hope to send you a short novel some time this summer.

They embrace.

Sir S. (aside) Pah, she stinks.

The scene was over. The great lady, sitting in the front row, gave her startled jays rattle of laughter, and clapped. Mrs Elmhurst ~~was heard~~ that explaining to her husband, as far as she understood it, ~~how~~ the old gentleman was tbo marry the old l dies niece; and they were to share he fortune bteween them. That was the plot--"~~so far at least~~ as I could follow it" she added.

"The age of reason!" exclaimed old Bartholomew. "Reason!" He looked at his son as if exhorting him to give over these womanish vapours and be a man, Sir. Giles sat straight as a dart, his feet tucked under him. Mrs manrssa had out her mirror and lipstick and attended to her lips and nose.

The ~~[illegible]~~ actors had gone; the screens of Lady Harpys clost were being removed. To fill in the interval, the gramophone chirped out one of those simplg old English tunes which, one the melody i stated, can be worked ~~t~~ out and added up like a sum. The tune was saying: more or less : ~~that~~ but Eve gathering her robes about her stands, reluct nt still to let he dewy mantle fall. The herded flo&kc in peace flocks repose. The poor man to his cot returns, and to the eager ears of wife and child the simple story of his toil relates. What yield the furrow bears; and how the team the plover on the nest has spared; while Wat hos courses ran, ~~the~~ speckled eggs in the warm hollow lay. Meanwhile the good wife on the table spreads her simple fare; and to the shepherds flute , from toil released, the nymphs and swains join hands and foot it on the green. Then Eve lets down her sombre tresses brown and spreads her lucent veil o'er hamlet spire and mead &c &c ...

While the gramophone tinkled out this simple melody, the view added its own voice accompniment. The sun ~~was~~ no longer blazing; ed the separate colours of the fields merged, yet kept their natural freshness. The view, far from suggesting the heat of day ~~xnightxmysteryx~~ the mystery of night, or the haggard sights tha the moon shows, repeated actly in its own way what the music ~~went~~ kept on saying: that after ~~the~~ toil and ~~heat of the~~ day, men rest from thei labour; coolness returns; reason prevails; and having unharnessed the team from the plough, neighbours lean over cottage gates and dance to the indulge in shepherds flute conversation.

The cows acted their parts to perfection. Indeed the cows raised the standard above the reach of human actors-- so content they seemed,, making a step forward, then standing still, as unconscious of admiration as they were unconscious of criticism. It was an interruption ~~indeed~~ a break in the smooth flow of the the melody when ~~[illegible]~~ They rolled forward another scene was set. A box tree in a green tub had taken the place of Lady Harpys closet. Round this more screens were placed, representing ~~the wa~~ a Palace lls of a Palace; On the wall was then hung a great clock face; the hands pointed two minutes to seven.

Mrs Elmhurst looked at her prgramme.

Scene 2 The Mall " she read out. Time, early morning. Enter Flavinda. There she is-- the old ladies pretty niece, I suppose"

Millie Loder, (shop assisteant at Messrs Hunt and Dicksons Drapery Emporium) came running:

Flav. Seven he said; and ther s the clcks word for it.

~~Ah my heart how it beats! I'm out of breath with running~~
But
Valentine! Wheres Valentine? By the ~~box~~ orange tree in the Mall he said.. ~~I'm all of a flutter. It~~ Here am I — ~~I'm~~ ~~all of a flutter.~~ How my heart beats . . . La how they stare — Out of bed so early... Yet its not the time of day, for I'm often ~~afoot~~ a foot it before the suns up in the meadows. . . . How they stare, La ~~the fine folk~~ passing. All a tip toeing like pea cocks with spread tails. And I in my petticoat that looked so fine by my Aunts cracked mirror. Why here its a dish clout... And they heap their hair up like a birthday cake stcuk about with cnadles... Thats a diamond--thats a ruby... Wheres Valentine? The Orange tree in the Mall he said. The tree--- here. Valentine--n wehere.. Thats a courtierm I'll warrant-- an old fox with his tail between his legs. Thats a serving wench out wjthout her masters knowledhe. There's also a man with a broom to sweep the paths for the fine ladies flounces....La! Oh t the red in their cheeks--- they never got that in the fields I'll warrant.... Oh faithless, cruel, hard hearted Valentine. Valentine! Valentine! (she wrings her hands turning from her head from side to side)

[Lords & ladies are walk past, in couples)

Didnt I leave my bed a tiptoe and ste l like a mouse in the wainscot for fearing of waking Aunt ? And lard my hair from her powder box? And scrub my cheeks to make em shine? ~~like a fine ladies? Didnt I lie awake~~ And lie awake watching the stars climb the chimney pots? And give my gold guinea that God father hid behind the misteltoe last twelfth night to Deb, so she shouldnt tell on me? And ~~stanhxxxx~~ grease t e key in the lock so Aunt shouldnt wake and cry ~~xxx~~ Flavvy, Flavvy? Val, I say, Val...

Thats him, coming.... No, I could tell him a mile off, the way he strides the waves like ~~xxx~~ the what d'you call em ~~on~~ in the picture book... ~~Andmhinxmxyxxx~~ Thats not Val... Thats a ~~t~~ to have his fill of me cit; thats a fop, raising his glass, prithee, to stare at me. I'll be home then...I'~~ll leave~~ him... No I wont... Thats to play the green girl again and sew samplers.. I'm of age, aint I, come Michaelmas.? Only three turns of the moon and I inherit.... Didnt I read it in the Will the day the ball bounced on top of the old chest where Aunt keeps her furbelows; and the lid opened? ..."All I dies possessed of to my daughter." So far Id read when the old lday came taaping d~~own the pass~~age like a blind man in an alley... I'm no castaway, I'd have you know, Sir, no fish tailed mermaid with a robe of seaweed cra~~bhingxyxxxmxxxxxx~~ at your mercy. I'm a match for any of 'em--- the chits you dally with, and bid me meet you at the Orange tree, when youre drwosing the night off spent in their arms... Fie upon you Sir making sport with a poor girl so... I'll not cry, I swear I wont. Ill not brew a drop of the salt liquid for a man who's served me so... Yet to think on't--- how we hid in the dairy the day the cat jumped. And read romances ~~undexxthexxundexxthe~~ under the holly tree. La how I cried in th~~e alley under th gooseberry bushes~~ when the Duke left poor Polly.. And my aunt found me with eyes like red jellies. "What , stung niece?" says she. And cried "Quick Deb, the blue bag..." I told ye... La, to think I read it all in a book and cried for another!... ...Hist... whats there among the trees? Its come--its gone. The breeze is it? In the shade now-- in the sun... Valentine on my life! Its he! Quick, I'll hide. Let the tree conceal me.

An age has passed already. Tick-tick-tick.. Each tick a century)

FFlavinda hides behind the tree.)

Hes here...He ~~tmmxxx~~ turns... He casts about... Hes lost the scent... He gazes-- this way, that way... Let him feast his eyes on the fine faces... taste em, sample em. say, 'Thats the lady I danced with... that I lay with... that I kissed under the misteltoe... " Ha! How he spews 'em out! Brave Valentine! Now he casts his eyes upon the ground. ~~Emmmms~~. How his frowns become him! "Wheres Flavinda--" he sighs she I love like the heart in my breast?" See him pull his watch out. "Oh faithless wretch!" he sighs. See how he stamps the earth; now turns on his heel. He sees me--no, the suns in his eyes. Tears fill 'em... Lord hos he fingers his sword! He'll run it rhrough his breast like the Duke in the story book...Stop, Sir, Stop!"

(she reveals herself)

Valentine. Oh Flavinda! Oh!

Flavinda. Oh Valntine! Oh!

The clock strikes nine. They embrace.

"All that fuss about nothing!" a voice exclaimed.

~~Miss La Trobe behind the tree glowed with glory~~. The voice had seen, the voice had heard; and for one moment, Miss La Trobe behind the tree, glowed ith glory. The voice was [illegible].

The next, ~~she barked~~, turning to the villagers who were passing in and out between the trees: she barked "Louder! Louder!"

For the stage was empty: ~~yet~~ the emotion must be continued ~~and~~ the only thing to continue the emotion was the song. And the wong was inaudble.

"Louder! Louder!" she threatned them with her clenched fist.

"Diddging and delving" they sang " hedging and ditching , we pass.... Summer and winter...autumn and spring retunr...All passes but we, all changes but we remain ....for ever the same.... (the breeze blew gaps in their words)

"Louder, luder!" Miss La Trobe vociferated.

"Palaces tumble adown.... Babylon, Nineveh, Troy.... And Ceasars great house... all fallen they lie... Where the plover nests was the Arch ...through which the Romans trod.... Digging and delving we break with the share of the plough the clod... where Clytemnestra the Queen watched for Lord.... saw the beacons blaze on the hills--- but we see only the clod.... Digging and delving we pass... and the Queen and the Watch Tower fall... for Agamamnon has ridden away the plover nests in the ~~sky~~ clod....Clytemnestra is nothing but.....

"All that fuss about nothing! a voice exclaimed. People laughed. The voice hid Arch.

But the voice had seen; the voice had heard. For a moment behind her tree Miss La Trobe glowed with glory. The next, turning to the villagers who were passing in and out between the trees, she barked:

"Louder! Louder!"

For the stage was empty; the emotion must be continued; the only thing to continue the emotion was the song; and the words were inaudible.

"Louder! Louder!" She threatened them with her clenched fists.

Digging and delving (they sang) hedging and ditching, we pass... Summer and winter, autumn and spring return....All passes, but we, all changes... but we remain for ever the same.... (the breeze blew gaps in their words)

"Louder! Louder!" Miss La Trobe vocierated.

Palaces tumble adown (they resumed) ...Babylon Nineveh, Troy....And Cesars great house....all fallen they lie....Where the plover nests was the Arch... through which the Romans trod....Digging and delving we break with the share of the plough the clod.... Where Clytemnestra watched for her Lord... saw the Beacons blaze on the hills .... we see only the clod... Digging and delving we pass... and the Queen and the Watch Tower fall... for Agamenon has ridden away ....~~the plover nests in the clod~~... Clytemnestra is nothing but...."

gan

The words were inaudible. Only the great names-- Babylon, Nineveh, Clytemnestra, Agamanon, Troy--floated across the open space. Then the wind rose, and in the rustle of the leaves even the great words became inaudible; and thw audience sat staring at the villagers whose mouths opened, but no sound came.

Miss La Yrobe leant against the tree, paralyzed. Her power had left her. Illusion had failed. "~~This~~ " she mutter~~ed" is death~~." For the next scene was not ready; emptiness gaped. Beads of perspiration broke out on her forehead. "This is death" she ~~xmpatmdpxx~~ said.
and
Then, just as illusion petered out, ~~juxxxxx~~ th audience shifted in their seats, ~~xxxx~~ the cows took up the b dren. One had lost her calf. In the very nick of time, ~~just as the~~ she lifted her great moon-eyed head and bellowed.
The whole world was filled with dumb yearning. All the geeat moon-eyed heads laid themselves back. From cow after cow came the same yearning bellow. It was the primeval voice sounding loud in the ear of the present moment. The whole herd caught the infection. Lashing their tails,
like pokers blobbed at the end, they tossed their heads high, ~~xmxyxpkmxgxdxmxthxyxgxhhxpxdxx~~ and, as if Eros had pl ated his dart in their flanks and goaded them to fury, they plunged and bellowed. The cows annihilated the gap; bridged the distance; filled the emptiness and contued the emotion.
Miss La rob waved her hand ectaically at the cows.

"Thats done it!" she murmured.

Suddnely the cows stopped; lowerd their heads and began browsing.

Simultaneously, the audience lowered their heads and read their programmes.

Mrs Elmhurst read out, for the benfit of her husband: "The producer craves the indulgence of the audience. She asks them to imagine that in a scene omitted from lack of time, Sir Spaniel Lilyliver had con ractes an enganement with Flavinda; who had been about to plight her troth; when Valentine , gidden inside th clock , staps forward; claims F;avinda as his bride; reveals the plot to rob her of her i heritance; and, during the confusion that ensures, the lovers fly to gther; leaving Lady Harpy and Sir Spaniel alone."

"Thats whats happens in the interval" said Mrs Elmhus layi putting down her glasses.

"I call that very wise of her" said Mrs aManresa. addressing Mrs Swithin. If shed put it all in, we should have been here till mifnight. So we've got to use our imaginations, Mrs Swithin." She patted the old lday on the knee.

"Imagine" said Mrs Swithin. "Thats ~~good~~ right. Actors show us too much. The Chinese, I've been told, ~~just~~ put dagger on a table. Thats~~a~~ battle... In the same way, Racine..."

Swnting culture and res enitng the snub to the human heart, Mrs manresa inteuupted her.

"They bore one stiif" she said. "Tother day, I took my neaphew--such a jolly boy at Sandhurst-- to Pop goes the "aesel.. Seen it?" She turned to Giles,

"Up and down the city road, " he hummed by way of an asnwer.

"All that fuss about nothing!" said a voice.

Everyon e laug ghed. The voice had really believed that Valentine and Flavinda had met in the Hall; and had concluded that for the young lady to work herself into a rage because her lover was two minutes behind time-- in fact he was on time, to the tick-- was a bit too bad.

Miss La Trobe behind the tree glowed with triumph. She had imposed her own belief upon a voice. (Ashamed, the speaker had hidden behind the programme) He, or she, had seen what she wished him to see. But her flow of triumoh almost instantly ebbed. Even in that short scene, the actors had mangled her inetion. The idiot, Albert, told to move the hands of the clock second b second while Flavinda spoke to increase the suspense, had moved them two minutes at one blow when her speech ended. The whole meaning of her " "Tick--tick--tick" thus had been ruined.

But the next problem was on her; and a damned ticklish one it was.: how to bridge the inertva; when the actors were off the stage by a variation that brought in a discord, yet continued the harmony; how while the scene changed, to bring in time passing. It must be done. She raised her hand, nodded, and the vullagers began to pass in and out between the trees Rather sheepish they looked, in their shirts and cords, with spades and pitchforks held self sonsciously, for the contrast between them in hodden grey and the aristocratuc flowered figures was still in their eyes. They began their pilgrimage and resumed their song, to the chant of the gramophone.

Digging and delving, h dging and ditching, we pass...

Summer and winter, autumn and spring return...

All passes but we, all changes but we...remain for ever the same (the breeze blew gaps in their words)

Palaces tumble adown; Babylon, Nineveh, Troy...

And Ceasars great house... all fallen they lie...

Where t e plover nests, was the Arch through which the Roman trod; ... Digging and delving we break with the share of the plough the high wall....where Clytemnestra the Queen watched for her Lord.... saw the Beacons blaze in on the thy hills... But we see only the clod... Digging and delving we pass..and the Queen and the Watch tower fall....

for Agamemnon has ridden away . the plover nests in the clod Arch ...Clytemnestra is nothing but....

the wind blew the rhyme away. Only the great names---Babylon, Nineveh, Clytemnestra, Agamemnon, Troy--flaoted across the open space between the villagers and the audience. Then The wind rose increased ~~suddenly~~, and in the rustle of the leaves even those words became inaudible, and the audience sat looking at the villagers whose mouths opened, but no sound came.

behind [illegible]

Miss La Trobe felt a chill freeze the marrow in her bones. She stood paralyzed. Her power had left her. Illusion had failed. The next scene was not ready. Emt Emptiness gaped. Beads of perspiration broke o her skin as she leant against the tree. Then all of a sudden the cows took up the burden. Bond had only turned them into the

meadow the day before. One had lost her calf. She lifted her great moon-eyed head and bellowed. The dumb yearning she put into her bellow was the very voice Miss La Trobe wanted. All the great moon-eyed heads laid themselves back. From cow after cow came the same yearning bellow. It was the
sounding loud
primeval voice~~sounding~~ in the ear of the present moment.
the
The whole hered had caught ~~one~~ infection. Lashing their tails, like pokers blobbed at the end, they tossed their heads high, and as if goaded by a gad fli ly or Eros
that
h~~imself~~ they plunged, they galloped, ~~as if goaded by~~
And
as if Eros had planted his dart in their flanks and
plunged & galloped
jad goaded them to fury. The cows annihilated the gap; bridged the distance; filled the em tiness and co ntinued
[illegible]
the emotion. Miss La Trobe waved her hand in glory at the cows.

"Thats done it!" she exclaimed.

with one accord
Suddenly the cows stopped; lowered their heads; and began browsing.

And ib the very nick of time, before the emotion had thinned away, here was the next scene. In truth it was only a repeition of the first scene; it was ~~only~~ Lady Harpy Harradens closet again; but it was something for the audience to look at. They looked at it; then all llwered their heads,
with one accord
and read their programmes.

they
"The producer carwed the indulgence of the audience; and asked them to imagine that in a scene omitted from lack of time, ~~that~~ Sir Spaiel Lilliliver had contracted an

meadow the day before. One had lost her calf. She lifted her great moon-eyed head and bellowed. The dumb yearning she put into her bellow was the very voice Miss La Trobe wanted. All the great moon-eyed heads laid themselves back. From cow after cow came the same yearning bellow. It was the primeval voice ~~resounding~~ sounding loud in the ear of the present moment. The whole hered had caught ~~one~~ the infection. Lashing their tails, like pokers blobbed at the end, they tossed their heads high, and as if goaded by a gad flily or Eros h~~imself~~ they plunged, they galloped, that as if goaded by And as if Eros had planted his dart in their flanks and jad goaded them to fury. plunged & galloped The cows annihilated the gap; bridged the distance; filled the emtiness and continued the emotion. Miss La Trobe waved her hand in [illegible] glory at the cows.

"Thats done it!" she exclaimed.

with one accord Suddenly the cows stopped; lowered their heads; and began browsing.

And ib the very nick of time, before the emotion had thinned away, here was the next scene. In truth it was only a repeition of the first scene; it was ~~only~~ Lady Harpy Harradens closet again; but it was something for the audience to look at. They looked at it; then all llwered their heads, and with one accord read their programmes.

" The producer they carwed the indulgence of the audience; and asked them to imagine that in a scene omitted from lack of time, ~~that~~ Sir Spaiel Lilliliver had contracted an engagement with Flavinda; who, in the presence of Sir Smirkig Peace be with you all; Lord and Lady Fribble; Sir Squire Jog Trot and Lawyer Quill had been about to plight her troth; when when Valentine, who h Had been hid'en inside ~~behind~~ the clock, steps forward; claims Flavinda as his bride; reveals the plot to rob her of her inheritance; and, during the confusion that ens es, the lovers fly together, leaving Lady Harpy Harraden and Sir Spaniel Lilliliver alone.

"Thats whats happened in the interval" Mrs Elmhurst explained to her husband. "The audience is kindly asked, the prgramme says, to imagine it."

"I call that very sensible" [illegible] ~~said~~ Mrs manresa, addressing Mrs Swithin. "---taking the audience into her confidence. If she'd put it all in, we should have been kept here till midnight. So we've got to use our maginations, Mrs Swithin". She patted the old lady on the knee.

"Imagine whats left out" said Lucy. "Thats a good idea. Actors show us too much. The Chinese, Ive been told, if they
to imagine, say
want us ~~taxxxe~~ a battle, ~~shxxxxxxxxx~~ put a dagger on a
[illegible]
table. In the same way, I've often thought, Racine..."

~~xYesxyes~~ " Mrs manresa ~~interruptedxxxnsxtingxcxltunx~~
scenting culture again; and, resenting the snub to th jolly
interrupted her
human heart, ~~shexwantxon~~, brushequely: "Yes, ~~much too~~
They bore one stiff."
long ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~gree. The other day I took my nephew, --such a jolly boy, at Sandhurst-- to Pop Goes the Weasel. Have you seen it?" She tunred to Giles.

"Up and down the City Road" he hummed, by way of answer.

"Did your Nanny sing that?" Mrs Manresa exclaimed. "Mine did. And when she said 'pop' she made a noise like a cork being drawn from a ginger beer bottle. Pop!"

She made the noise herself.

"Now I'm being naughty, and shocking your Aunt " she said.

"Hush, hush " some one whispered.

"~~Now~~ We must be silent and attend" said Mrs Manresa.

~~"Its lady Harpys closet again"~~

Scene Three. Lady Harpy Harradens Closet . The sound of horses ~~hoofs~~ galloping is heard; ~~it~~ gradually [illegible] dies away.

[illegible]

Lady H. H. Half way to Gretna Green already! Oh my deceitful niece! You that I rescued from the brine and stood on the hearthstone dripping! Oh that the whale had swallowed you! Perfidious porpoise , oh! Didnt the horn book teach you Honour thy great Aunt? How have you mis read it and mis spelt it , learnt thieving and cheating and reading of wills in old boxes and hiding of rascals in honest time pieces that have never missed a second since King Charles, here of Blessed memory ~~was on the thr~~one! Oh Flavinda, oh porpoise h oh!

Sir S. L. (ntrying to put on his jack boots)
Old...old...old... He called me 'old' "To your bed old fool and drink hot posset!'

Lady H. H. And she, stopping at the door and pointing the finger of scorn at me said "old" sir--" woman" Sir-- to me that am in the prime of life and a lady!

Sir S. L. still tugging at his boots) But I'll be even with him! I'll run 'em to earth! I'll have the law on em!

(he hobbles up and down, one boot off, one on)

Lady H. H. (laying her hand on him) Your gout,

Sir Spaniel. Have mercy on your gout. Bethink you Sir.

Lets not run mad, we that are on the sunny side of~~--ahem--~~

fifty. Whats this youth they prate upon? Nothing but a

goose feather blown on a north wind. Sit you down, Sir

Spaniel. Rest your leg--so--

(she ushed a cushion under his leg)

Sir S. L. "Old" he called me. , jumping from the clock

case like a jack ~~out of~~ in the box. And she, I swear, making a mock

of me, pointes at my leg and cried "Cupids darts, Cupids

darts!" Oh that I could braise em in a mortar and serve 'em

up smoking hot on th altar of ---oh my gout, oh my gout!

Lady H. H. This talk Sir, ill befits a man of sense.

Bethink you Sir; only t'other day you were invoking--ahem--

the Constellations: Andromeda; Cassiopaeia; the Aurora

Borealis. ... Well, Sir, its not to be denied that one of

'em has left her spehere, has shot, to bxxx put it plainly

has eloped with the entrails of a timepiece, with a

mere pendulum of a grandfathers clock. But Sir Spaiel,

there are some stars that, ahem, stay fixed; that shine,

to put it in a nutshell, never so bright as now by a sea

coal fire, on a brisk morning.

Sir S. L. Oh that I were five and twenty with a good

sword at my side!

SLady H. H. (bridling) I take ou r m aning Sir. Te hee--

I regret it as you do. But youths not all Sir. To le t you into a secret, I've passed the meridian myself. am on t'other side of the Equator too. Sleep sound at nights without turning. The dog days are over...But be think ye, Sir Spaneil. Where theres a will theres a way. —

Sir S. L. Gods truth / Madam,--ah my foots like a burning horse shoe on the Devils anvil ah! -- whats your meaning? [illegible]

Lady H. H. My meaning Sir? Must I disrupt my modesty, and unquilt that which has ben laden lain in lavender since my Lord peace be to his name--tis twnet yyears since--was Seald Lipped ~~laid~~ in clay? In plain words, Sir, Flavindas flown; the cage is empty. We that have bound our wrists with cowslips might join 'em with a stouter chain. To havedone with fallals and figures, here am I, Sir Spaniel , Asphodilla-- but my christm bame's Sue-- No matter what my name is; here am I, not so illfavoured either, for all that porpoise spat-- at your service Si~~r Spaiel~~; hale and hearty. Now that the plots discovered, Brother Bobs bounty must go to the Virgins. Thats plain. Heres Lawyer Quills word for it. "In perpetuity - they must sing for his soul. I warrnt you, he has need of it.. But no matter. Though we have to throw that to the fishes that might have wrapped us in lambswool, I'm not empty [illegible] handed. Theres messuages, Si~~r Spaniel~~; ~~tenemnts~~ tenemnets; napery; cattle; my widows dowry; an invenotry; I'll show you; engrossed on parchment; enough I'll waramnt you, to keep us handsomely for whats to run of our time as husband and wife.

Sir S. L. Husband and Wife! So thats the plain truth of it! The maggot in the kernel! Why, Madam, I'd rather lash myself to a tar barrel--be bound to a thorn tree in a winters gale. Faugh!

Lady H. H. A tar barrel quothat! A thorn tree--quotha!

You that were harping on galaxies and Milky Ways! You that
I outshone 'em all!
were sewaring Sues eyes outshone 'em all! You faithless! You shark, you! You serpent in jack boots you! So you wont have me, wont you? Reject my hand, do you? (She proffers her hand; he strikes it from him)

Chalk stones!
Sir S. L. ~~xChalkxstones--chalkxstones.~~ ~~xNotxifxxthemxthey morexchalkxstones.~~ Hide your chalk stones in a woolenn
mits loaded with diamonds. were
gloce. Ill none of em--were they diamond, pure diamond; and
Caravans of Camels
half the habitable globve and all its concubines~~xmxmixxxx~~
neck:
hung round your throat--~~xIxdxnothingxhix~~ I'd none of it. On with this boot8 Unhand me--- scritch owl, witch, vampire.
Be off I say!
~~Let me go!~~

Caravans of Camels,

Lady H. H. So all your fine words were tinsel wrapped round a Christmas cracker!

Sir S. L. Bells hung o n an asses neck. Paper roses on a
withered May
barbers pole! Oh my foot--my foot--- Cupids darts...she said ~~Hexcalledxme~~O~~o~~ld, old, old.... he called me old...
off
(he hobbles ~~away~~.)

Lady H. H (left alone) All gone. Following the wind. He s gone, she s gone; and the old clock that the rascal made himself into a pendulum for is the only one of 'em all to stop. A pox on em-- turning an honest womans house into a brothel. I that was Aurora Boealis am shrunk to a tar barrel--- I tha was Cassiopaeia am a she ass. My brain

Between the acts later typescript

Pp. 120 - 132   133 wanting.

P. 121-122 wanting

P120 in Two drafts
P123 - 132 in one fragment

On verso p 124 her: [Moment. Mrs. Thrale.] Holo. fragment. 1 p.

P. 124 - 132 in another fragment.

P. 131 in two drafts.
P. 132 in three drafts.

On verso of p. 131 her: [A haunted house. The legacy] Typescript fragment paginated 8.

24p

"Did your Nannys ing that?" Mrs manresa exclaimed. None did. And when she said 'pop' she made a noise like a cork being drawn from a ginger beer bottle. Pop"

She made the noise herself.

"Now I'm being naughty and shocking your aunt" she said.

"Hush , hush " some one whispered.

"We must be good and attend" said Mrs manresa ,drawing in her feet.

The dressing room, the tea table and the rest, had again ~~been~~ "Scnee Three. Lady Harpy Harrdens Closet" she read out.

Albert the idiot rattled The sound of horses galloping in the diatnce is heard" . .. . . Then the sound of horses — ~~Thexidiotxrattledx~~

~~(Albert the idiot [illegible] a [illegible] again~~

Lady H.

an answer.

"Did your Nanny sing that?" Mrs Manresa exclaimed. "Mine did. And when she said 'pop' she made a noise like a cork being drawn from a ginger beer bottle."Pop".

She made the noise.

"Hush, hush," some one whispered.

"Now I'M being naughty and shocking your aunt" she said. " We must be good and attend. This is Scene Three. MLady Harpy Harrdaens Closet. The sound of horses hoofs are heard in the distance."

The sound of horses hoofs energetically represneted by Albert the idiot with a wooden spoon on a tray died away.

Lady. H. H.

gale. Faugh!

Lady H. H. A tar barrel, quotha! A Thorn tree--quotha! You that were harping on galaxies and Milky Ways! You that were swearing I outshone 'em all! A pox on you--you faithless! You shark, you! You serpent in jack boots, you! So you wont have me, wont you? Reject my hand do you?

(She proffers her hand; he strikes it from him)

Sir S. L. Hide your chalk stones in a wollen mit, pah! I'll none of 'em. Were they diamonds, pure diamond, and half the habitable globe and all its concubines hung round your throat I'd none of it...none of it. Unhand me, scritch owl, witch, vampire! Let me go!

Lady H. H. So all your fine words were tinsel wrapped round a Christmas cracker!

Sir S. L. Bells hung on an asses neck. Paper roses on a barbers pole...Oh my foot , my foot... Cupids darts, she said... Old, old, he called me old...

(He hobbles away)

Lady H. H (left alone) All gone. Following the wind. He's gone; she's gone; and the old clock that the rascal made himself into a pendulum for is the only one of 'em all to stop. A pox on 'em--turning an honest womans house into a brothel. I that was Aurora Borealis am shrunk to a tar barrel. I that was Cassiopeia amd turned to a she-ass. My head turns. Theres no trusting man nor woman; nor fine speeches; nor fine looks. Off comes the sheeps skin; out creeps the ~~snake~~ serpent. Get you to Gretna Green; couch on the wet grass and beget vipers. My head spins.... Tar

p 172-174
182 in other draft

barrels quotha. Cassiopeia... Chalk-stones... Andromeda... thorn trees... Unlace me. I'm fit to burst — Deb Deb, I say! Deb! Bring me my green baize table and set tha cards.. And my fur lined slippers Deb. Unlace me. Deb. And a dish of chocolate....I'll be even with 'em. I'll outlive 'em all. ...Deb, I say. Deb! A pox on the girl? Cant she hear me? Deb I say, you gipsies spwn spawn that I snetched from the hedge and taught to sew samplers! Deb! Deb!

(she throws open the door leading to the maids closet)

Empty! She's gone too?... Hist, whats that on the dresser? —
(she picks up a scrap of paper)

"What care I for your goose feather bed? I'm off with the raggle taggle gipsies oh." Signed; Deborah ~~yxxxxx~~ one time your maid ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ servant." She that I fed on apple parings and broken crusts, she that I taught to sew chemises and ~~hxxx~~ mend laces.... she's gone too. Oh ingratitude thy name is Deborah! Whos to wash the dishes now; whos to bring me posset ~~afxaxxxxxxxx~~xx now; [illegible] whos to suffer my temper and bow to my will? Unlace my stays — [illegible] All gone. I'm alone then, sans niece; sans lover; and sans maid.

And so to end the play, the moral is,
The God of Love is full of tricks;
Into the foot he dart he sticks;
But the way of the Will is plain to see.
Let holy virgins hymn perpetually;
"Where theres a will theres a way"
Good people all, Farewell.

(Dropping a curtsey, Lady H. H. withdrew.)

Boswell's sketch then ~~only begins~~
Mrs ~~Thrale~~ is ~~only~~ only
begins Mrs Thrale at one particular
moment. ~~this fine of that moment~~:
~~but it~~ the sketches her at her worst.
The other lady is an ~~[illegible]~~ a Streatham
that was how she looked when she was
~~pouring~~ out tea. But of ~~Mrs Thrale~~ is
the ~~[illegible]~~ there was another Mrs Thrale in
the nursery: another in ~~the~~ Italy:
another in Wales. These
~~But the other Mrs Thraler were~~
~~They~~ The other Mrs Thrales emerge: from Mr.
Clifford's book: the mother, the friend, the:
when she married P she vanished
But ~~But the of~~
~~The~~ the only quality
the quality that runs through all the
different Thrales is ~~apparent~~ obviously
~~something~~ an ~~intake~~ an
an intent, vitality - a ~~thi~~
an ineradicable curiosity ~~about life~~:
an insatiable love of human beings:
~~The~~ Johnson was ~~only a~~ : of
Johnson was the ~~greatest of her friends~~.
Johnson was only one of her friends. Streatham
was only a stage in her career. ~~The~~
~~It~~ There ~~was~~ a curious modernness
Perhaps it is this eager zest that gives her so
modern an air. She is not [illegible] of her own time.
The portrait by an unknown artist shows a very
modern face; with great head; a dominating nose. –
a brisk energetic [illegible] body that seems better
clothed in tweed than in taffeta.
By her own wish, the deep

writing things steadily
day by day
like [illegible].
Johnson sheared
when the children
died, when
Thrale was
unfaithful,
when ruin
threatened,
when the
man lay
dead [illegible].
when the
other
Queen dumbfounded her,

She drove as
Queeney [illegible], &
her [illegible] when
[illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] "
at first I cannot
begin battling
with Barbin –
I have already
[illegible]
whole [illegible]
at it [illegible]
my
Reim at
last.

Entirely

It was ~~characteristic~~ of her that ~~the~~
by her own wish the deep scar on her
lip was faithfully ~~painted~~ depicted

[Moment. Mrs. Thrale]

Boswell's sketch then ~~only~~ ~~larger~~
Mrs ~~Thrale~~ is ~~only~~ only
larger Mrs Thrale at one particular
moment. ~~this face of that moment~~:
~~but it~~ He shows her at her worst.
The other lady is an [illegible] a or [illegible]
That was how she looked when she was
~~passing~~ out at sea. But of ~~Mrs Thrale~~ is
the ~~[illegible]~~ there was another Mrs Thrale in
the nursery: another in ~~the~~ Italy:
another in Wales. These [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] day by day like [illegible].
~~But the other Mrs Thrales were~~
~~They~~ The other Mrs Thrales emerge from Mr.
Clifford's book: the mother, the friend, the:
when the main P she vanishes
~~But~~ ~~But the of~~
~~The~~ the only [illegible]
The quality that runs through all the
different Thrales is ~~apparent~~ obviously
~~something~~ an ~~[illegible]~~ an
an immense vitality. ~~a [illegible]~~
an ineradicable curiosity ~~about life~~:
an insatiable love of human beings:
~~The~~ Johnson was ~~only a~~ ; ?
~~Johnson was the greatest of her friends.~~
Johnson was only one of her friends. Streatham
was only a stage in her career. ~~The~~
~~It~~ There ~~was~~ a ~~curious modernness~~...
Perhaps it is this eager zest that gives her so
modern an air. She is not [illegible] of her own time.
The portrait by an unknown artist shows a very
modern face; with great hand; a dominating nose. –
a brisk energetic [illegible] body that seems [illegible]
clothed in tight [illegible] in taffeta. ...
By her own wish, ~~the deep~~

Johnson shared
When the children
died, when
Thrale was
unfaithful,
when ruin
threatened,
when the
[illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible].

when the
[illegible]
Gen [illegible].

She [illegible] as
Queeney [illegible], &
her [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]"
at first I cannot
begin battling
with Baretti –
I have already
spent my
whole [illegible]
at it in her
'Review' at
[illegible].

[illegible]

It was ~~characteristic~~ of her that ~~the~~
by her own wish the deep scar on her
lip was faithfully ~~painted~~ depicted.

(

And so to end the play, the moral is, ~~good people all~~,

The God of Love is full of tricks;

Into the foot his dart he sticks;

Bow

And the way of the Will is plain to see:

holy

Let ~~Virgins~~ Virgins hymn perpetually.

Where theres a Will Theres a Way.

~~Far~~ Good people all, frewell.

"Lady H. H. dropped a curtsey; and the withdrew.

"Let holy virgins hymn perpetually! Gods truth!" exclaimed Bartholomew, catching the infection of the langauge. "Thres a moral for you! "

He threw bacck his head an laughed, like a horse whinnying. His face looked mask like, wrinkled and simplified, like the ~~mask~~ face of an old faun. Partly at him, partly with him, others laughed too. They looked down The prggramme said

Let holy virgins hymn -

~~th re was now to~~ be ten minutes interval. It was sscracely worth while getting up. Was it? All felt a little untethered ~~untehtered~~, as if the play, crude as it was, had jerked the ball out of the cup. What they called 'myself' was was still floating out ther, and didnt settle. They were ~~conscious~~xx clothes conscious. Skimpy up to date voile dresses, flannel trousers, Panama hats, hats wreathed with raspberry coloured net in the style of the Royal Duchsccess hat at ascot-- ~~they~~ seemed flimsy, somehow.

"Theres a moral for you...Where theres a will theres a way..." These words rose ~~from~~x at Giles and pointed a finger at him. Every clodhopper had his way. Off to Gretna Green with his girl. The deed done; damn the consequences. He got up. Others follwed suit. After all,' ~~they sai~~d ten minutes,' very likely it'd be longer. Lets stertch out legs. Up you get... Soon the grass was floating with little isalnds of sweet pea coloured dresses. ~~They strolled~~, dispersing, collecting. ~~[illegible]~~ preening like pigeons in the sun.

Miss La Trobe ~~was~~ down among the bushes, worked like a nigger. Flavinda was in her petticoats. Queen Ann had thrown her mantle on a holly hedge. Both, Miss La Trobe knew, gaped for ~~her~~ with their callow beaks wide for praise. But it wasnt time yet... She was scattering and foraging... "The ~~Victorian~~ mantle with the bead fringe? Where was the damned thing? The ormolu ~~side whiskers~~? ~~The cameo bro~~och? Ducking up and down, she cast her quick birds eye over the bushes at the audience. They brespected the conventions. They pretended not to see. But d if they wandered too far, began exploroing ~~the~~ grounds, going over the house, it'd all have to be done again... She laid about her energetically; flinging clothes on the grass.

Over the tops of the bushes came stray voices, voices without bodies, symbolical, they seemed to ~~hear~~ her, half hearing, seeing nothing, but feeling invisible threads connecting the bodiless voices .

"It all looks very black" ~~a voice sai~~d.

"In 1914 at least.... "

"No one wants it...this time .

"I'd cut down some of these trees..."

"But a tree takes so long growing..."

"Its the characters, not the plot..."

"You were saying, do we change? I wonder..."

"How they get their roses to grow! We cant."

"Theres been a garden here five hundred years..."

The same people?

No, ~~but~~ others...the

"Whyn even old Gladstone, to do him justice....

Then there was silence. No one passed the bushes. The trees rustled. Many eyes, Miss La Trobe knew, for every cell in her body was absorbent, ~~were~~ looking d at the view.
(they were saying)
~~They were saying~~; The colour; / the lights and shadows; the waether; a fine day tomoorw? The glass rising...
She could feel them slipping through her fingers.
"Wheres that damned woman... Mrs Rogers...Who's seen Mrs Rogers?" She snatched the Victprian mantle; and a great cameo brroch.

Here, popping up over the hedge was Mrs Swithin.
Alawys surprised, she ejaculated:
"Oh Miss La Trobe!" And stopped. Then she began again:

She could feel them slipping through her fingers, looking at the view.

"Wheres that damned woman, Mrs Rogers?" Whos seen Mrs Rogers?" she cried, snatching up a Victorian Mantle, And then, ignoring the convention, a head popped up. over the bushes. It was Mrs Swithin.'s head.

"Oh Miss La Trobe!" she exclaimed; and stopped. Then she began again, "Oh Miss La Trobe, I do congratulate you. I ~~thank~~ you"

She hesitated. "Youve gibven me..." she skipped. Then alighted "Ever since I was a child I've felt..." A film fell over her eyes, shutting off the present. She tried to recall her childhood; then gave it up; and with a little wave of her hand, as if asking Miss La Trobe to help her out, continued: "This daily round; this going up and down staris; and saying, 'What am I going for? My sepcs? I have 'em on my nose... "

She gazed at Miss La Trobe with a cloudless old aged stare. Their eyes met in the common effort to bring a common meaning to birth. They failed; and Mrs Swithin laying hold desperately of a fraction of her meaning said: "What a small part I've had to play! But youve made me feel I could have played...Cleopatra!"

She nodded between the trembling bushes and ambled off.

~~Cleopatra; that~~ [illegible].

The villagers winked. They touched their forehaeds. "Batty" was the word for old Flmisy, affectionately spoken. "I might have been---Cleopatra" Miss La Trobe repated.

"Youve stirred in me my unacted part."

"Now for the skirt, Mrs Rogers " she said.

Mrs Rogers stood grtoesque in her black stockings. Miss La Trobe pulled the voluminous flounces ~~flijanc~~es of the Victorian age over her head. She tied the tapes.

"Youve twitched the invisible strings" was what Lucy meant. and revaeled --of all people-- Cleoptara. Ah, but she was not merely a twitcher of invisble strings; She was one who seethes ~~xxxxxxxx~~ wandering bodies and floating voices in a cauldron, and makes rise from its amorphous mass a re-created world..

"There!" she said, tying the black ribbons uner Mrs Rogers's chin. Thats done it!"

Now for the gentlamn. Hammond!" She beckoned Hammond, the carpenter. Sheepilsly he came forward and submitted to the application of black side whiskers. H with eyes half shut, his head leant back, he looked, Miss La Yroobe thought, like King Arthur; noble; knghtly; thin.

"Wheres the Majors old frock coat?" she asked, trsuting to the effect of that totransform King Arthur.

Tick, tick, tick, tick the gramophone contnued.

Time was passing. They were wandering, dispersing. There was Mrs Giles far away by the flower beds, sauntering, solitary.

whats the next tune?

"The tune" Miss La Trobe commanded; "P ut a tune on the Hug up - that gramphone." Number 10.

They were wandering; Came then. dispersing. There was Mrs Giles, sauntering, solitary, leaf plucking along the flower beds.

"What do I ask? -- Isa picked a leaf. To cast from my shoul~~ders the~~ many coloured coat-- the coloured coat of day, and nights black coat? Aaway and away? (She searched among the groups for the face of the Rupert Haines. gentleman farmer.) Down what draughty tunnels? Where the eye less wind blows? and there grows, nothing for the eye. No rose. To issue at the further end. Where? In some harvestless dim field, where no evening lets fall her mantle; nor sun rises. Alls equal there. at ~~that tunnels end~~; unblowing, ungrowing are the roses there. And change is not; nor the mutable and lovable; no nor greetings no nor partings; or nor furtive findings and feelings; where hand seeks hand; and the eye seeks shelter fom the eye.

(He kept, perhaps purposely surrounded by other people. His goose eyed gobbling wife never left his side.)

Isa ~~She~~ took her way alone, along the path as if she had an errand, it ~~might be~~ something to fetch from the greenhouse. (stripping another leaf) Have I not gathered she mumured, the hoarded splendours of the trafficking races... discoveries and deceptions; what they wore on their breasts, and buried so deep that it has taken me a lifetime to rummage out from those old cupboards what they despised and dreaded, yet c uld not throw away?

She threw away the leaf she had picked. She had come out in the stable yard where the dogs were chained; and the buckets stood.

Am I not burdened? The last little donkey in the long caravanseria crssoing the desert? Burdned with bales roughly tied together with thongs. My memories; my possessions. What tye past laid on my back. saying Little donkey kneel adown. Fill your paniers. Then rise up little donkey; go your way, burdened with possessions; till your heels blister and your hoofs crack.

That was the burden, [laid on me in the cradle--(she looked into the water barrel that stood under the gutter that ran along the stable roof.) laid on me in the cradle

Breathed over me by restless elm trees; mumrured by waves; crooned by the voices of ~~simpl~~e singing women. what we would remember; what we would forget.

She looked up. was roughly thumping the hour.

The stable clock ~~here struck~~.

& she murmured now

Now comes the lightning from the stone blue sky. The thongs are burst that the dead d tied round the burden of possessions. What of me is left when they spill to the ground? Some say; its a good day; the day we are stripped naked; Others, Its the end of the day. They see the Inn; and the Inns keeper. Some say this; some say that. None speaks with a single ~~strong and authentic~~ voice. None speaks with a voice free from the vibrations of the old voices. Alawys I hear corrupt mumrurs; always the clink of gold and metal sounds in their voices. Mad music the voices make. On then without listening to the frantic cries of those (who shore up their unbelief by our credulity; leaders who in that they seek to lead desert us. (there was no point, no living track)

how [illegible] For 18 months [illegible] voices [illegible]

(for whom 'leaders' have we?).

Flighty Florenace Bishop had perhaps said that she thought him looking wonderfully well. This was an insult. She had to be rescued from the predicament; somehow the trumpet had to be conveyed to Ronny Norman. And he would say, perhaps, that he had been reading Mrs Carlyles letters. Father, who liked the affectionate manly young man, unbent; he would tell a story; how he had been taken by his father--oh dear [illegible] how absurd to remember these thihgs-- to see Carlyle. deferatially we would listen. And incautiously I would plunge with Flroence Bishop into profundities. And, [illegible] which she would ward off, ~~so mehow~~.

The talk has its steeps and waterfalls; for father lovably to mem would break conventions; with his friends, his ~~while respecting~~ them. And now and then Nessa would listen; now and then I would listen. Both were aware that the convention was a convention Both accepted it. Both as we listened, felt that it was a game; but we had to keep to the play rules. If Ronny tossed that ba;l; we retunred it.

The rules of Victorian conversation, the the rules of the Victorian manner were impressed upon known to us. We both play that game now and then. ~~But~~ The rules have been a helps, & a drawback draeback as well as a help. I find the Victor an manner helpful in village society. I find it helpful in dealing with strangers; But it affected me as a writer top. When I began to review books for th Times I was so oncsious of the Victorian manner that I adopted a certain tone even in dealing with books. When I rea read my old artciles I lay the blame for their suavity, their

pours a potion for the coughing sheep; or the sigh of the withered tree that hears the horses gallop; or the brawl in the barrack room when they stripped her naked-- the horse
hooting
had a green tail; or horns ~~[illegible]~~ on the river;
or the cry which in London unable to sleep ~~[illegible]~~
unable to sleep
when I thrust the window open some one cries."

Her husband and Mrs manresa emerged from the green house She followed them across the lawn to her seat in the front row.

~~stopped.~~ The chuff chuff chuff of the machine in the bushes
stopped.

In obedience to Miss La Trobes command, ~~[illegible]~~ a tune had been put on the gramophone. "London Street cries" it was called. "A pot Pourri."

pours a potion for the coughing sheep; or the sigh of the withered tree that hears the Roder gallop; or the brawl in the barrack room when they stripped her naked; or horns hooting on the river; or the cry which in London when I thrust the window open , unable to sleep, some one cries."

Giles and Mrs Manresa emerged from the Green House. She followed them across the lawn to her seat in the front row. The chuff, chuff, chuff of the machine in the buhses had stopped. In obedienec to Miss La Trobe's
~~record~~ [illegible]
command axxxxe had been put upon the gramophone. "London Street cries" it was called. "A pot Pourri."

turns. Theres no trusting man nor woman; nor fine speeches; nor fine looks. Even an honest clock can be made to lie. Off comes the sheeps skin; out creeps the serpent. Get you to Gretna Green; couch on the wet grass, ~~and~~ beget ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ vipers. ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~--- cupids darts, quothta, cupids ~~xxxxxxxxx~~ darts.... quothta...may they chalk stones--tar barrels... Andromeda...Cassiopaeia-- my head spins...Deb I say Deb! Bring me my green baize table and set the cards. ~~Ixxxxxxxxxx~~ And my fur lined slippers Deb. And a dish of choclolate. I'll be even with 'em... I'll live mean as a cat in a corner & out live ~~Ixxxxx~~....I'll out live 'em all... Deb I say. Deb! A pox on the girl! Cant she ha hear me? Deb, I say you gipsies ~~spwan~~ spawn that I took from the bramble h dge and taught to ~~sew~~ sew samplers mend laces... Deb I say. Deb!....

Caraam & Camel

I'll live mean as a cat in a corner &

(she throws open the door leading into the maids closet)

Lady H. H. ~~xxxxxxx~~ Hist what here Shes gone too. (picks up a scrap of paper and reads aloud) "What care I for your goose feather bed? I'm off with the raggle taggle gipsies oh" Deborah, and so she's ~~Shesxgonextoo~~. She that I snatched from the ~~slime~~ hedge ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~--- she that I fed on apple parings and broken crusts from my own table--- she that I taught to sew chemises and mend laces---shes gone too. ~~Off with the gipsies...~~ Whos to ~~mxdx~~ mend my ~~txxxx~~ stockings, wash the dishes; now; whos ~~to wash the dishes~~; whos to bring me my posset of a morning; suffer my tempers and bow to my will? I'm alone then; sans ~~nixxx~~ niece ; sans lover; and sans maid.

all gone.

The scene ended. Reason descended from her plinth. Gathering her robes about her, xmxmxhyx serenely acknowledging the applause of the audience, she passed across the atage; while Lords and Ladies in stars and garters followed after; Sir Spaniel , limping, escorted Lady Harpy Harraden smirking; and xxxx Valentine & Flavinda xmxmxmx Flaxxxxxxxxx arm in arm, bowing & curtsied. xmxmxxxxxxxmx bore F;avnida on his ram. Thxxxxxxxx ~~One by one the actors disappeared into the bushes.~~
Mr Andrew Shoots Bran Blan

"Gods truth" cried Barthomew, cathing the infection of the ;laguage, "There s a moral for you!"
He hhrew himself back in his chair and laughed, like a horse whinnying.

A moral? ~~What?~~ Giles supposed the moral was "Wheres theres a Will theres a Way." The words rose and pointed a finger of scorn at him. Off to Gretna Green with his girl; The deed done. Damn the consequences.

"Like to see the ~~stables~~ Greenhouse?" he said abruptly, turning to Mrs Manresa.

"Love to!" she excl_aimed and rose .
Was there an interval? Yes, the programme said so.
The machine in th bushes went Chuff chuff chuff.
And the ne xt secene?
"The Victorian age" Mrs Elmhurst read out.

Presumably there was time then for a stroll round the grounds; even for a look over the house. Yet somehow they felt --how could one put it?-- a little tethered, not quite here or there. As if they play had jerked the ball out of the cup; as if what I call myself was still floating out there, and didnt settle. Or was it simply that they felt clothes conscious? Skimpy up to date voile dresses; flannel trousers; panama hats; hats wreathed with raspberry coloured net in the style of theRoyal duchesses at Ascot seemed flimsy somehow.

"How pretty the clothes were..." said someone, vacating a last look at Flavibda disappearing. "Most becoming. I wish..."

Chuff chuff chuff went the machine accurately insistently.

Th~~xxx~~ Cluds were passing across the sky. The weather looked a little unsettled. Hogbens Folly was for a moment ashen white. Then the sun struck the gilt vane of Bolney Minster.

"Looks a little unsettled?" said some one.

"Up you get...Lets stretch our legs " said another voice. Soon the lawns were floating with little moving isalnds of coloured dresses. Yet some remained seated.

"Major and Mrs Mayhew " Page the reporter noted, licking his penc il. As for the play, he would collar Miss La Trobe and ask for a snopsis. But Miss La Trobe She had vanished.

Down among the bushes she ~~was~~ working like a nigger. Flavinda was in her petticoats. ~~Qxxxxxxxx~~ Reason had thrown her mantle on a holly hedge. Sir Spaneil was hauling at his jack boots. Miss La Trobe was st~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ scattering and foraging. among boots, [illegible],

"The Vcorian mantle with the bead fringe....Where is the damned thing? Chuck it here... Now the whiskers...."

Ducking up and down she cast her quick birds eye over the bushes at the audience. The audience was on the move. The audience was ~~takingn xxsimtmimx~~ strollijg up and down. But They kept their distance from the dressing room. They respected the convention~~s~~. But if they wandered too far, if they began exploring the grounds , going over the house, then.... ~~Shextrustedxthemxthe~~ Chuff chuff chuff went the machine. Time was passing. But how long would Time hold them together? It was a gamble; a risk...And she laid about her energetically flinging clothes on the grass.

Over the tops of the bushes came stray voices, voices without bodies, symbolical voices, they seemed to her, half hearing, seeing nothing, but still, over the bushes feeling invisible threads connecting the bodiless voices.

"It all looks very black "

"No one wants it..."

Expel those d-d Germans. there were a few –

"Id cut down those trees..."

How they get their roses to grow!? –

"Why even old Gladstone, to do him jytsice..." –

"They say theres been a garden here for five hundred yeras..."

Then there was silence. The voices passed the bushes. The trees rustled. Many eyes, Miss La Trobe knew, for every cell in her body was absorbent, were looking at the view. Out of the corner of her eye she could see Hognes Folly and Bolney Minster. It, ~~theyxbanked~~

"The glass is ~~rising~~ falling" said a voice.

Here unexpectedly was Mrs Swithin. Always straying in; always surprised. She ejaculated:

"Oh Miss La Trobe!" And stoopped. Then she began again:

Her little old face framed by trembling ~~bxxxxxxx~~ brambles had a peaked Elizabethan look; each ear had its pearl drop.

Oh Miss La Trobe!" she ejaculated. and stopped. and began again "Oh Miss La Trobe..."

"I congratulate you. I tha k you." She hesitated.

"Yo ve given me..." she kipped. Then alighted "Ever since ~~Ixxxxxxx~~ I was a child I've felt..." A film fell over her eyes shutting off the present. She tried to recall her child hood. Then gave it up and with a little ave of her hand as if she must ask Miss La Trobe to help her out, continued, "This daily round; this going up and down stairs and saying What was I goijg for? My specs? I have 'em on my nose... She gazed at Miss La Trobe with a cloudless old aged stare. Their eyes met in the common effort to bring a common meaning to birth. They failed; and Mrs Swithin, laying hold desperately of a fraction of her m aning said:

"What a ~~sixx~~ small part Ive had to play! But you ve made me feel I could have played...Cleopatra!"

She nodded between the trembling brambles and ambled off.

The villagers winked. They touched their foreheads. "Batty" was the word for old Flimsy, affectionately spoken. "I might have been---Cleoptara" Miss La Trobe rep ated. Youve ~~sixix~~ stirred in me she meant my unacted part.

Cleopatra -
[illegible]
her
unacted
part

"Now for the skirt" Mrs Rogers she said,

Mrs Rogers stood grotesque in her black stockings waiting to be transformed.

Miss La robe pulled the voluminous flounces of the Victorian metticoat over her head.

She tied the tapes. "Youve twitchef the invisible strings, Miss La Trobe revised Mrs Swithings meaning. the show began to move Triumph; The throb of it. filled her. It was not enough, though. She was not merely a twitcher of strings; but one who seethes wandering bodies, fllating voices, in a cauldron; and makes rise from that cauldron and its amorphous mass a re-created world.

"There!" she said, tying the black ribbons under Mrs Rogers'es chin. "Thats done it!"

Now for the gentleman. Charlie---" She beckoned Charlie, the carpenter; Sheepinshly he came forward; and submitted to the application of black side whiskers. Thus they ~~With~~ his eye, leaning ~~shut~~, his head ~~leant~~ back, ~~under her hands~~, He looked Miss La Trobe thought, like King Arthur; noble; knightly, thin.

"Wheres the Majors old frock coat?" she asked, trusting to the effect of that to transg-form King Arthur.

"And turn on the gramophone one of you, quick" she said irritbly. glancing over the hedge.

Time was passing. They were wandering dispersing.
The
There was Mrs Giles, escaping; sauntering solitary far away by the flower beds.

"The tune" Miss La Trobe commanded. "The next tune; Hurry up! The next tune. Number Ten." -

Now may I pluck
"What do I ask?" Isa murmured. She picked a leaf.

a
Thi single flower? The white or pink? ~~Alone to wander,~~
&
~~to~~ press its sweet, its sour, its lo long grey leave so---

(She looked among the passing faces for the face of the man in grey) There he was; but so urned; insaccesible.) and now he ansihed.)

[illegible]

Tick tick tick went the gramophone in the distance. ~~"Away, away" she murmured~~. She turned; she dropped her flower. "Where do I wander? she mused. Down what draughty tunnels? shal~~, I wander~~ now? she mused. Where the eyelss wind blows? And there grows nothing for the eye. No rose. To issue at the further end. Where? In some harvestles dim field. Where no evening falls or sun ~~sirse~~ in. Alls equal there. Unblowing ingrowing are roses there. Cnahe is not; nor the mutable and lovable; no greetings; no partings; nor furtive fingins and feelins, where hand seeks hand and eye seeks shelter fom the eye."

Chuff chuff chuff went h gramiphone in the disnatce She could not ~~lot~~ ing r by the flower bed. She turned and quickly as if she had an errand went to the stables.

How am I burdned she murmured, with all the burdens of the rooted tree.

She had come ou into the stable yard where the dogs were chained; where the buckets stood.

Burdened with bales roughly tied together with things. My memories; my possessions. What the past laid on my back; saying Kneel down, donkey. Fill your paniers. Then Rise up, doney. Go your way, burdened with possessions. Till your heels blister, your hoofs crack..."

(She looked down into the water barrel that stood under the gutter.)

"That was the burden laid on me in the cradle. Murmured by waves; breathed by restless elm trees; croooned by singing women. What we must remember; what we would forgte."

She looked up. The gilt hands of the stable clock
pointed inflexibly
had stopped at two minutes to seven.

but comes
"~~Then~~ ~~sxxxxxx~~ the lightning from the stone blue sky. The things are burst that the dead tied. Loosed are my possessions. What of me is left? Some say; Its a good day, the day we are stripped naked. Others, Its ~~is the end of the day~~ Its the end of the day. Some see the Inn; and the Inns keeper. Some say this; some say that. None speaks with a single voice. None speaks with a voice free from the vibratio of the old voices. Always I hear corrupt murmurs; the clink of gold and metal. Mad music the voices make.

People passed the stable yard talking.

~~It was time to go back to the terrace~~ The audience was assmbling. It was time to go back to the terrace.

"On little dokey then" she encoraged herself. Patiently stumble. Hear not the frantic cries of leaders who in that they seek to lead are deserters; nor the chatter of china faces glazed and hard; Hear rather the voice of the shepherd by the broken farm yard wall, when he

The hand of the clock stood still.
Between now, the present moment;
the

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What th past has laid upon me. what lies buried;

wit all the burd ns of the rooted tree. ~~What the past has~~

~~laid upon me.~~ xxxx ~~rooted~~ in the clay.

How am I burdn d she repated. I, the last little donkey

iin the long caravans ria cr ssing the desett½

Burdned with bales roughly tied together; my memoi es; my

possessions. What they wore on their vacsk, they laid on

me. (Kneel down donkey. Full your paniers. Rise yp donkey,

go your way. Til l your heels blister and yo r hoofs crack..."

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(Peoplepassed xx the stable yard talijg.

The audience was as embling. It was time to go back to the

seats.) on the terrace.

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[The legacy]

"Miss Miller!" he demanded. He ciuld fancy he heard some one moving in the room.

""Sissy Miller speaking" at last her voice answered him.

"Who" he demanded "Was B. M?"

He could hear the cheap clock ticking on the mantelpiece.

"At last the asnwer came back.

He says

"My brother."

"Who did? "Who killed herself? He the clock

He ~~guessed it~~ all.

Then he saw it all: he was her lover.

"Her lover!" he cried,

She had stepped off the kerb to rejoin her lover; she had

stepped off the kerb

done it to escape from him.

She must go back to the Terrace . .

The path was very solitary, out of the stable yard, into on to the alwn, where the audience was now assembling. She encouraged herself,

On little donkey then, patiently stu,nle, carrying the burden. Hear not the frantic cries of the leaders who are dserteres; nor the chatter of china faces glazed and hgard; by the table; in the barn. Listen ~~Hear~~ rat er the Grumble gruff voice of the shpherd by the broken farm wall, where he pours a potion for the coughing sheep; or the sigh of the withered tree that ~~always~~ hears the horses gallop — or the brwal in barrack room putside the public house; where they stripped the g rl her naked: the horse had a green feed, then [illegible] in ~~the barrack~~; and the horns hooting on the river; Listen to and the cry which, ~~when~~ in London when unable to sleep, I thrust the window open; ~~and~~ some one cries.

"The horse had a green feed" they [illegible]

She ~~waxx~~ had reached her seat in the front row . ~~The gramophone was playing.~~

In obedinece to Miss La Trobes command, someone had put on Another record ~~Number Twelve~~. It was called London street cries it was called. A Pot Pourri

"Sweet lavender, sweet lavender, who'll buy my sweet lavender..."

Between the acts. Later typescript

Pp. 134-149

20 p.

P. 147 in three drafts
P. 148 and 149 in two drafts

On verso of p. 134 her: [The moment. Mrs. Thrale] Fragment paginated 4
On verso of p. 135 her: Holograph notes relating to Roger Fry (?)
On verso of p. 147 her: [A haunted house. The legacy] Fragment, p. 7
On verso of p. 148 her: [As above] p. 1
On verso of p. 149 her: [As above] p. 2

"I remember.. " she nodded in time to the tune. "You remember too--how they used to cry it down the streets."

They remembered; the curtains blowing; and the men crying All a blowing, all a growing , as they came with ~~fhmmm~~, geraniums, sweet william, in pots, down the street.

"A harp, I remember; and a hansom and a growler.
wam
So quiet the street was then. Two for a h asom? One for a fourwheeler? And Ellen, whislint in her cap and apron?
all the way to the station
D'you remember? And the runners, my dear, who followed, if one had a box."

The tune changed. Any old iron, any old iron to sell!

"Any old iron--any old iron? D'you remember? That was what the nen shouted in the fog. Seven Dials they came from. Men with red handkerchiefs. Garooters did they call them? You couldnt walk, oh dear je h no--home from the play.
Regent Street...
Piccadilly , Hyde Park Cprner The loose women.
And everywhere loaves of bread in the gutter. The Irish, you know, Coming back from a ball, past the cl ck at Hyde Park Corner, I remember the feel of white gloves.. Mt father remembered the old Duke in the Park. Two fingers like that--he'd touch his hat... I've got my mothers Album...
[illegible]
A lake; and two lovers; she'd copied out Byron in what they called then the Italian hand...

"And that? Whats that? Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road? I remember the boot boy whistoed it. Oh my dear, the servants D'you remenber old Ellen? Six een pounds a year wages! And the cans of hot water! And the crinolines And the stays! D'you remember the Crystal Palace? The firworks? And how ?iras slipper was lost in the mu

[The moment. Mrs. Thrale]

ha⅔rsichord. "You know, I suppose, that that Man is in Love with you?"

That man is one of Mr Cliffords most remarakble reconstructions. To the Stretahm circle, he wa merely "an Itlian musicj master." That was enough. But in fact he was an Italian gentleman of great charm and cultivation; a composer and pergormer of merit; and a psassionate lover of music. He traveled with a small harsuchid fitted under the seat so that he could plat Mozart and aydon on th roads, and the cabals of venice. Nor wa he lacking in the sober virtues. He managed rs Piozzis tangled money mattres admirably; and he ended his days in Wales giving plum pudding to villagers and performing the duties of a country gentleman Yet tat the notion that such a man could marry a brewrs widow the whole company of distingusihed people who had fed at her table took flight n one flock. Johsnson trumpeted his rage. "She has now become a subject for her enemies to exult over, and for her freinds, isf she ha any left to forget or to pityl" "Heaven be praised I have no daughtes " exclaimed the Queen of the Bl es, and could only infer insanity. For Johnson t ere is the ecuse that he had lost at one blow Stretham and its pea hes and its pork pies and the undivided attentions of his lady. The old elephant was jeal ous and his rage has at least the digbity of wounded passion. But how are we to explain the conduct of the others? Only perhaps by supposi ng that it is impossible even for genius and learning to swim against the conventions of thter time. And while genius and learning come down untoutched, the conventions in which

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2 [illegible]
Brenta

[illegible]

NYPL

And how Miras slipper was lost in the mud?

Thats young Mrs Giles... I remember her mother. She died in India. We wore, I suppose a great many petti coats, compared with them. Unhygeinic? I dare say. Look at my daughter---forty, but slim as a wand. Each flat, she says has its refrigerator. It took my mother half the morning, to order dinner. ~~Now they simply ring up the stores~~ I[illegible] We were eleven.... Counting servants t[illegible] eighteen in ~~family~~ one ~~household~~ family.... Now they simply ring up the Stores....Thats Giles coming, with Mrs manresa. ~~Now~~ shes a type I dont myself fancy... And old Colonel Mayhoew, as spruce as ever. And Mr Cobbold of Cobbs Corner--there under the monkey puzzle tree. Yes, [illegible] it brings people together... These days Thats what we want when we're all so busy. Have you got the prgramme? What comes ~~Let me~~ next see..."

Where is she? Oh there with Pete...

Helen in

On there they are —

"The nineteenth century" she read. ~~Time has passed~~. Vague with the tail of her eye she saw the chorus the villagers, passing in and out among the trees, still singing; but the words they sang could be taken for granted; the wind blew them away ~~theycouldnt~~ be heard.

What comes first?

"Where are we now? The Ninete nth Cnetury.
First theres a prologue..." She looked up.

The soap box, now draped with red baize, festooned with gold co~~rdsxandx~~tassels, had been moved again into the middle of the t~~errace~~ stage. The audience was flocking ~~trooping~~ back, hastily, guility. For Miss La Trobes eye was on them, There she was, behind her tree. She gave them ten seconds to settle; then flicked her hand. A pompous march tune brayed. "Firm, aelatant, bold and blatnat &c... Once more a huge symbolical figure emregdged from the bushes. It was Budge the publican; but so disgusied that even cronies who drank with him nightly failed to recognise him; and a little titter of enquiry as to his idneity ran about among the villagers. He wore a long black many caped cloak; waterproof, ~~balck~~, shniy, of the subtance of a statue in Parliament Square; a helmet which suggested a policeman; a row of medals crossed his breast; and in his right hand he held extended a special constables baton (loaned by Mr Willert of the Hall) He had assumed authority: ~~[illegible]~~ [illegible] individually. It was his voice, husky and rusty, issuing from a a thick black cotton wool beard that gave him away. Budge he was; & Budge; to ~~as~~ having mounted the box; and extended the truncheon ~~he~~ spoke:

"It aint an easy job, directing the traffic at Hyde Park Corner. Buses and ansom cabs. All a clatter on the cobbles... Keep to the right cant you? Hie there Stop! (he waved his truncheon)

There she goes, the old party with the umbrella right under the 'orses nose.

(the truncheon pointed markedly at Mrs Swithin. She raised a skinny little hand, as if in truth she had fluttered off the pavement on the impulse of the moment, to the just rage of authority. Got her, Giles thought, taking sides with the polic man against his aunt.)

Fog or fine weather, Budge continued, I does my duty. At Piccadilly Circus, or Hyde Park Corner, directing the traffic of Er Majesties Empire. Black men and white: the Shah of ~~Persai~~ Persia; Sultan of Morrocco; It may be her Majesty; also Cooks tourists; And ~~her Majesties~~ Black men: White men; Sailors; Soldiers: Forces; crossing the Ocean; to proclaim her Empire; All of 'em, ob y the rule of my t uncheon. He waved it majestically like a

But my job dont end there. I take under my prot tion and direction the purity and security of all her Majesties minions; in all parts of her dominions; insist that they obey the laws of God and Man

The laws of God and Man he repeated. ~~he~~ & made as if to conuslt a statute; engrossed on a sheet of foolscap wh h he now produced from his trouser pocket)

"Go to church on Sunday; on Monday, nine sharp, catch the city bus. On Tuesday it may be attend a meeting at the Mansion House for the redemption of the sinner; At dinner

on Wednesday attend another (turtle soup); Some bother it may be in Ireland. Famine. Fenians. What not. On Thursday its the natives of Peru require correction and protection; we give em whats their due. But mark you, our rule dont end there; Its a Christian country, our Empire; under the White Queen Victoria. Over thought and religion, drink; dress; manners; marriage too; I wield my truncheon. Prosperity and respectability always go, as we know, 'and in' and. The ruler of an Empire must keep his eye on the cot; spy too in the kitchen; drawing room; library; wgerever one or two, me and you, come together. Purity our watchword; prosperity ~~andxx~~ and respectability. ~~And~~ if not, why let 'em fester in....
(he paused --no, he had not forgotten his words...)
Cripplegate; St Giles s: Whitechapel; the Minories. Let 'em sweat at the mines; cough at the looms; rightly endure their lot. Thats the price of Empire; thats the white mans burden. And, I can tell you, to direct the trafiic orderly at Hyde Park Corner, Piccadilly Circus, is a whole time, white man's job..

He ~~stood~~ paused eminent, domeinant, glaring from his sopa box; A very fine figure of a man he was, everyone agreed. There he stood, his truncheon extended, the slopes of his waterproof majestically pendant from his shoulders. It only wanted a shower of London rain, a flight of piegeons round his helemet, and the pealing bells of St Pauls and the Abbey to tranform him, ~~and~~ us to the very spit and image of a Victorian peeler; and to transport them to a foggy London afternoon with the with the muffins bells ringing and the rain falling at the very height of Lord Palmerstons or Lord Salisburys reign on a Sunday afternoon.

There was a pause.

"Tut--tut tut" Mrs Lynn Jones [illegible] muttered.

"There were grand men among them... " A blow had been aimed she felt, at her father. Therefore at herself. Something had been left out.

Etty Springeett ~~agreed~~ tutted too. Yet, children did draw trucks in mines; there was the basement; yet Papa did read Walter Scott after dinner; and divorced ladies were not received at Court. How difficult to come to a conclusion! She wished they would hurry on with the next act. She liked to leave the theatre knowing what was meant. Of course, this was only a village play... They were setting another scene She read out from the programme: wind Bride the politician

1860

"The picnic Party ~~xxxxxxx~~ About 1880. Scene. A Lake.

Characters....

She stopped. A sheet had been spread on the terrace. It was the Lake apparently, roughly painted ripples represented water. And those green ~~painted~~ sticks were bulrushes. Rather prettily, real swallows darted across the sheet.

"Oh look, Minnie" she exclaimed, "Those are real swallows!"

"Edgar ~~xxxxxx~~ Thorold, the head ass. ~~an undergraduate~~ -

Eleanor Hardcastle, a young lady... ~~Mis Lynn Jones announced~~.

New A young man in peg top trousers and side whiskers carying a stick with a spike at the end; appeared by the lake.

Edgar T. Bet me h p you Moss Harcastle. There!

(he helps Eleanor to the top. They stand for a moment panting slightly, looking at the view.

Eleanor... How small the church looks down among the trees!

Edgar... So this is Wanderers Well!

~~Nex~~

Eleanor... Please finish what you were saying before the others come. "Our aim ~~if~~ of life" you were saying...

Edgar... Should be to help our fellow men.

perfectly!

Eleaor.. How true--how true...

Ah

Edgar... But you, Miss Harcastle, ~~[illegible]~~

too That is ...

ou are good; you are happy. It was of myself that I was thinking. I, whose life has passed ~~like a ripple in water~~

(He throws a pebble on to the lake.) Se~~[illegible]~~ t~~[illegible]~~ like a ripple in water.

I am no longer young. At twenty four the best days of life have passed...

Eleanor... ~~I [illegible]~~... Oh Mr Thorold, You do not know me. I am not what I seem. - I too have doubted ~~[illegible]~~

~~You do not doubt?~~

Edgar. ~~[illegible]~~ Doubts? You ? S..

Eleanor. ~~[illegible]~~. I too. In the home, where you so fa safe so sheltered....

see me, innocent, shelterd, ... wanting nothing...

oh how ungrateful I must appear... How can I explain to you? A ~~rage seizes me~~...

You do not think me a[illegible] I am -

I am not happy. I am a slave! a Prisoner Oh a prisoner) right

Elanor. Thank Heaven! Not that.... Oh no, so far I have ~~thank heaven my faith~~ ~~nit tht. But~~ so safe...so shelterd .... At home...always.... Papa and mama....so truly wise...

Oh I know how good they are [illegible]

But so safe. so shelt

Oh what am I saying? I too, among the heathe ...sprwding

Dare I ask you? No--- so young, so fair, so gently nurtured.

Think I implore you, before you asnwer.

On my knees.

Eleanor. I have thought Mr Thorodl. I~~[illegible]~~-

Edgar Then---(he takes a ring from his pocket)

with her last breath give

My mother o~~[illegible]~~d charged me tp p~~[illegible]~~ this

ring only to one to whom a life time in the African desert

among the Heatehns would be---

Eleanor (slipping the ring into her pocket) ~~[illegible]~~ Perfect

asunder

happiness! But hist! Here's Mama! (They start~~[illegible]~~.)

Enter Mrs Hardcastle on a donkey, escorted by by an elderly gentleman in a deerstalkers cap.

Mrs H... So you stole a march on us, young people.

There was a time Sir John when I was always first on top.

(he helps her to alight)

Ar~~[illegible]~~

Children, young men, young ladies, some carrying hampers, others butterfly nets, some with soy glasses, other s with tin botanical cases arrive)

A rug is thrown by the Lake and Mrs hardcastle seats herself o on a camp stool.

Mrs H... Thi~~[illegible]~~.

Now who'll fill the kettles? Who'll gather sticks? Alfed, dont run about chasing butteflies or you'll make yourself sick. Sir John and I will unpack the hampers.

here where we had the picnic last year. where the grass is ~~[illegible]~~ burnt.

(The young people wander off in different directions. Sir John and Mrs H. begin to unpack the hamper) grass is burnt, where we had the picnic last year.

(The young people wander off in different directions.)

Mrs H and Sir John begin to unoack the hamper.

Mrs H.... Last year poor dear Mr Beach was with us. It was a vlessed [illegible] release... [She takes out a black bordered handkervhief and wipes her eyes.) Every year one of us is missing. ...Thats the m ham... Thats the grouse... Those in that packet are game pasties... (She spreads the eatabl s on the grass. As I was saying, poor dear Mr Beach... I do hope the cream hasnt curdled. Mr Hardcastle is bringing the claret... I always leave that to him... Only when Mr Hardcastle gets talking to Mr Pigoot about the rRomans... Last year they ~~had such an argument~~ had quite a difference, but its nice for a man to have an interest, though they do gather the dust, those skulls and things... But I was saying, poor ~~Mr Beach~~ dear Mr Beach... ~~Thats what reminds me of the new clergyman... Yes Sir John~~ I wanted to ask you, (she drops her voice) as a freind of the family, about the new clergyman... They cant hear us can they? No, theyre picking up sticks in the bushes[... [so many are sure to be damp]...last year, such a disappointment, just got the things out...down came the rain... but I wanted to ask you, about the new clergyman, the one whos come in place of poor Mr Beach. I'm told the names Sibthorp. Yes, Sibtjorp. To be sure, I hope I'm right, for I had a cousin who married a girl of that name. and ~~though we dont say it~~ as a f reind of the family, we dont stand on ceremony... Still when one has daughters... I'm sure I quite envy you, with only one daughter, Sir John, and I have four! So I was asking you, as~~xxxx~~ to tell me in confidence, about this young Mr Sibthrop, for I must tell you, the day before yesterday our Mrs Potts ~~who~~

~~bringing the laundry~~ happened to say, as she passed the
bringing our laundry
rectory, they were unpacking the furniture; and what did she see on top of the wardrobe? A tea cosy! But of course she might be mistaken... But it occurred to me, ~~to ask you~~
to ask you Sir John Mr Sibthorp
as a freind of the family, Has ~~Mr Sibthorp a wife~~ "a wife?

Chorus composed of villagers in Victorian manteles side whsikers and top hats:

H~~as he~~ a wife? Oh has Mr Sibrhotp a wife? That is the hornet,

Has Mr Sibthorp a wife? Oh has Mr Sibthorp a wife? That is the hornet, the bee in the bonnet, the screw in the cork and the drill; which whirling and twirling are for ever ubfurling the folds of the motherly heart; for a mother must ask, if daughters she has, begot in the feathery billowy fourposter b~~xxxx~~ family bed, Oh did he unpack, with his m paryer book and cane, his whiskers and bands, his rod and his line, and the family album and gun; did he also display the connubial respectable tea table token a cosy with hineysuckle embossed. Has Mr Sibthorp a wife? Oh has Mr Sibthorp a wife?

While this chorus was sung, the picnickers assembled Corks pooped. Slices of beef ham shicken were passed round. Lips mucnhed. Glasses were drained. Hunks of bre as were sliced.

They did eat" said Mrs LynnJones to Etty Springett.

Thats true. More than was good for the I should say.

Mr Hardcastle (brushing some flakes of meat from his whislerks) Now...

Now what said Mrs Springett. dreading some further travesty of family life in the si ties.

Mr H.... Now that we have gratified the inner man, let us refresh the spirit. I call upon one of the young ladies for a song.

Chours of young ladies. Not me....Oh I really couldnt... No , you cruel thing, you know Ive lost my voice. I cant ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ sing without the piano.

Chorus of young men. Oh bosh.... Lets have, The last rose of summer... Lets have I never loved a dear Gazelle...

Elean~~or, you must sing The last Rose of Summer was sung~~

Oh no--lets have so,ething with a tune to it--D'you ken John Peel? (wearily)

Mrs H. Elanor and Mildred will now sing 'Id be a butterfly. "

Elanor and Mildred ~~sang obeideintly~~ they I'd be a butterfly.

Mrs H. Thank you my dears. Very prtty I'm sure.

with [illegible]

And now gentlmen, if you like, a hunting song. —

Edward and Albert; D'you ken John Peel, with his coat so gay

" Thank [illegible]

Mrs H. And now, Papa...

Mr Hardcaslte: (rising to his feet, holding his fossil)

Let us pray. (They all rise)

Mr H. Almighty God, giver of all fgood things, we thank thee..

[illegible] — [illegible]

(Etty Springeet e claimed audibly Oh this is too much. To make people pray in a play was blaspheny: it

Mr H.... we thank thee for our food and drink; ~~also~~ for the beauties of nature whic thou hast so bountifully displayed — for the delight of our eyes; also we thank thee (he fumbled with his fossil) for the understanding which thou hast given us, so that we see the truth; We thank thee fro the great gift of peace, by which we are enabled to show thy light in foreign parts. Let us make use of these thy benefactions.

O Lord

Grang us to be thy servants on earth. Grant us we pray thee a happy home coming, with bodies refreshed by thy bounty

Lord [illegible] thee wh. [illegible] been given us, to enlighten

Grant us the opprtunity in the days that are coming to go cheerfully about thy work. enuring whatever hardships it

Let us never forget us. Grant us th

may please thee to send ~~cheerfully~~; bearing in mind those who have gone from us. One is absent who last year was with us.

those may be absent who are now present.

Next year ~~same now present may be absent. The old and the young are alike in thy keeping.~~ wives may be widwoed, children

Fr

fatherless. The aged and the innocent are alike in thy hands. But Lord so long as it pleases you to keep us on earth we vow to obey they commandments, confent in thy wisdom which...

Albert the idiot was [Kicked]

The hind quarters of thedonkey here became so active, that the prayer broke off. Intenntional was it? Or an accident? Albert at his fun again? The hind quretrs kicked.

The donkey! Look at the donkey! The entire audience, whether on the stage or or ff cried the same thing. A titter drwoned the last words if ~~indeed they were~~ th last of Mr Hardcastles rayer.

Mr H. in a loud voice. "Amen.

~~Depositing~~ his fossil in

Holding his fossil in front of him, Mr Hardcastle walked off. The young men captured th donkey; and slipped the bridge over his head. The hampers &c w re loaded in the cart; and forming into a procession the actors began slowly to disappear over the hill.

Budge.

It s time gentlemen, time ladies, time to pack up and be [illegible] off. From where I satnd truncheon in hand, qguarding respectbility and prospetity and the purity of Victorias land I see beneath me, (he points) Home sweet home.

(the gramophone took up the strain. Home sweet home---

Budge Home gentlemen, home ladies, its time to packup and go home. I see the fire, burning ever hiher, in kitchen; nursery; drawing room; library. Home weet home. And see! Our Jane has brought the tea! DSo children out with the toys. Mama, your knitting quick. For here-- (he fixed his eye upon the monkey puzzle tree as if it were a door in a Victorian drawing room) comes the bread winner, home frok the city, hom from the counter, home from the shop; Moyher, a cup o tea. Babes, come to my knee. I will read aloud. Sindbad the sailor? Or some simple tale from scripture, and show you the picture? What, neither? Then out then with the bricks. Lets a build a conservatory; or a laborarorty; or some round tower with a flag on top, like that where our widowed Queen , after tea, calls her orphans to her Knee. For its Home ladies, jhome gentlemen, be it never so umble theres no place like Ome.

(Here Budge descdned from his soap box and swaying slightly like a policeman followed thenothers down the hill?)

Oh but it was beautiful " Etty Springett exclaimed.

Elenor, said Mrs Lynn Jones thinking of the girl in the play, hated it. Some did. Some didnt.

I thought it chaep, said Etty viciously. Cheap and nasty. The words were linked together.

The actors werr rolling up the lake. They were carrying away the bulrushes and the pediment on which Budge had taken his stand. Real wallows skimmed over real grass. Mrs Lynn Jones still saw a London street; the curtains glowed red [illegible] the contradicted

"Oh but it was beautiful..." Mrs Lynn Jones murmured. Home, she meant; the lamplit room; the ruby curtains; and Papa reading aloud. They were rolling up the Lake and uprooting the bulrushes. Real swallows were skimming over real grass; they still looked a little unreal odd. She still saw the home.

"It was beautiful" she repeated. referring to the home. "Cheap and nasty I call it" Etty Soringett snapped, refrring to the play. She glanced along the chairs at Dodge; green trsouers; no waistcoat; and a vulgar yellow tie-- that was what she meant.

Mrs Lynn Jones still saw the home. And yet one cant deny, she mused, as the red baize soap box, Budges pediment, was rolled past, that there was something-- impure? No, that wasnt the word. Say unhygineic rather-- like a bit of meat gone sour, with whiskers as the servants called it, in the home. Or why had it perished? Time went on and on like the hands of the kitchen clock. If theyd met with no resistance, nothing wrong, theyd have gone round and round and round. The home would have remained. And Papas beard, she thought, would have grown and grown; and Mama's knitting --what did she do with all her knitting? Chnage had to come she said to herself, or thered have been yards and yards of Papas beard, of Mamas knitting. And nowadays her son in law was clean shaven. Her daughter had a refrigerator...Dear, how my mind wanders, she checked herself. What she mant was,

--only Etty was talking over her shoulder to Mrs Parker about the idiot--change must come, unless things are perfect; in which case, she supposed, they resisted time. Heaven was changeless.

Mrs Parker and Etty were quite of the same mind; It had been a pity--a very great pity.

"Were they like that?" Isa asked, looking at Aunt Lucy as if she had been a dinorsaur, or a very diminutive mammoth, . Extinct she must be, since she had lived in the age of Queen Victoria.

"The Victorians" Lucy mused. "' dont believe" she looked up with her uci k little smile, " that there ever were such people. Only you and me and William" she caressed the name affectionately " dressed differently."

2Then you dont believe in history, Mrs Swithin?" said William.

She aaressed her cross; she did not answr. She was off, they guessed, on a circular tour of the imagination; one-making. Sheep, grass, flowers ourselves, all are one. If discordant, producing harmony; if not to us, to a gigantic ear attached to a gigantic head; so--she was smiling sweetly-the anguish of this particualr sheep, flower, man was necessary; and so--she beamed seraphically--we-we reach the conclusion that all is harmony--could we hear it.

shall
As we sahll....Her eyes were fixed on the white summit of a cloud Well, if the thought gave her comfort, William and Isa smiled at each other, let her think it.

[illegible]

The

And after all she

done... Whats the maning of~~xHamlet~~?" she demanded suddenly.
And whats come to think of it"
Whats the meaning, by the way, o~~fmmsfxmxx~~ she demanded sudde~~x~~

of ~~xaxhamlet~~xx Shakespeare?"

" Shakespeare and the musical glasses " ~~said~~ Mrs manresa, [illegible]
She needed reinforcment.
appealing to Giles to aid her in keeping alight the

~~jolly human heart.~~

Bad manners

Giles muttered "Tosh" He was on his side!

What a barbarian they make me feel!" Mirs Manresa

lau ge,d displaying her ringed hands. Darts of green and red

light sparked .
He was on her side, He despised his Aunt: (only he did boast [illegible] a very old Aunt... the lights)
~~[illegible]~~any rate in despsing the old lady.

And William. But not Isa. No , not Isa. He looked at Isa.

Isa he thought, wont look at me. Bu~~[illegible]~~. And he

looked down at his blood stained tennis shoes.

'in damned his look
"I am unhappy" he ~~mant.~~ said.

So am I thought Dodgge.

And I too Isa was thinking. Little donkey, budrned with

possessions....crossing the sdesert---with heels cracked,

and sores o my shoulders... She gazed at the view; ~~thnking~~ [illegible]

of a long white road; and herself budned with possessions.

noted, as usual - they were (suspended - her lips, moving.
Dodge saw her lips move. Alawys some eye crawled over the

surface like a winter blue bottle. She roused herself.

"Theyre taking a ~~very~~ long time" she said though

only a two or three imniutes had passed since the

Victorian had left the stage.

Anthem "Interval" Dodge read out looking at the prgramme.

Then
"~~And~~ what ~~comes next~~? said Lucy.

after lunch - Rest time - [illegible]

"Present time. Ourselves " he read

~~The thats the end.?~~

[The legacy]

He felt it was her legacy to him. He wanted nothing else —

he could hear her say "After I'm dead pmxhapx---perhaps." But he had always taken it for granted that she would outlive him. If only she had stopped one moment, and looked to the right she would be alive now. But she had stepped straight off the pavement, the driver of the car had said at the inquest. He had had no chance to pull up... Then The sound of voices in the hall interrupted him.

"Miss Miller, Sir" said the maid.

She came in. He had never seen her alone in his life, nor, of course , in tears. She was terribly distressed and nowonder. Angela had been much more to her than an employer. She had been a freind. To him, he t ought as he lpushed a chair for her and asked her to sit down, she was scarcely distingsuishable from ~~for~~ any other woman of her vlass. There were thousands of Sissy Millers! little wom en in black carrying attaché cases. But Angela ~~he remembered~~ with her genius for sympathy haf disocvered all sorts of qualities in Sissy Miller. She was the soul of disctretion; abosluteoy xxxx trustworthy; one could tell her anything and so on.

She could not speak atfirst. She sat there dabbing her eyes with her pocket handkerchief. Then she made an effort.

"Pardon me , Mr Clandon " she said.

He murmured. Of course he understood. He It was only natural ~~liked her for~~ her emotion. He shared it. ~~Angela had meant life, wealth, [illegible]~~ He cd guess what his wife had been to her.

"I've been so happy here" she said, looking round. Her eyes rested on the writing table behind him. It was here they had worked- she and Angela. For Angela had her share of the duties that fall to the lot of the ife of a prominent

"Oh but it was b autiful..." Mrs Lyn Jones mumured.

Home, she mant; the large maplit room; the ruby curtains; and papa reading aloud. They were rolling pp the Lake and uprooting the bulrushes. Real swallows were skimming over real grass. ~~All the same,~~ She still saw the home,

"~~laugh at it as they like" she~~ "beautiful -It was " she asserted, laugh at it as they like."

"If you ask me" Etty wishpered, I call it cheap and nasty...~~The donkey~~..."

As it happened, Dodge confirmed it.

She confirmed ~~corroborated~~ her words by glancing at Dodge; Green trsouers; no wiastocat; and a vulgar yellow tie.—

T/at was ~~exactl~~y what she meant.

Mrs Lyn n Jones still saw the home; and yet, one cant deny, she mused, as the ~~xxxxxx~~ draped soap box, Budge pedimen was rolled ~~bor~~ne past, that there was something--impure? no, that was not the word she wanted; ~~unhygenicx~~ unhygenic ? ~~rathxxxx~~ rather; more than: ~~in her memory;~~ like a bit of meat gone sour, with whiskers as the sercants said; in the home. Or why had it persihed? Time went on and on like the hands of the kitchen clock. If theyd met with no resistance, nothing wrong, they would have gone round round and round. The home would have remained. And Papas beard she thought would have grown and grown; and Mamas knitting--what did she do with all the knitting she did? Change had to come, she said to herself, or thered have been yards and yards of Papas beard, of Mamas knitting. Nowadays Her son in law was clean shaven; and her daughter had a refrigersatory' Dear, how my mind wanders,' she checked herself. What she meant was,

[The legacy]

But

objection. He hd no notion that she had taken it so seriously ~~So ev~~ Every Wednesday at first she went to Whitechapel. He remembered how he hated the clothes she wore on those occasions. ~~Still~~, ~~if it amused~~ her... He turned th pages. She had become ~~took it~~ very much ~~attached to~~ seruously it semmed. There were a lot of entries that must refer to that. her work there for "Saw Mrs Jones... She has ten children.... Husband lost his arm in an accident..." Did my best to find a job for Lily..." He skopped on. His own name occurred less fetquently. His interest slackened. The enrries often conveyednothing to him. For example, "Had a heated argument about Socialslim with B. M." Who was B. M.? For the moment he could not fill in the initials. "B. M. made a ~~wonderful~~ violent attack ~~zspeech at the meeting in~~ upon the so called ~~attacking the ruling~~ classes..." So B .M. was one of those ~~He had heard so many of those wonderful speeches attacking the ruling classes. He could~~

So that was B. M. .' A ~~working class orator~~, ~~evidently~~; ~~yes, he could imagine him~~--- fir ng off his crude rubbish [illegible] and impressing poor little Angela --"Yes.

A ~~so called working~~ man.

firing off ~~cri e~~ theories; ~~probably had never done~~ "He lent me books". — Damn his impudence — ~~a honest days work in his life~~ which poor dear Angela took seriously. She had even invited him to come and see her.

"B. M. came to ~~see~~ [illegible] me... He shook hands with Minnie!"

Mi mie was the parlourmaid. Here was B.M. again.

[illegible]

" Went with B. M. to the Tower of London... He said revolution is bound to come...He said we live in a Fools Paradise...He ~~is lending me books~~..."

Gilbert Clandon cou d almost see B. M. --- ~~one of those men working~~ in rough tweeds and a red tie--Perhaps he had a little stubbly beard. Ceryianly he had

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only Etty was chatting to Mrs Parker, about the i ot--
what she meant was, Chnage must come, unless things were
perfect; in which case, she supposed, they resisted time.
Heaven was changeless.

Mrs Parker and Etty were quite of the same mind: the donkey
It had been a pity...
had been a very great pity. wh ther an accident, or
intentional--a very great pity indeed.
intended.

"Were they like that?" said Isa, looking at Aunt Lucy
as if she had been a dinosuar, or a very diminutive mammoth.
Extinct she must be, since she had lived in the age of Queen
Victoria.

"The Victprians?" ~~said~~ Aunt Lucy. mused "I dont believe, to tell
you the truth, that there ever were such people. Only you and
me and William " she acressed the word affection ~~as a sign~~ that she
admitted him to her freindship, "dressed differently."

Then you don't

"~~Mrs~~ Sw within doesnt believe in history" said William. Mrs Swithin

Caressing her Cross, she did not only smile

caressed
She ~~waxxcaxxxxxxxxxx~~r cross. She was off on a circular
tour of the imagination, one-making. Sheep, grass, flw
flowers, ourselves, they ~~interpreted her~~ gesture, all are
one--one soul; ~~all~~ [illegible] discords producing harmony; if not to us,
~~here and~~ now, then to a giganctic ear attached to a gigantic
head. Therefore, she argued, looked seraphic the agony of this sheep,
this flower, this man, was necssary; And so, she was smiling
serahically, we arruve at the consoling reflection that
~~xxxx~~ all is harmony-- could we hear it. ~~And we shall.~~ She clasped her hands.
xmxhxmxmmx

Well, if the thought gave her any comfort---William and Isa
smiled at each other.

Now the tour finished she had alighted on another spot
"I dont quite grasp her meaning--Miss La trobes I mean;
~~but we must wait till the end~~. Dont ~~lets crab it till its~~

[A haunted house. The legacy]

1

"For Sissy Miller". Gilbert Clandon , taking up the pearl brooch that lay among a litter of rings and brooches on a little table in his wife's drawing room read the inscription on the label. "For Sissy Miller, with my love."

[illegible]

It was like Angela to remember to leave some little last gift [illegible] to her secretary. Yet how strange it was, he thought once more, that she had left everything in order--- a little gift for every one of her freinds. It was as if she had foreseen her death. Yet she had been in perfect health when she left the house that morning; when she stepped off the kerb in Picaadilly and the car had killed her....

after all the years she had been with her

He was waiting for Sissy Miller. He had asked her to come--he owed her he felt this token of ~~hix~~ consideration. Yes, it was strange , he mused, that Angela had

in order   friends had been left

left everything ready; each one of her possessions was

to [illegible]

ticketed with the name of some freind. Every ring, every necklace, every little Chinese box-- she had a passion for small boxes-- had some memory for him. This he had given her; this--the enal dolphin with the ruby eyes-- she had discovere one day in a back street in Venice. But the most precious of all her posessions, to him, was her diary. Fifteen little volumes, each with a date on it, stood behind him on her writing table. Ever since they were married she had kept a diary. Some of their few--he could not call them quarrels, say tiffs--- had been about that diary. When he came in, she always shut it, or put her hand over it. "No, no, no"

2 [illegible]

The circular tour finished, she alighted elswhere.

"I dont quite grasp her meaning--Miss La Trobes...

But you might say the same of Shakespeare."

"Oh Shakespeare and the musica;l glasses!" Mrs Manresa Gravid

comically

intervened. She turned to Giles to help her to keep

alight the jolly human heart

"What a barbarian they make me feel!"

"Tosh" Giles muttered.

Darts of green and red light flashed from the rings on her

Curve strong fat hands. He was on her side. She caught his

quick contemputous glance at Aunt Lucy. At William Dodge.

But no, not at Isa. Isa refused to look at him. And he looked

down at his blood stained tennis shoes.

His look said (anyhow to his father)

"I'm damnably unhappy."

So am I thought Didge.

I too, Isa was thinking. Little donkey, burdned with ~~possessi~~

possessions, ...crossing the desert... ~~alone~~.. She gazed at

the view; at the long white road; that crossed the view

Dodge --were they not conspirators?-- noted her lips move.

crawling

Always some cold eye ~~crwaled~~ over the surface, like a

winter blue bottle! She flicked him off.

"What a time they take!" she said; though in fact

they had scarcely cleared the stage yet.

"Another interval" Dodge read out, looking at the programme.

"Then what?" said Lucy.

"Present time; Ourselves " he read.

Loud ?

"Lets hope thats the end" said Giles braking in gruffly.

Between the act. Later typescript.

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Two drafts of p. 158

11 p.

"Now your being naughty" Mrs Manresa reproved her little boy who was getting the fidgets. Ml

Barth

"There'll be a collection, I take it" said old Bartholomew.

"What for?" Mrs Manresa enquired.

"The profits are to go towards the fund for installing electric light in the Church" Isa read out.

"You didnt expect" said old Baryholomew turning to Mrs Manresa " to escape scot free? All village festivals end with a collection."

he

All motives, are mixed. Especially in England.

Had it been so--say in the middle ages? The monks-- were they disnitereetd? Dou~~[illegible]~~. He doubted it. Ourselves. The rise of the professional class. And so on. Aloud he said:

He would have said, but was it worth it?-- The English, wherever you find them, ~~xxx~~ are always ~~[illegible]~~ [illegible]; say one thing; mean another. Vilagres, gentry, clergy, all the same.

alm

"Nothings ever done for nothing" Giles confirmed him.

"We are not" said Bartholomew " reflecting that he had not paid his sbusbcripon to the crciket cluh; they had asked him , by way of gilt on the gingerbread, to be President-- " a disinterested race."

Mr B Mrs Man !

"You dont know my husband!" said the wild child.

~~Sgx~~ Admirable woman! You co d trust her, like an alarm clock, to crow when the hour struck--to take the right attitude; to stop like an old bus horse when the bell rang.

Dan

All their nerves were on dge½ They sat exposed. There was no music. The horns of cars on the high road were heard.

And the swish of trees. Why not stretch ones legs?
Or was it better to sit still?
Wasnt it bett t to sit still? How long was she going to keep them waiting?

"The present time. Ourselves." They read this on the programme. And then what came next: "The profits are to go to a fund for installing electric light in the Church". Where was the Church? Over there. You could see the spire among the trees.

"Ourselves..." They returned to the prgramme. What could she know about ourselves? The Elizabethans , yes; the Victorians, yes. But ourslves, sitting here on a June day in 1939--- it was ridiculous. "Myself"---It was impossible. Other people perhaps... There was Cobbett of Cobbs Corner-- he was a type if you like. Also the Major. And Mrs S within. And old Bond-- he was a perfect character piece--old English peasant...

Not the roaring flame ? Mrs.

But she wont get me...no, not me... Not me. They figetted in the front row. Sounds of laughter came from the bushes. But nothing what ever appeared on the stage...

What was she keeping then waiting for?

"They wont need to dress up if its present time" Major Mayhew said to his wife. No--unless of course she was going to end with a Grand Ensemble. Army. Navy. Union Jack Royal Family; abd behind them perhaps --Mrs Mayhew skecthed what she would have written had it been her pageant-- in ~~grey~~ carborad-- how much would it cost?--the Church. One window, looking East, brilliantly illumintaed, to symbolise --she could wo k that out when the time came. T

There was Miss La Trobe, hidden behind the tree. Why didnt she give the signal?

Miss La Trobe stood with her ~~handke~~ Script chief in her hand. She felt everything that they felt. Curse them. she muttered. Oh to write a play without an audience! The play.... Audiences ~~mmmntxx~~ were the very devil---devout, ribald, shallow; ~~[illegible]~~ spellbound shocked, bored, educated, illiterate...

and she was their toy... She They had lost touch. She had lost She had me nt-- so far as one could 'mean' with all expenses musnt Cut to the bone exceed ten pound at most, to give 'em a cleaning douche (after Vic,) of present time. "Say five mins." was her note on the margn of herscript. "Here, she had written, ~~try~~ her experiment: Swallows, cows, Come in to bring em back to the surface.. But swallows cows had been too strong. Mem: (she wrote notes in her minds margin as she stood there) Swallows cows : Why? too strong.. Wh the y, Wrong sort of reality? ... " The fact stared her in the face. The audience had slipped the noose. There was nothing to recall them. She had forbidden mucis. It was going wrong--her experiment with reality. Oh if only shed for a back cloth to hang between the trees... To cut out th the view... It was distracting them..

Curtain of [illegible] [illegible].

Grating her fingers in the bark, she damned the audience. Panic seized her. Blood seemed to pour out of her veins. Nerves Is this death? she noted. When illusion fails? And so, had not strength even to lift her hand, with the Her handkerchief, to give the signal.

And then the shower fell.; sudden profuse.

Noo one had seen the cloud coming. There it was, black, on top of them. Down it poured like all the people in the world weeping. Tears, tears, tears. (Oh that our human pain could here have ending! Isa muttered. Looking up she received two great blots of rain full in her face. They tricked down her cheeks as if they were her own tears. But they were ~~xxe~~ all poples tears, weeping for all people. Hands were raised. Here and there a parasol opened. The rain was sudden and universal. Then it stopped. From the grass rhere rose a fresh eartht smell.)

Thats done it, said Miss La Trobe, wiping away the drops on her cheeks. Nature once more had taken her part. The risk she had run, acting in the open air, was justified. She brandished her script. The Music began. AB C ABC ABC. The tune was as simply as could be. But now that the shower had fallen, it was the ither voice speaking, the voice that was no ones voice. for all people weeping [illegible] The voice that had wept for human pain unending said:

The King is in his counting house
Counting out his money
The Queen is in her parlour....

Oh that my life could here have ending, Isa murmured (taking care not to move her lips) Readily would she endow this simple tune with all her treasure if so be tears could be ended. The little twsit of sound could waft away the whole of her. The rain soaked earyh was the altar upon which she laid her sacrifce...

"Oh look! she cried aloud.

That was a ladder. And that (a cloth roughly painted)

[illegible]
was a wall. And that was a man with a hod on his back.

With "the very limited means at her disposal" as the local

— [illegible], pencil in hand, [illegible];
reporter put it, Miss La trobe conveyed to the audience

civilisation (the wall) in ruins; rebuilt(witness the man

effort
with the hod) by human nature; witness the woman handing

[illegible]
bricks. Any fool could take the meaning. [illegible]

That was what they were at, in the centre of the stage. [illegible]

[illegible] Black man in fuzzy wig; coffee coloured in silver turban;

races
they were the natives helping.

to ourselves
A round of applause greeted this flattering tribute. Crude 6

of course. She had to keep expenses down. A painted cloth

had to suggest--what the Times and the Daily Telegraoh

they
had both said in their leaders that morning. [illegible]

The King id in his counting house

Counting out his money,

The Queen iis in her parlour

eaating...

[illegible]
The tuen stopped. The tune changed. A waltz was it?

Something half known, half unknown. The swallows danced it.

Round and round in and out they skimmed. Real swallows.

Reatreating and advacning. And the trees, oh the trees,

how graavely and sedately, like senators in counsel, or the

spaced pillars of some ~~severe~~ cathedral ~~church~~, ...Yes they

barred the music, and massed and hoarded; and prevented

[illegible] or
what was fluid from overflowing. ~~Oh~~ the swallows! Martins

were they? The temple haunting martin? who come, have always

come...Yes, perched on the wall they seemd to foretell

what
how ~~once more~~ after all, ~~as~~ the Times was saying yesterday,

home

what the Times was saying yesterday, hom-s will be built.
Each flat with its refrigerator. in the crannied wall.
plates ed ch
Ecah of us a free man; washing up done by machinery;
not an aeroplane to vex us; liberated; made whole...
The tune changed. Snapped. Broke Jagged. Fox trot was it?
Jazz? Anyhow the rhym broke. kic ked , reared. snapped shprt.
What a jangle and a gjingle! Well with the means at her
disposal, you cant ask too much. What a cackle! a cacophony!
Nothing ended. So abrupt And So corrupt. Such an outrage;
su ch an insult..And not ppian... Very up to date, all the
same. What is her game? To disrupt? Jog and trot? Jerk and
smirk? Put the finger to the nose. Squint and pry.
Perk zand spy? Oh the irreverence of the ngeneration
which is only mometralily thanks be, ~~in the news.~~ 'the young'
of the young--who cant make, but only break; shiver into
splinters the old vision; leave broken what was whole. ~~The~~
~~armony~~. What a cackle, what a rattle what a yaffle--
so they call the wood pecker, the laughing bird wh flits
from tree to tree.
-look!-
Out they skipped from the bushes. The riff raff...
Children? Imps--elves. Holding what? Tin cans? Bed room
candlesticks? Old jars? My dear, thats the cheval glass
from the rectory! And the mirror--that I lent her.
My mothers. Cracked. Whats the notion? Anything thats bright
enough to reflect , presumably, ourslve s?
Ourselves--ourslves.
flash
Dazzling beams of light should here dart in the yeyes of
the aude ince. (to quote the scrpt) The wall &c to quote a

again) should be almost hidden . By The dance of the looking glasses wh. should reveal... ~~portions of the audience. Then stop~~.... Then

Now Bart was lit up. Now Manresa. Here a nose. There a s skirt. Then trousers only. Now perhaps a face.

Ourselves? But thats cruel. To snap us before weve had time to assume an a becoming expression... And only in parts...Thats whats so distorting and upsetting. and utterly unfair. Mopping , mowing, whisking , frisking, the looking glasses ~~danced.~~ Darted; f;ashed; exposed; li~~t up~~... People in the backr rows stood up to see ~~the fun~~. Down they sat, caught themselves... What an awful show up! Even t~~haxxmanymaidxx~~ for the old, who, you might think, had nt any longer any care ~~for~~ what they looked like.

[illegible]

And the jangle and the din. The very cows joined in. Mooing Walloping and bellowing, tail lashing, the reticence of nature was broken violated; and the barriers which should divide Man the human from the beast the brute [illegible] were dissolved. Then the dogs joined in. Excited by the uproar, scurrying and worrying

Look at the cows! Oh look at the dogs! Damn!

the very cirs--and the ~~Aghna hound barked~~; bit;

How they prance, prick— Oh Lord

curs barked and bit. And the hound--the Aghna hound--look at him!

Then once more, in the uproar, which by this time had passed beyond control, Miss Whatshername(the re 3/5porter was forced to dash dn in shorthand almost indeciperh able whatever he could m~~akxx~~ sense he could make of it all) summoned from the bushes--or was it they who broke away---? Queen Bess; Queen Ann; and the girl in the Mall. The Age of reason in her drapery. And Budge the Policeman. Here they

they came. And the pilgrims, And the lovers. And the grand father clock. And the old boy with the beard...They all appeared. Whats more, each declaimed some fragment scrap of their parts... I am not, ~~he said~~, in my perfect mind.. Reason am I, the sovereign to whom all nations bow... And I?I'm the old top hat... Home is the sailor, home is the hunter, home from the hill... Home? Where ~~the whe~~re the miner swet sweats, and maiden faith is rudely strumpeted... Sweet and low, sweet and low, wind of the western sea... Is that a dagger that I see before me?... The owl hoots and the ivy mocks taps, tap tap tapping on the pane... Lady I love till I die, leave thy chamber and come... Where th worm weaves its winding sheet... I'd be a butterfly, a butterfly, ~~a butterfly~~ In thy will is our peace... ~~Lixxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxig~~ ~~xxxxxxxxxxPap~~ Papa will read aloud... The chime of evening bells.... [illegible]

Some phrase or fragment

[illegible]

~~Here the cheval glass, loaned by The Rev. G. W. Streafield who, as a bachelor had no use for it, --and only th ose who have tried to dance on bare grass for ten minutes carrying a cheval glass know what a damned heavy object it is-- (so Hal Bontrop said afterwards) came to a standstill. All the other looking glasses simultaneously ~~followed~~ suit. The audia saw themselves --well not whole but at any rate--wnad that was some comfort--stationary.~~

~~"Ourselvez" So that was her little game.~~

~~Mrs manresa with a courage that made her the envy and admira tion of all present, the represetnative of all thats best and most enduring in bourgeois society-- had out her pocket mirry~~ powedered her nose, applied her lipstick; set her

Npw Papa, take your book. Read aloud...

It was the cheval glass, laoned by the Rev. G. W. Streafield who as a bachelor had no use for it, that proved too heavy. Young Bonthrop, for all his muscle, simply couldnt lug the damned thing about any longer. He stopped. So did they all--hand glasses, tin cans, scraps of

g~~lass~~ , scullery glass, harness room glass used by maids and chauffeurs w~~hen they wanted~~ to look posh--all stopped. And the auience saw themselves , not whole by any means, but at ~~any rat~~e stationary.

[illegible]

"Ourselves" So that was her little game. To show 'em up. All shifted, preened, minc~~h~~ed, even old Bartholomew; and Lucy; and Isa--How detestable to look like that! to be looked at like that! All with the solitary and splendid exception of Mrs manresa who, facing the cheval glass, used it simply as a glass; had out herpocket mirror, powdered her nose, reddened her lips, and moved one curl, disturbed bt the breeze, to its proper place. & more [illegible]

"magnificent!" cried old Bartholomew, slapping her heartily on the knee--so to assert the triumph of manners over the dissipation and deliquecesence of the the moment; and

her identity

preserve, unashamed, w~~hat she was~~; herself.

[illegible]

Ha hah hah! she laughed, slapping him too.

The mirror bearers sqautted; malicious; observant; expectant; expositroy.

"Thats them.." the back rows were tittering.

Must we submit passively to his maligant indiginity? the fro front row demanded. Each turned ostensibly to say--oh any hat straight; and took advantage of the opprtuinity ofeered to ake up.

"Admirab e woman!" old Bartholmew cried, slapping her on the knee. She alone preserved in the disspiatio and dieliquenscea of the present moment, her idenity; She alone had the courage to defy the looking glass--by making use of it.

The cows remused their proper business. The dogs stopped, paws in air.

"Heel Su tan...heel..."

He recalled the champion A hna hound.

The mirror bearers sqautted malicious, prying, expository.

Thats them... the back row were tittering. The fron row had no intention of sitting e~~xpose~~d Exposed passively in front of cehval glasses, hand cglasses, and little scraps of glass such as grooms use in harness rooms. No. Some shifted their chairs. Each turned ostensibly to talk to his neighbour; each tried to move an inch or two beyond the insulting eye. The paly was over? It was high time to make a move. Some rose. But before they had made up their minds, the megaphone asserted itdelf. Whose voice it was no one knew; but a voice from behind a bush said:

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whatever came handy-- to his neigbour. Each tried to shift and inch or two byond the inquistive the insulting eye.

Some half rose.

Lifting up his panama -

"The plays over, I take i" said Major Mayhew. Its time..."

But before they had come to any common clonclusion, a voice asserted itself. Wose voice it was no one knew. It came from

Anonymous then

the bushes--a megaphontic, loud speaking voice. It said:

" They sat down again -

" efore we part, ladies and gentlemen...before we go...
b
lets talk in words of one syllable, without larding, stuffing or cant. Lets break the rhythm and forget the rhyme.

and calnly consider Ourselves. Ourselves. Some bony; some fat. (the glasses confrimed this) Liars most of us; theives

made no comment on that

too. (The looking glasses simply went on refl cting).

The poor are as bad as the rich are. ~~Perhaps~~ worse. Dont

only

hide among rags. Or let the cloth protect us. Or for that
for the matter of that
matter learning. Book reading, or the skiful practise on pianos; or laying on of paint. Or presume theres innonceny
sheep
in childhood. Consider the dogs... Or faith in love.

The dogs, remember... Or virtue in those who have grown white hairs. Consider the gun slayers, bomb droppers---

slyly

here or there--- They do openly what we do covertly. Take for example (here the megahone adopted a reasonable ~~as it~~ were conversational tone) Mr M's bungalow. A view spoilt for ever. Ru h, destruction... Or Mrs E's lipstick; and her blood red nails... A tyrant , remembers 's half a slave...

Item, the vanity of Mr H. the writer, scarping in the in the ~~dirty~~ dunghill for ~~his~~ sixpenny fame. Or again, theres

Between the acts. Later typescript.

Pp. 160 - 169

15p.

P. 164 in two drafts
P. 165 in two drafts
P 167, 168, 169 in two drafts

On verso of p 164: [The moment. Ellen Terry.] . p. [1]
On verso of p 168: [The moment. Ellen Terry] p. 2

theres the amiable condescenscion of the lady of the manor--- the upper class, manner. And buying shares in the market to sell 'em... Oh we(re all the same. Take myself now... Do I escape my own reprobation, simulating indignation, in the bush?
among the leaves? Thaters a rhyme! to suggest, in spite of protestation, I ve had some education... Look at ourselves ladies and gentlemen! Then at the wall; and ask, hows this damned wall, our wall, the great wall, which we call, perhaps miscall, civilisation: to be built by (here the mirrors flicked and flashed) Orts scraps and fragments, like ourselves?

All the same, here I change (by way of the rhyhm mark,) to a loftier strain. --theres something to be said : for our kindess to the cat; note too in todays paper "Dearly loved by his wife"; and the impulse whichleads us--mark you when no ones looking-- to the window at midnight to smell the bean. Or the resilute refusal of some scrub in sandals-- some pimpled, dirty, little wrat man in spectacles--to sell his soul. There is such a thing--you cant deny it--- What? you cant descry it? All you can see is craps orts and fragments? Well then listen to the grmophone affriming....

A slight hitch occurred. The records had been mixed. Fox trot, Sweet lavender, Jazz, Home Sweet Home, Rule Brittannia---sweting profusely Jimmy who had charge of the music, threw them aisde and fitted the right one--- was it Bach, Handel, Beethoven, Mozart, or Who nodboy famous? It was somebody speaking plain sense in a natural tone of voive after that infernal megaphone.

Like quicksilver sliding, filings magnetised; the dis tracted united. The tune began first--- the first note meant a secobd; the second a third. Then down beneath a force was born in oppositi o n; then another. On different levels they diverged. On fifferent levels ourselves webt forward; flower gathering some on the surface o~~f the tune~~; others descneding to wrestle with the meaning w~~g~~ere the forces wrestled; but all compreh nding; th~~at all~~ were enlisted, in wh~~at was going on~~. ~~From the unprotected, the unskinned~~, The whole population of the mind's our immeasuable profunsity came flocking, from the unrpotected, the unskinned; and dawn rose; and azure; and and from chaos and cacohpnahy measure; Ah, but not the melody melodious collicison of surface tune sound only controlled it; but also the warring battle plumed warriroes straing ausnder; To part?- No. Compelledf from the ends of the horizon; recalled from the edge of appaling crevasees; they crashed; solved; united. And some relaxed their fingers; others uncrossed their legs.

"Was That way ~~that~~ voice ourselves?"

But we are there - that the [illegible]

Scraps orts and fragments--- are we. also, that?

Then the ~~[illegible]~~ echo

The ~~[illegible]~~ voice died away.

As waves withdrawing uncover; as mist uplifting reveals; so, raising their eyes (Mrs Manresas were wet; for an instant tears ravaged her powder) they saw, as waters withdrawing leave visible a tramps old boot, a man in a clergymans collar ~~had~~ surreptiously mounted by G. ~~the~~ soap box.

"The Rev. G. W. Streatfield then spoke..." the reporter noted.

What an intolerable constriction and contraction and reductio to simplified abisurdity he was to be sure! A candlestick snuffer! Of all incongruous sights a cleryman in the livery of his servitude to the summing up was the most grotesque.

Oh words [illegible] sparrows [illegible]

Shut his mouth · defilers.

entire. He spoke. Words the deliers. Words the imure! What need have we of words that remind us IM thomas I'm jane?

As if a rook had hopped unseen to a promnent bald branch he touched his collar and hemmed his preliminary croak. One fact mitigated the horror; his forefinger, raised in the customary manner, was stained with tobacco juice. he wasnt such a bad fellow, the Re . G. W. Streafield; a piece of traditional church furniture; a corner cupboard; or the top beam of a gate, fashioned by generations of villag carpenters after some lost-in-the-mists of antiquity model.

He looked at the audience; then looked at tye sky. ~~Then~~ whole lot of them, gentles and simples, felt embarrassed, for him, for themselves. There he stood, their representative, spokesman; their symbol; a butt, a clod, laughed at by lookig glasses, ignored by the cows, condmned by the clouds which continued their majestic rearrangement of the celestail landscape ~~behind his head~~; an irrelevant forked stake in the [illegible] & flow & ~~flow and~~ majest y of a summer-silent world.

[illegible]

His first words--the breeze had risen, the leaves were rustling--were lost. Then he was heard saying: "What...." To that word he added another "message"; and then at last a whole senetnce emerged; became not comprehensible, say rather audible, "What message [illegible] did the play convey?"

They folded their hands in the traditional manner, as if they were seated at church.

"Ive been asking myself" words repeated continued, "waht meaning the play, or pagenat, was meant to convey..."

Well, if he didnt know, calling himself also Reverend . M. A... who did?

"As one of the audience" he continued, (words now put on meaning) "I will offer, very humbly--I am by no means a critic " he touched the white gate that enclosed his neck with his yellow finger " my interpretation. No, that is too bold a - word. The gifted lady," he looked round. La trobe was invisible xmhxmx he thought he guessed was nowhere to be seen "Fax Well Let me confess, I ~~too~~ was puzzled. For what reason were we shown ~~some~~ these scenes from English history? Breifly it is true... The means at our But disposal this afternoon have been limited... We have been shown different groups es... We have seen the effort perpetually renewed. A fewxxxxxxxs have been chosen. the others The many have passed , like pilgrims, in the background. We were shown that, surely that was shown us. But then again, were we not shown--am I too presumptuous--am I treading, like angels, where as a fool I should absent myself?--- it was indicated to me at least that we are memebers of one another. Each is part of the whole. Yes, that occurred to me, sitting among you in the audience.... Did I not perceive Mr Hardcastle here (he pointed) at one time a Viking? And in Lady Harridan--excuse me if I get the names wrong--- a Canterbury pilgrim? We act different parts; let me continue: we are renewed. perhaps to myself one whole in one we are [illegible] I have neither time nor skill to go further into that...

Then again, as the play or pageant proceeded, my attention was distracted. Perhaps that too was part of the producers interpreters meaning? I thought I perceived that nature takes her part. Dare we, I asked myself, limit life to ourselves? May we not hold that there is a spirit that isnpires, pervades... (The swallows were swwsoping round him. They seemed cognisant of his meaning. Then they swept out of sight.) But that Agn I must leave to oyu. I am not here to expain. That role has not been given me. I speak now as one of the audience; one of ourselves. I caug myself too reflected, as it happened in my own mirror...(Laughter) Scraps orts and fragments! Surely we should Could unite? had we better? we should have faith? we to unite?

But ('but' marked a new paragrpa gh) I speak also in another capacity. As Treasurer. I nw hich capacity (he consulted a sheet of paper) I am glad to annoubce that a sum of thirty six pounds ten shillings and eightepence has been contributed by this afternoons entertainemnt towards the illumination of our dear old Church."

(A ppaluse the reporter noted.)

Mr Streafield paused. He listned. Did he hear some distant music?

He continued. "But there is still a deficit--(~~he again consulted his paper~~) of one hundred and seventy five pounds odd. So thar each one of us who has enjoyed the pageant had still an opp...." He broke off. The word was cut in two. A zoom drowned the Twelve aeroplanes in perfect formation like a flight of wild duck came over head. That was the music. The zoom the all clear drowned his words. Then the zoom became drone. They hzhad passed.

"

Then again, as the play or the pageant proceeded---my attentin wandered. Perhaps that too was part of the poducers means? inten tion? I thought I perceived that nature takes her part. Dare we, I asked myself, limit life to ourselves? May we not hold that there is a spirit ~~that animates,~~ sustains, pervades...." the swallows were swooping round him. They seemd cognisant of his meaning. Then they swept out of sight.) ~~But~~ that I leave to you. I am not here to explain. No, That role had not been given me. I speak now as one of the audience; one of oursleves. I caught myself, ~~in~~xx too refelctedi~~nxmyxownxmirror.xxxBut"~~xxx as it happned in my own mirror..." (Laughs) Scraps orts & fragments... must we not unite?

But (but marked a new paragraph plainly) ~~But~~ I speak
As Rector.
also in another capacity. As treasuerer. In which capacity (
I am glad to announce
(~~here~~ he consulted a scrap of paper) that a sum of thirty six pounds six xhillings and eight pency half penny has been contributed by this afternoons entetrianemnet towards th illumination of our dear old Church."

(Applause)the reporter noted.

Mr Straefild wa~~ited~~. He lsuetened. Did he hear some distant voice?
drone?
sound?

~~The~~ he continued. "But there is still a deficit---
~~h a defi~~xit" he again consulted his paper " of one hundred and seventy five pounds odd. So that each one of us, whoe~~ver~~ has enjoyed the pageant today, has still an opp...." The word was cut in two. The drone had become a zoom. Ten aeroplanes in perfect fomration like a flight of wild duck came over head. That was the music.

Ellen Terry.

NYPL

The stage collpased like a house of cards. The sun rose
and all the lectric lights went out. Neither of those
senetnces in the least expresses what happened when Ellen
Terry ppared as Lady Ciceley in Captain Brassbounds Conversin
She was very large her voice, was rich and strange; and now and
again she stopped in the middle of a senetnce, stared rather
hard at the back of a settee, and then went on ~~again~~. I was so
Obviously she had gortten her part. But since she was complete
and entirely Ladu Cicely, it did not matter whether she spoke
She was Lady Cicely, whether she spoke, or
or not; she went on living, ven if she merely stood and
in silence.

when Ellen Terry forgot her part
But this lapse of memory was not, as people said,
a sign that the great actress had passed her prime;
It was a sign that a hitch had occurred in the extremely
elborate and complex machine, ~~created by her genius~~ and her
traning. Some foreign matter had got into the engine.
only when
~~When~~ She forgot her words, her son tells us, ~~it was~~ because
the words did not belong to her. She could not become them.
It was then that
For some reason they resisted all the efforts of all her
gifts, all her knwoeldge, all her traning. & she was silent.
Lady Ciceley was not therefore to those who had seen Ellen
Terry as Portai as Ophelia as Desdemona one of her great
If one
parts. ~~Those who~~ felt that she had kockded down the stage,
ing
and extingsuihed the limelight by a flood of natural radaince
were only noting a superficial, atirumph . When she acted
a part that she had completely absorbed, so that she had

The zoom drowned his words.

They zoomed. Then zoom became drone. They paused. "

"portunity " Mr Streafiled continued to make a contribution "

He signalled.

Instantly collecting boxes were in operation. ~~They had~~
Coppers rattled, silver jingled.
them, it seemed concealed on their persons. One--an alumi nium saucepan, rattled along the fron row by the idiot Albert made a brazen noise.

"portunity" Mr Streafield continued " to make a contribution"

He signalled. Instantly collecting boxes were in operation. Coppers rattled, silver jingled. And oh wa t a pity--how cre creepy it made one feel! here came Albert the idiot jingling his collecting box-- an aluminium saucepan without a handle! You couldnt very well deny him. Poor fellow! Shillinsg were dropped. He rattled and sniggered; chattered and ibbered. As Mrs Parker made her contribution--half a crown as it happned -- she appealed to Mr Streafield to exorcise the evil; to extend the protection of his cloth. The good man contemplatd the idiot benignly. His faith had room, he indicated, for him too. He too, Revd Mr Streafiled in a low voice, appeared to say as~~sure the audeince, is~~ one of us; part of ourselves. But not a part we like to recognise, Mrs Springett (silently) added, dropping her sixpence.

Gazing at the idiot, Mr Streafiled had nothing more to say. Hi~~s command over his tongue seemed lost~~. lost the thread of his discourse. He twiddled the cross on his watch chain. Then his hand sought his trouse pocket. Surreptitously he extracted a small silver box. -- a ~~pipe lighter~~. It was plain to all that the natural desire of the natural man --to smoke--was overcoming him. He had done with words.

"And now" he r umed, cuddling the pipe lighter in the palm of his hand, " ~~only~~ the pleasantest part of my duty remains. To propose a vote of thanks, in which I am sure you will all of you join, to the ~~gifted~~ author lady..." he looked round for an object corresponding to this descriton. None such was visible "who wishes, apparently, to remain anonymous" he said. And so..." He paused again. It was an anwakward moment.

How to make an end? Whom to thank? Every sound in nature became painfully audible; the wishing of the breeze; the gulp
[illegible] of the wheels.
of a cow; even the skimming of the wsallos wings bema eaudib

But no one spoke. Whom could they make responsible---
whom could they thank for their entertainment? No one. No one.
if the producer persisted in remaining anonymous?

Then there was a scuffle behind the bush; a preliminary, premonitory scratching; A needle scraped a disc; ~~[illegible]~~ chuff chuff chuff it wwent; then having found the rut,
portended
there was a roll and a flutter which ~~[illegible]~~ God...
(they all rose to their feet) Save the King.

Standing the audince faced the acrors; who also stood, with their collecting boxes quiescent, their looking glasses
hither robes
dropped; and therobess of their varuous parts hanging stiff. The notes died away.

Was that the end? The actors were reluctant to go. They did not wish to disrobe. They
lingered
strolled; the~~y gos~~siped. There was Budge still a policeman. He was talking to Queen Bess. And the age of reason was hob nobbij with the fore parts of the donkey. And Mrs hardcastle was patting out the folds
still
of her crinoline. And little England ~~stiol~~ a child was
from
sucking a peppermint out of bag....
still acted the unacted part
Every one of them looked as ~~if the art became~~ them--the
And then beauty!..
unacted part conferred on them by their clothes. It was the
warm or the
light that did it-- the tender light, tha~~t makes even~~ straw gol~~den, an~~d the bungalow radiant. the fading light;
tender, the [illegible]
the uninquisitive eveoing light, that reveals the depths in the water; & makes the bungalow radiant

~~"But we must go" said some one. And~~
Look at the actors — How [illegible] — how lovely,
[illegible] [illegible] — said a woman — the audience [illegible]

But it was time to pack up and be off.

"I'm afraid/I've dropped my glove " Mrs Parker was stooping.

"I'm so sorry to trouble you--- dowm there between the seats.]

~~Ax~~ The gramophone was playing: Dispersed are/we...

The audience bega to steam off, across the lawns to their

~~xarsxandxbicyclesx~~ Dispersed are we....

as they streamed across the turf

"But I think Miss Whatshername" some were saying, "ought to h~~x~~

come forward and not left it to the Recor... After all, she

wrote it... I thought it briolatly clever...Oh my dear!

I thought it utter b osh... Did *you* understand the meaning?

He said it meant we all act all parts... He said,

Nature has a part... The there was the idiot... And why

leave out the British Army--if its history? ~~Then~~ And, if one

spirit animates the whole, wht about the aeroplanes?

Oh youre very too exacting. After all, it was only a village

All the same I like to come for a circus . . . Now

play.... I think there should have been a vote of thanks to

the Olovers. When we had our pageant, the grass didnt

recover till the autumn. But then we had tents...

Thats the man, Cobbett of obbs corber who lives alone.

He wins all the prizes at all the shows... I dont myself adm~~i~~

admire prize flowers, nor yet prize dogs.

Dis persed are we... the gramophone murmured. To our cars

and to our bicyles, parked together in the avenue...

The ~~gramophone went~~ on mumuring, Dispersed are we.

(the audience reflected)

But you must remember, they had to do it on the cheap.

And you cant get people, at this time of year, to

to ~~come and~~rehearse... After all theres the harvest;

and ~~then~~ the movies... What we need is a centre... Somebody to bring us all toegther... The Brookes have gone to Italy, in soite of everything. Rather rash? If the worst should come --lets hope it wont-- theyd hire an aeroplane.. ~~[illegible]~~ So they said... What amused me was old Steafiled, feeling for his tobacco pouch. I like a man to be natural--- espec ally a clergyman.... And then those voic s from the bushes...Oracles? Among the ~~lay laurels~~? Youre refrring to the Greeks? ~~[illegible]~~ Were the oracles a kind of flummery? Or A kind of revelation? A foretaste, if I'm not being irreverent, of our religion? Oh dont ask me...

Crepe soles? Thats sensible. They last much longer and protect the fet. But I was saying: can the Christian faith adapt itself? O~~[illegible]~~ch, At Lar ing, no one goes to church... Therss the dogs, theres the mvoies... ~~theres the motor bus~~... Its odd that science, as they tell me, is making us more spiritual. The very latest n tion, so I'm told is, nothings solid. There--you cant get a glimpse of the church through the trees...

Oh do come and see us! Dont stand on ceremony. But alas, we re going back to town. The House is sitting... And as I was telling Mrs Mayhew was saying, the Brookes have gone to Iraly. Theyve seen the volcano. Most impressive, so they say, in eription. Things look worse than ever on the continent. And whats the channel, come to think of it, if theymean to invad us?

The areoplanes, I didnt like to say it, ~~but~~ they mad one upset think... No, I thought it all much too scra ppy. The idiot with his saucepan... I didnt gather what he meant she meant by that. In ourslves? The unconscious? The seuxal? The instinct

[Ellen Terry]

become every word and every comma, so that even her eylash were playing their part, the effect upon the audience must have been as much deeper, subtler and as overwpoering as th effect of an actual picture by Velasquez surpasses the effect of the coloured post card which one buys for a penny in the gallery.

E.T. knew more;
what woman of her
time tried to say what
had been in Hamlet.
The back of

But it was time to pack up and be off.

Mrs Parker was stooping. "I'm afraid I've dropped my glove. I'm so sorry to trouble you--down there between the seats." The gramophone was playing a tun that triumphs yet deplores --the tune to which assemblies disperse. To that valedictory statement, the audeince began to stream off--across the lawns, along the path, Freinds haled each other; they chatted. in passing

"I do think Miss "Whatsgername" some one was saying, should have come forward , and not left it to the Rector... After all, she wrote it...I thought it brilliantly clever.. Oh my dear, I thought it utter bosh!...Did you understand the meaning? He said it meant we all act all parts...He said, if I caught his meaning, Nature has a part... Then there was the idiot...Also, why leave out the Arrmy as my husband was saying, if its history? And if one spirit animates the whole, what about the aeroplanes? Ah but But youre asking too much. being tooexacting... After all, it was only a village play... She did her best ~~The expenses had to be kept down~~... For my own part, I think they should have passed a vote of thanks to the owners' people who lent the grounds... When we had our pageant, the grass didnt recover till autumn. ~~But~~ Then we had tents... Thats the man, Cobbett of Cobbs Corner, who lives alone. He wins all the rpizes at all the shows... I dont myself admire prize flowers, nor yet prize dogs. Its the brred, though remember...

But the gramophone was affirming in tones there was no denying: Dispersed are we, who have come together in unity. Dispersed are we. But, the gramophone asserted, let us applaud the endeavour; and retain whatever made that harmony.

Oh let us, the audience echoed, (stooping, peering, fumbling to recover their lost proeprty) keep together. For there is joy, sweet joy, in company.

Dispersed are we, Dispersed are we.

And the audience turning, saw the flaming windows of the house in the hollow
~~our [illegible] habitation~~ each daubed with golden sun.

Home gentlemen, home ladies, home sweet home, the gramophone warbled. Theres no place like home...

And seeing th crack in the boiler, and hearing the scold of the cook, and remembe ing the effort which waiats the individual they straitened their backs. For the last time they looked; at Budge; at Queen Bess; and the white road; and Bolney Minster; still enammeled;

Dis persed are we....

And one hailed another, and they streamed, across lawns, down paths, back to the place where the cars were, the cycles, the p sh bikes the governess carts and the nameless contraptions which had brought them together.

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Why always drag in sex? The instinctive? The passions? Are we part still ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ partly savage? Alas, ~~take~~ if you read the paper, And

Thats the bell. Ding dong, d ing dong.. Rather a cracked old bell... And theres Mr Streafiled, fgoing I suppose to take the service. ~~Another change of clothes.~~ He saidm she meant; we all act. For Whose play? Ah thats the question... And if were left asking questions, isnt it a failure? I must say I like to feel sure, if I read a book, or ~~even~~ go to the Show to the p lay, that I've graped the meaning. Was that, perhaps what she mant? Ding dong Ding...

And the mirrors!
Reflecting us
so sudden; what
did they mean?
A joke against
Exposing
Reflecting everyone!
One looks rather
fool...

Come ~~and dine, and~~ What? That we ~~should~~ must mean
each alone. ~~each~~
~~Each~~ to think for ourselves. Perhaps one of these days, ~~we shall~~ the ~~problem~~, the
answer, for if we don't try to
If we but jump to conclusions, we shall
understand. — It may be —

NYPL

triumphed yet :

Dispersed are we, ~~de~~parting, the gramophone lamneted;
Goin' going, going-
to our motor cars and bicycles parked in the avenue...dispersed are we...

But you must remember, the old cronies chatted, they had to do it on the cheap. And you cant get people, at this time o year to rehearse. Theres the hay to bring in; and let alone the movies... What we need is a centre... Somebody to bring us all together.... The Brookes have gone to Italy, in spite of everything. Rather rash? If thw worst should come--lets hope it wont-- theyd hire an aeroplane, so they said. ...What amused me was old Streafield, feeling for his tobacco pouch I like a na to be natural--not always on a perch.. Then those voices from the bushes. Oracles? Youre referring to the Greeks? Were the oracles a foretaste, if I'm not being irreverent, of our own religion? Which is what?.... Crepe soles? Thats sensible. They last much longer and protect the feet.... But I was saying: can the Christian faith adapt itself?...At Larting, no one goes to church....Theres the dogs, theres the pictures... Its odd that sceince, as they tell me, is making things more (so to speak) spiritual. The very latest notion , so I'm told is, nothing's solid. nor even a [illegible] There--you can get a glimpse of the church through the trees.

Mr Umphelby! How nice to see you! Do come and see us... ~~But~~ An alas, we're going back to town. The House is sitting...I was telling them, the Brookes have gone to Italy. Theyve seen the volcano. Most impressive so they say---they were lucky--in eruption. Things look worse than ever on the continent. And whats the channel, come to think of it, if they mean to invade us? The areoplanes, I didnt like to say it, made one curate think... No, I thought it much too scrappy. Take the idiot with his saucepan... I didnt gather what he meant she meant by that? In ourselves? Something hidden? The unconscious? But why always drag in sex? Its true, there is a sense ig which we all, I admit, are savages... You dont like women with red nails? And dressing up--whats that? The savage again ~~barba~~rian, I suppose... Thats the bell. Ding dong. Ding... Rather a cracked old bell... And the mirrors! Refelcting us. I called that cruel. One looks such a fool, caught , unprepared ~~protected~~.... And theres Mr Streafield, going I suppose to take the ~~evening~~ service. he 'll have to hurry ~~up!~~ Or he wont have no time He'll have to change ~~his clo~~thes... He said she meant: we all act. But whose play? Ah thats the question! And if were left asking questions, isnt it a failure, as a play? I must say I like ti feel sure, e~~ven~~, if I go to the theatre, o~~r even read a story~~, that I've grasped the meaning. ...Was that, perhaps what she meant?...Ding dong, Ding... That if we dont jump to conclusions, if you think, and I think, ~~each for ourselves~~, perhaps, one day, thinking differently, we shall think ~~it~~ ~~out?~~ ~~the same?~~ the same

Theres Mr Carfax! Cant we give you a lift?
If you dont mind playing bodkin, for we ve only the

Between the acts. Later typescript.

Pp. 170 - 187

Pp. 171-177 wanting
p. 178 in two drafts
p. 180 in two drafts
10 p. P 183, 185, 186 wanting

On verso of p. 178 her: [The moment. Ellen Terry.] Fragment p. 2
On verso of p. 178 b her: [The reader] Fragment p. 30

[illegible]

small car. Still thres plenty of room. We were discussing the [illegible] play. The looking glasses-- did they mean the reflection is the dream; and the tune--was it Bach, ~~or~~ Handel, or nobody in particular?-- is the truth? Or is it t'other way about?

Bless my soul, what a dither! Nobody seems to know one car from another. That why I have a mascot, a monkey. But I cant see it... While we're waiting, tell me, did you feel when the shower fell, some one wept for the lot of us? Theres a poem, Tears , tears, It goes on! tears. O then the unloosened ocean...but I cant remember the rest.

And when Mr Streafield saud: One spirit animates the whole, the aeroplanes interrupted. Thats the worst of playing out of doors. Unless of course she meant it... Dear me, the parking arrangements are not what you might call adequate. I shouldnt have expected, in times like these, so many Hispano Suitzers. ..Thats [illegible] Rolls Royce... Thats a Bentley... Thats the new type of Ford...Are machines the devil, to return to the meaning, or do they introduce a discord, ...Ding dong, ding... by means of which we reach the final... Ding, dong, dong... Heres the car with the moneky...Hop in. And good bye, Mrs Parker...
Next time we're down.
Ring us up... ~~Next month, when we're down.~~
dont forget...next time... next time...

"~~Hullo!~~" she said.

"Jump in Bill! Mrs Manresa chaffed him.

And the wheels scurred on the gravel; gripped; and the car rolled off.

At l ntgth Miss La Trobe raised herself from her stooping position. It had been prolnged to avoid attention. Now she could straighten her back; the bells had stopped; the actors had gone; and the audience. She raised herself; and ~~[illegible]~~ Now she could enjoy her triumph. She had given the world her gift. It was in the giving that the triumph was. It was ~~[illegible]~~ in the making ~~that the~~ in the The triumph was in the giving. That was the joy ~~[illegible]~~ ~~It was~~ in the joy; ~~it was~~ in the terror; in the It should have been a better gift. If they had understood her meaning; if they had known their parts; if the pearls had been real; and the funds illimitable, ~~[illegible]~~ it would have been a better gift. Not

~~She was~~ another ~~fail~~ failure.

It had gone t o join all the other bluured pages--- her village play. She w as putting away the records. She looked up.

[Ellen Terry]

..."Surely writer could not string words together about Henry Irvings Hamlet and say nothing, nothing."

For being a very humble woman , obsessed with her own lack of book learning, it never occurred to her, when she took up her pen and wrote her autobiography, or scribbled letter after ketter to Bernard Shaw, that she was 'writing.' And in truth she could not build up a reasoned edifice of words with one room opening into another and a staircase connecting the whole. Yet she was so completely, and instinctively an artist that any object that she took up ~~laid hold~~ in ~~of~~ with her large beautiful hnds became a tool. If it happened to be a rolling pin, she made perfect pastry. If it was a carving knife she carved perfect slices of the mutton perfectly. If it was a pen, words peeld off it in rings and crescents, broken some of them, others imperfect, but far more expressive than the hammered and regular phrases that are tapped off so effieicntly by the professiona typewriter.

She has left much more than apicture post card behind her. ~~Shmmkmxmkaxt~~ not the picture itself, but a sketch of the pic which ~~exphainmax~~ helps to show us what Ellen Terry was From this self portrait then we can make out a sketch of Ellen Terry-- we can ca quess from tni spirited pencil drawing what the picture In the first was like. She came of the royal house of Terry--- that explains why when she came onot the stage the stage collpased and the limelight went out. The stage was her native land. She was cardled on the stage; cradles on the stage; taight on the stage; It was her cradle

Jump in Bill!2 Mrs Manresa chaffed him.

And thw wheels scurred on the gravel; gripped; and the car rolled off.

At last Miss La Trobe could raise herself from her stooping position. It had been prolonged to avoid attention. ~~New~~ The bells had stopped; the audience had gone; ~~and~~ also the actors.

[illegible] open her arms [illegible]

She could straighten her back. She could enjoy her triumph. The world had taken her gift. It wa in the giving that the triumph was; i ~~n the terror; in the anguish.~~ She had given — But what? Another failure. ~~[illegible]~~

A cloud: that had gone to join the others on the [illegible]

~~[illegible]~~.

Yet it ~~was a failure~~. Her gift meant nothing. If they had understood her meaning; if they had known their parts;- if the pearls had been real and the funds illkitable....

Short lived As it was — triumph [illegible]

it would have been a better gift. [illegible]

It had gone to join the others--all faliures;

"All faliures, ~~my gifts~~" she muttered, stooping again to put away the records. .Then suddenly th starlings attacked the tree behind which she had hidden . They pelted it like so many winged stones. The whole tree hummed with the whizz they made , as if each bird plucked a ri wire. A whizz and buzz rose from the bird buzzing, bird vibrant, bird blakcned tree. The tree became a rhapsody, a quivering cacophany; a whi zz and vibrant rapture branches, leaves birds, syllabling discordantly; life [illegible] ife; without measure; without stop; like a swam

What [illegible]!

Then up they rose; off they flew...

ing through the grass

[The reader]

Now we note the beauty of the words.

But often chaos intervenes. There is the rleation of part to part; and in the early plays the balance is imperfect. Here is profusion; there bareness.

The anonoymous playwrgiht is irresponsible. He cares nothing for truth; only for the plot. We are left in the end with without an end. The emotion is wasted. We scramble the plays ~~together~~

. But gradually anonymity withdraws. So many playwrights are explroing; so many private people are pressing upon the playwright their weight of [illegible]
unexpressed emotion. Country squires are finding themslves a le to say what is in their mind without quoting Spenser. The ~~playwright is becoming self s concious~~. The curtain [illegible]
rises incessan ly . And at last after it has risen again and again and again it rises finally upon the tempest. By then the stage has become too msall for the play. It has outgrown the uncovered theatre where the sun beats and the rain pours. The reader is born. He ~~begins to act the play~~ in the theatre of his own brain.

living: when [illegible]

It may be that after centuries, the poetic play is born again differently, in the Magic Flute, in Fidelio.

But with after Sahkespeare anonymity is dead. There is that ~~great configration.~~ After that Anon is replaced by the man who writes a book. And the audience is replaced bt the reader.

with a bunch of flowers--pinks apparently-- to fill th that stood on her husbands grave. In winter it was hol or evergreen, in summer a flower. [illegible] [illegible] She scared the starlings. She passed.

Miss L Trobe hoisted the heavy case of gramophone records on to her sh ulder. She crossed the terrace, and stopped by the tree where the starlings had gathered. It here that the villagers had brusied the grass. Since there were no clouds th trouble the sky, the blue was bluer, and the green greener. It was growing dusk. There was no longer a view, th~~ere wa~~s no Folly; no spire of Bolney Minster It was land merely, no land in particular. She put down her case, and the featureless, the [illegible] stood looking at the land. ~~For~~ Something [illegible] rose to in her ~~the surafce~~. Another play! A vision had come [illegible]

"I should group them here" she said. It would be midnight; the figures hardly perceptible ; half concealed by a rock. The curtain would rise. Then they would say . . . What would the first words be? She ~~shook her head~~. But The words escaped her. Who? That floored her.

Again she lifted the heavy suit case to her shoulder. She set off across the lawn. The house was dormant; a thread os smoke thickened against the trees. It was strange that the earth, with all those flowers, incandescent, the lilies, the roses, incandescent, globing of [illegible] a furnace of many colcoured fire-- [illegible] clumps of white flowers; [illegible] bushes of burning green--- should still be hard. Strange how the waters of the air e~~nclose~~d her and I she murmured vo aging alone. flowed ro nd her; Agaian she was ~~taking her way~~ making her l~~anixy~~ voyage, away, from the shore

She lifted the latch of the ornamental iron entrance gate. She would drop her suit case in at her ktichen window. and then go up to the Inn. Since the row with the actress who had shared her bed and her purse the need of drink had grown on her. And the horror and the terror of being alone. And the sense of solitude. One of these days she would break --which one w~~as it o~~f the village laws? Sbriety? Chastityt? Or take something that did not properly belong to her.

Here she ran into Mrs Cahlmers, retutning from the grave. The old woman cut her; Pretend~~ed~~ing to examine the dead flowers. The women in the cottages with red geranius alwys looked stony at her. Nature had somehow set her part from her m kind. Yet, ~~there was the intolerable connection~~ she was the slave of the audience. She had noted that.

She thrust her suit case in at the scullery window and walked on. till at the corner, she saw the red curtain at the bar window. There would be voices; ~~men talking~~; shelter; and oblivion. She turned the handle of the public house door. The acrid smell of stake beer saluted her. The buzz of voices stopped. No doubt they had been talking about Bossy, as they called the woman in tweeds with stout legs. It didnt toruble her. She took her chair; and looked through the tobacco smoke at the two china dogs and the very crude glass paintings of a cow in a stable, of a cock and a hen. She raised her glass to her lips. And drank; and listened. Words of one syllable; not very articulate words; Words sank down into the mud. She drowsed; she nodded. Then as thxxwords ofxxx dropped down into the mud;

would drink too much. A ~~very~~ polite note from ~~that man~~, the Rector, would ask her to deny unpleasant rumours... Even to night, meeting Mrs Calmers with her vase in the lane, Mrs Chalmers cut her. The women in the picturesque cottages, with the brick red geraniums, [illegible] cast what they thought an insolent look. There was much in her p[illegible]e life that was by no
not repytable.
means repitable. ~~She had~~ Nature had som how set her apart from her kind. And yet, she was the slave of her audience. She thrust her suit case in at the scullery window; and walked on, up the road. The red curtain at the corner showed where the Bar was. And, as she rapped with her kuckles on the public house door, the starlings ~~alighted... The~~ They pelted the tree. She had the first words of her play.

Words rose

the mud becme fertile. Th~~ey rose~~; above the dumb oxen, the intolerably laden, the pilgrims plodding through the mud. The men talking

rose up; in

Wonderful words; attached to nothing. ~~Theyxmmmxx~~x in wreaths of wit~~hout any meaning;~~ circling; sounding; ~~y~~et witho meaning.

She c~~mmxdx~~ watched them. The cheap clock t~~ickmdx~~ ~~was t~~icking ~~away~~; smoke obscured the g~~lass~~ pictures; smoke became tart on the roof of her mouth; smoke obscured the earth coloured jackets; th~~e seamed~~ aces. She d no longer saw them; Yet they up held her; ~~as~~ she sat there, arms akimbo, glass before her, staring out of her dark narrow eye Russian eyes Sh~~e created~~ sat within. The first act was rising i out of tat amorphous mass. There were thefigures on the high ground alone at midnight. Then suddenly in a rush the tree wa pelted with ~~birds~~ starlings. She put down her glass She ~~heard~~ had the f~~irs~~t words.

Barlet, with his curbed brush swept the cl th, removed the crumbs, but spared the fallen petals. Bartlet having done his duty by t e family, left the family, ~~eating~~ three dessert. For, one aagain, now that they guests had gon , they were a family: the Olivers.

The play had b en over pe haps an hour and a half. It was still there, ho ver , in the sky of t e mind, Mrs Swithin, dipping a rraspberry in sugar looked at it. She said, popping the berry into her mouth: "The peasants; the kings; th fool; then ourselves." Baryholomew looked at the play; Giles looked; Isa looked.

It was moving; it ~~would~~ soon be on the horizon.

Each of course saw oxkyx something different.

It ~~was moving~~ too; it would soon be down beneath the horizon.

[illegible]

nd Isa, looking, saw the audiejce as i they were part of theplay-- dispersing; some driving along the ~~high road~~l

her

some cycling; A gate swung open; and the door of a new red villa. A car swept up the drive, and the low anging boughs of the acacia brushed the roof. C Acacia petalled he car arrived. [illegible]

"Too ambitious," said Baryho,ew; He held out his cherroot. Giles lit a match.. "Cosnidering her means." [illegible]

"The looking glasses and the voices in the bushes" said Isa.

The

When Mr S tea iled asked her to explian, she want there."

to

Here, with its sheath sliced in four ~~xpxatxix~~ petals exposing a white cone, her husband of ered her a na banana. St~~ill they did not~~ s eak. ~~And~~ she took it; ~~but~~ laid it down. ~~And~~ then, taking the match, he stubbed it on his plate . Out it went wit a little fizz. [illegible]

"Anyway we should be thankful for the weather" said Mrs S itihn. "Save for that sudden shower, ~~it was wonderful~~." [illegible]

She rose. Isa followed her, across the hall to the big room.

They never pulled the curtains till it was too dark to see; nor shut th windows till it was too cold. With the flowers so bright and the birds stillchriping, the day was no not yet over. So ~~wnwhy shut~~ out what remained of daylight?

but had only laid her hand on her cross (caressingly) when the door opened. The getlemen came in.

Lucy made her little chirruping sound of welcome. She shuffled her feet as if to claer a space. But there were mor chairs than were needed. They sat down, glorious ennobled ~~too~~ by the setting sun. Giles had changed again. He was wearing the black coat, and the white tie of the professional classes; which needed--- Isa looked down at his feet-- patent leather pumps. Our representative, our spokesman, she ~~sneered~~; Yet ~~But~~ he was extraodinarily handsom e. Love and hate--love and hate. They tore her au asunder. It was time someone invented a new plot; or that the author came out from the bushes and gave told us ~~the reason~~.. ~~She~~

~~Shexraxcadxhaxxkmnckkesxonxthexsillxofxthexwindowx~~

/Then Then Bartlet came in. He brought the second post on a silver salver. There were letters; bills; and the morning paper. Like a fish rising to a crumb of biscuit, Bartholomew snapped at the paper. Gile slit the flap of an apparently business document. Lucy read a criss-cross from an old freind at Sacrborough. Isa had only bills.

The usual evening sounds reverbearted a~~s they rea~~d. Sands making up the fire; Bartlet stoking the boiler. Isa had done with her bills. Sitting in the shell of the room, she watched the pageant fade. The flowers flashed before they faded. Now they were the plants and flowers of light... The paper crackled, the morning paper, obliterating the day before. The second hand jerked on again. M. Daladier had pegged down the franc; and what then — ~~came~~ next? And the girl who had gone skylarking with the troopers-- they had told and fashioned a weapon. That was the end. Slipping the letter from Scarborough between the pages, she rose; smiled; and tip-toed out of the room as if she were telling herself the last words of the ~~chapter~~ story.

The old people had gone up to bed. Left alone for the first time that day husband and wife sat silent. Alone, their enmity was bared; also their love. Before they slept they must fight; after they had fought they would embrace. From that embrace another life might be born. But first they must fight, as the dog fox fights with the vixen in the fields ~~of~~ at night.

Isa let her sewing drop. Giles crumpled the newspaper and turned out the light. Behind their dark bodies the window was all sky without colour. The house had lost its shelter. It was ~~the~~ night before roads were made, or houses. It was the night that dwellers in caves had watched from some high place among rocks. ~~At last, the curtain rose. They spoke.~~.

At last, the curtain rose. They spoke...

22nd Nov
1940

Woolf, Between the acts. Typescript, later draft,
dated Nov.22, 1940.

p.[1]-3; 10-14; 11-12; 10-14; [13]-15; 14-17; 20; 21; 47; 57-62 with two drafts of 61; 83. 33 p.

Discarded sheets; there are others interfiled with the typescript and noted on folders.

It was a summers night; and they were talking, in the big room with the windows open , about the ceess pool. The County Council had promised to bring water to the village; but they hadnt.

Mrs haines, wife of the gentleman farmer, a goose faced woman with eyes protruding as if they always saw something to gobble in the gutter, said affectedly, What a subject to talk about on a night like this!

The there was silnce; and a cow coughed; and that led her to say that as a child she had never been afraid of cows; but of horses. As a small child in aperambulator a great cart horse had brushed within a hairs breadth of her face.

She added that her family had lived near Liskeard for many centuries; there were the old graves in the churchyard to prove it..

The old man in th arm chair , who had spent so many of his seventy three years in the east, was about to say said ..

"Whe~~n I was a boy the legend still hung about....~~"

And then the door opened and his daughter in law came in.

"Oh...." she exclaimed. Dark pigtails hung over her shoulder; and she wore a wrap embroidered with faded peacocks. She explained that her little boy had seemed unwell; theyowere afraod of measles; she had been sitting up with him.

They had been saying....?

"In the napoleonic wars her father in law said, they had ploughed p the land. They had grown wheat..."

"But you dont remember?" Mrs haines began.

"No" he said. Not the napolelnonic wars. Then he said how if you went up in an aeroplane you ould still see; the Saxon camp; the Roman Road; the site of the Elizabethan manor House; and the scar left on the hill which had bee n ploughed up for the hewheat.

What had they been saying?- She guessed.

"~~Discussing Miss la Trobe?~~"

"Something about Miss La Trobe?"

They often discussed Miss La Trobe; where her name came from; whether she was from Jersey; only her eyes [illegible]were like Russian eyes; So blue; so narrow.

No; they had not been talking about that mystery woman.

Mrs haines thought they should find another subject on a night like this; something more poetical tha cess pools. For that was what they had been discussing.

They had been talking about the cess pool. Mrs haines had objected. She wanted them to say something poetical.

And that led old Mr Oliver to quote,

WE'll go no more a roving by the lught of the moon....

to quote byron; and then to say

The Isa who write petry, looked at Percy haines; because if any body filled the role of poet he did. Ravaged; silent; and linked to the woman he should not have married.

When I was a boy, old Mr Oliver began, they read Byron.

H quieed throwng his head back,

She walks in beauty like the night; and then,

So well go no more a roving by the light of the moon.

Mrs Giles looked at the Percy haines.

Ravaged, silent, linked to a woman he should not have married,

him

to her he was the very soul of poetry.

Mrs haines paused, as one waits for the strain of an organ to die out before leavin churchShe did not share their emotion; and wished to attack it, as a thursh ckes a cabbage butterfly. Then she would destroy it. But she must wait till they were in the new ord car that took them to the villa where they lived among the corn firedls,

She waited for the strain to due out; and said, at the ver monet it stopped;

John; we must be going."

They had only [illegible] met at tennis parties; ~~but~~ the nerves in her thigh tingled; But she felt Mrs aines glaring at her;.

as if to say)lease Mrs Giles recognise my existnece; which she was forced to do; and as the other man, whose name was erry was going the same way, they gave him naturally a lift as far as the cross roads,

Mrs Giles Oliver drew the comb through the thick tangle of hair which, after giving the matter her best attention, she had never had shingled or bobbed; and lifted the heavily embossed silver brush that had been a wedding present and had its uses in impressin vchhambekaids i hotels. She
chamber maids
lifted it and stood in front of the three folded mirror, so that she could see three separate versions of her ~~qtw~~ rather heavy ~~yet~~ handsome face; and also, out side the glass, a slip of ~~liyl pool~~ terrace, lawn and tree tops.

Inside the glass, in her eyes, she saw what she had felt overnight for th ravaged, the silent man, the gentlamn farmer. "In love" was in her gyes. But outside them was
on the washing stand, on
the dressing table was
the other love; love for her hussband the stockbroker. — "The father of my children" she added, sliiping into the cliche conveniently provided by fiction. Inner love was in the eyes; outer love was on the verge. But what feeling was it that stirred in her now when above the looking glass, out of doors she saw coming across the lawn the perambulator two nurses, and her little boy George, lagging behind?

She tapped on the window with the embosses hair brush But they were too far off to hear. The drone of the breeze was in their ears; the chirp of birds; other indicents of garden life inaudible, invisible to her in the bedroom absorbed them. Isolated on a green island, hedged about with snow drops, laid with a counterpane of puckered silk the innocent island floated under her window, ~~the~~ ~~perambulator, the nurses~~ Only George lagged behind.

She retunred to her eyes in the looking glass. S~~he was~~ she must be,
'in love'--- simnce the mere presence of his body in the room last night could so affect her; since the words he said handing her a tea cup, handing her a racquet, could so attach themselves to a certain spot in her; could lie between them like a wire, tingling, tangling, vibrating---she groped, in the looking glass, for a word to fit
fxx the infinitely quick vibrations of the aeroplane propeller that she had seen at dawn at Croydon. Faster and faster it whizzed, whirred, buzzed, till all the flails became one flail, and up ssmxxxthxx soared th plane, away and away....

"Where we know not, where we go not, neither know nor care" she hummed, putting down h r brush. bxxxxxxxxxxxxxx The rhyme would be "air". "Flying, rushing through the ambient, through the ...."

She took up the telephone.

"Three, four eight" she said. S~~he paused~~. "Mrs Oliver speaking... What fish have you this morning? Cod? Halibut? Sole? Plaice?..."

"Ther to lose what binds us here" she ~~added.~~xx murmured.
Yes. Fresh; ~~Soles~~, filleted, in time for luncj please" she ~~continued~~ added.

"With a feather, a blue feather, in her hair."

"Flying, rushing theough the air... there to lose what binds us here... " the lines werent worth writing in the book bound like an account book, in case Giles suspected.
tso that Giles might not suspect. "Abortive" was th word that s emed best to express her. AbAbortive. She nev er

.....4....

Mrs Giles Oliver drew the comb through the enormous tangle of hair which, after giving the matter ~~her~~ best attention, she had never had either shingled or bobbed, and lifted the heavily embossed silver brush that hd been a wedding present, and had its uses in impressing chamber Maids in hotels. She lifted it and stood in front of the three folded mirror, so that she could see three separate versions of her rather ~~own~~ heavy, yet ~~but~~ handsome face; and also out side the glass, a slip of the lily pool, the lawn and tree tops.

Inside the glass, in her eyes, she saw what she had felt overnight for the Byronic, ~~the~~ ravaged, ~~the~~ silent man; the gentleman farmer. 'In love' ~~w~~was in her eyes. But outside them from the other love: ~~as it was called with him~~ she could still at the same time 'love' her husband, the stockbroker— 'the father of my children she added, slipping into a cliché con veneintly provided by fiction. ~~There was private love~~, inner love; in the eyes; and cliché love, outer love. in the verge. But what feeling was it that stirred in her now when above the looking glass she saw coming across the lawn a perambulator, two nurses and her little boy George the lagging behind? Which is love, passionate [illegible], all devouring love.

~~It was~~ the desire to protect?--- She tapped on the window with the embossed hair brush. But they were too far off to hear. The drone of the breeze was in their ears; and the ch irp of the birds; other incidents of garden life inuadible, invisible to her in the bedroom absor bed ~~distracted~~ them. Isolated on a green island, hedeged about with snowdrops and laid with a counterpane of puckered silk, it the innocent island floated under her window, the little company of ch ldren and nurses, o~~n their island~~. but Only George lagged behind

11 She returned to the stream: to her eyes; she was 'in love'

But she was in midstream. Since the mere presence of his body in the room last night could so affect her, since the words he said, handing her a tea cup, handing her a racquet

[illegible]

could so attach themselves to a certain spot in her, and lie ~~like~~ between them like a wire, tingling, tangling, vibrating, 'jiffering' ... She wanted tried to make a word for the infinitely quick vibrations of an aeroplane propeller that she had seen at Croydon. Faster and faster it whizzed, whirred buzzed till all the flails became one flail, and up soared the plane away and away...

where we go not either

Where we know not, ne ther know nor care, she hummed.

To that the rhyme would be 'air'. "Flying, rushing through the ambient; incandescent.. : air.

She took up the telephone.

"Three, four eight" she said. "Mrs Oliver speaking...

What fish have oyou this morning? Cod, halibut, sole, plaice....

"There to lose what binds us here" she added .... ~~Two~~ Soles, [illegible] filleted, Js

please

in time for lunch ... With a feather, a blue feather, a white feather

in her hair."

More abortive lines

It wasnt worth writin down in the book bound like an account book that she kept withch r account books in case Giles suspected.—

"~~rushing thr ugh the air~~, there to lose what binds us here..." The words broke there.

poetry of heart

Abortive was the word that seemed best to express her. She never came out of a shop for example with the clothes she admired, nor did her figure, seen against the dark roll of trouseirng in a win, please her. Th k of waist, large of limb, and, save for her hair, fashionable in the tight modern way, she never looked like Sappho, or one of the beautiful young men whose photographs adoredn the weekly papers. She looked what she was; Sir Richards daughter; and niece of the two old ladies at Wimbledon, who were so proud, being O'neils, of their descent ~~to think that they descended~~ from the Kings of Ireland.

....5...

A foolish gallant lady, pausing on what she called the heart of the house, the threshold of the library, had once said, "Next to the kitchen the library's always the nicest room in the house." The she added, stepping ac ross the threshold, "Books are the mirrors of the soul."

A spotted one, in this case. For as the train took over three hours to reach this remote midland village in the heart of England no one ventured on on long a journey without taking steps to stave off hunger; without buying a book on a book stall. Thus the mirror that reflected the soul sublime ~~besides reflecting the soul sublime~~ reflected the soul bored. Nobody could pretend, as they looked at the shuffle of shilling shockers that weekenders had dropped that the soul was always on tiptoe. that the looking glass always reflected the anguish of a Queen or the heroism of King -arry. 44

But ~~o[illegible]~~ at this early hour of a June morning the library was empty. Mrs Giles had to visit the kitchen. Mr Oliver still tramped ~~[illegible]~~ the terrace. And Mrs Swithin, of course ~~[illegible]~~ was at church. The light but variable breeze foretold by the weather expert flapped the yellow curtain; the fire greyed then glowed; and the tortoiseshell butterfly beat~~ing~~ on the lower pane of the window; beat & beat &

suggested that if no human being came, never never never, ~~again~~, the books would be mouldy, the fire out, and the tortoisehsell butterfly dead on the pane.

But here the old man, heralded by the imeptusoity of his ~~Afxxx~~ the old Afghan hound, came in,. He had read his paper, & was e was drowsy; and ~~had done~~ his had read his paper; and so sank down, in the chintz covered chair, with the dog at his feet. The dogs long thin nose rested lay on his paws; the haunches ~~were~~ drawn up, the old He looked like a stone dog; a crusaders dog, guarding even in the realms of death the sleep of his master. But the master was not dead; only dreaming; only drowsily seeing, as in a glass, himself, a yo ng man, helmeted; ~~in the sun~~; a cascade towards falling but no water; hills like grey stuff pleated; Upon a buulock there, on the sand half a hoop of ribs, half maggot eaten entrails ~~in the sun~~; and in the shadow, army of the rocks, savages; which in his hand he had a revolver. The real hand lay still on the chair arm, its veins still swollen, but with a brownish fluid now, the ~~hand that ha held the revolver~~.

Am I interrupting? ~~Then~~ Isa came in. Was she disturbing him? Of course she was. Destorying him youth and India. But it was not for him to complain. As he had persisted in ~~ontinuing~~ living, ~~as he a~~hd lived in his sto be se venty four, it was his fault. Indeed he was grateful to her, for she continued him, expanded him, who by her children. Many old men had only the past---old men in clubs, old men in rooms off Jermyn Street.

and, save for her hair,
please her. Thick of waist, large of limb, fashionable in the tight modern way, she never looked like Sappho; or one of the beautiful young men whose photographs adorned the weekly papers. She looked what she was:
a civil servanr knight
the daughter of a man who lived in Pimlico; and niece of the old Miss Neils who descdned, so they said, from O' Neil king of Ireland.

came out of a shop, for example, with the clothes she admired, nor did her figure, seen against the dark roll of trouser~~s~~ing in a shop window please her. Thick of wasit, large of limb, and, save for her hair, fashionable in the tight modern way, she never,looked like Sappho, or one of the beautiful young men whose photographs adorened the weekly papers. She looked what she was: Sir Richards daughter; and niece~~,~~ of the two old ladies in Wimbledon who were so proud, being O'Neils, of their descent from the Kings of Ireland.

A foolish, flattering lady , pausing on what she called "the heart of the house", the threshold of the library, had once said, "Next to the kitchen , the library's always the nicest room in the house." Theh she added, stepping acros the threshold, "Books are the mirrors of the soul."

In this case a tarnished and spotted soul. For as the train took over three hours to reach this remote village in the very heart of England no one ventured so long a jounrye without staving off possible hunger, without buying a book on a bookstall. Thus the mirror that reflected the soul sublime reflected also the soul bored. Nobody could pretend as they looked at the shuffle of shilling shockers that week enders had dropped that the looking glass always reflected the anguish of a Queen or the heroism of King Harry.

But at this early hour of a June morning the library was empty. Mrs Giles had to visit the kitchen. Mr Oliver still tramped the terrace. And Mrs Swithin was of course at Church. The light but variable breeze foretold by the weather expert [~~in a corner~~ of the morning ~~paper~~] flapped the yellow curtain, tossing light, then shadow. The fire grayed, then glowed. and the tortoise hell butterfly beat on the lower pane of the window; beat, beat beat; repeating that if no human being ever came, never, never, never, the books would be mouldy, the fire out, and the tortoise shell butterfly dead on the pane.

Heralded by the impetuosity of the Aghan hound the old man entered. He had read his paper; he was drowsy; and so sank down in the chintz covered chair with the dog at his feet,—Sohrab, the Afghan hound. His nose on his paws, his haunches drawn up, he looked ~~like~~ a stone dog, a crusaders dogm, guarding even in the realms of death the sleep of his master. But the master was not dead; only dreaming; draowsily seeing, as in a glass, its lustre spotted, ~~with damp~~, himself, a young man helmeted; and a cascade falling. But thxxxxxxx no water; and the hills, like grey stuff pleated; and in the sand a hoop of ribs; a bullock maggot-swarming in the sun; and in the shadow of the rock, savages; and in his hand a a gun... The dream hand clenched; but the real hand lay on the chair arm; ~~brown spotted~~, the veins swollen, but only with a brownish fluid now.

The door opened.

"Am I, "Isa apologised, " ~~disturbing you~~ interrupting?"

Of course she was-- destroying youth; and India. It was his fault, since he had persisted in stretching his thread of of life so fine , so far. Indeed he was grateful to her, watching her as she strolled about the room, for continuing. Many old men had only

~~intexxx~~ interrupting; ~~continuing.~~ Many old men had only
their India,
dreams, old men in clubs, old men in rooms off Jermyn Street.

She in her striped dress continued him, murmuring, in front of the book cases: "The moor is dark beneath the moon, rapid clouds have drunk the last pale beam of even...

I have ordered the fish " she said aloud, truning "though whetehr it'll be fresh or not

Rayed in ~~her~~ a striped dress, like a zebra, he watched her, ~~at~~ the [illegible] [illegible] standing over ~~there,~~ against the books. fingering ~~her books~~. The [illegible]

"The ~~moor is dark~~" she murmured to herself, "the moor is dark beneath the moon. The rapid dews of dusk have drunk the last sweet breath of heaven...." She turned.

"~~Away!~~" she murmured "the moor is dark benaeth the moon; Rapid clouds have drunk the last pale beam of even...." I have ordered the fish" she said, turning. " though whether it'll be fresh or not I cant promise. But veal is dear and everyb dy in the house is sick to death of beef and mutton. ... "And Tiger?" she asked. "Whats he been doing?"

He did not move. His wild eyes gazed at her. He never wagged a tail. He never admitted the ties of domesticity. Either he cringed or he bit He could outstare both of them. The father in law [illegible] [illegible]

"Your little boys a crybabay" said ~~her~~ his father in law crustily.

Oh " she sighed, sinking down on the ~~first~~ arm of the arm chair, pegged down like a captive ballo on by myriads of hair thin ties. — with domesticity [illegible]

"Why? she asked. "WWhats been happening?"

them; the chirp of the birds; and other incidents of garden life inaudible and invisible to her in the bedroom. Isolated on a green island, hedged about with snowdrops and laid with a counterpane of puckered silk, it floated under her window, the little company of children and nurses. the island.

But she was in midstream. Yes, since the mere presence of his body in the room last night could so affect her; since the words he said, handing her a tea cup, handing her a racquet could so attach themslves to a certain spot in her, and and lie between them like a wire, tingling, tangling, vibrating, jiffering... She tried to make a word for the infinitely quick vibrations of an aeroplane proleller that she had seen at Croydon. Faster and faster it buzzed whizzed, whirred, till all the flails became one flail, and up soared the plane, away and away....

Where we gaxx know not, neither know nor care, she hummed, To that the rhyme would be 'air; "Flying , rushing through the air With a feather, ~~with a feather~~....

She took up the telephone.
Three Four Eight" she said Mrs Oliver speaking. ...What fish have you this morning? Cod, halibut, sole, plaice...., There to love what [illegible] Dover sole filleted, in time for lunch please." There to lose what [illegible] in her.

With a feather, wi~~th a~~ a blue feather, w~~ith~~ a feather in her hair."

It wasnt worth writin down in the little book bound like an account book that she kept with her housekeeping books. ~~She was~~ "Abortive " was th word that seemed best to express her.
She never came out of ashop, for example, with the clothes she admired, nor did he figure seen against a dark roll of trousering

would be mouldy; the fire out and the tortoisehsell butterfly dead on the pane.

heralded
barked and so, announced +

Then, heralded by the impetusoity of the Afhgan hound, the old man entered ~~came in~~. He had read his paper; and was drowsy. and so sank down in the chintz covered chair wit the dog at his feet: Sohrab. the Afghan hound. ~~Tiger~~. ~~With~~ his thin nose on his paws, his ~~and~~ hanucnhes drawn up, he looked like a stone dog, a crusaders dog, guarding even in the realms of death the sleep o his master. But the master was not dead, only dreaming; drowsily seeing , as in a glass, himself; a young man, helmted; ~~and~~ hearing a cascade falling, but there was no water; and the hills like grey stuff pleated; and in the sand a bullock , ~~dead~~, a hoop of ribs, e~~xxxxx~~s maggot swarming in the sun; And in the shdow of the rocks was ~~xxxx~~ ~~and~~ svagaes; in his hand a rifle... The dream hand clenched o~~xxxxxxxxxx~~; ~~but~~ the real hand clenched; but the real hand lying lay on the chair arm,, the veins still swollen, but only with a brownish fluid now. clenched

Then The door opened. ~~It was a woman interrupting.~~

"Am I interrupting?" Isa aplogised.

Of course ~~she was~~--destroying youth and India. But it was his fault, since he had persisted in stretching the thread of life so far. 75 [illegible] Indeed he was grateful to her, as she strolled about the room, for interrupting, ~~and~~ continuing. Many old men had only the past-- old men in clubs, old men in rooms off Jermyn Street. She in her striped dress continued him, murmuring in front of the book case: "The moor is dark beneath the moon, rapid clouds have drunk the last pale beam of even....I have ordered the fish" she said aloud turning, "though whether it'll be fresh or not I

I cant pomise. But veal is dear, and everybody in the house is sick to death of beef and mutton. ....Sohrab ~~Tiger~~" she said, coming to a standstill in front of them. "Whats he been doing? "

His tail never wagged. He never admitted the ties of domesticity. Either he cringed or he bit. Now his wild yellow eyes gazed at her, gazed at him. He could outstare them both.

~~Old Bart~~ Then Oliver remembered.

"Your little boy's a cry-baby" he said scornfully.

"Oh " she sighed , pegged down on a chair arm like a captive balloon by a myriad of ~~fhmmxmixx~~ hair thin ties into domesticity. "Whats been happening?"

"I took the newspaper " he explained "So...."

He took it and crumpled it into a beak over his nose. "So" he had sprung out from behind a tree on to the children.

"And he howled. He's a cowrad, your boy is."

She frowned. He was not a coward, her boy wasnt. And she loathed the domestic, the possessive; the maternal mother; and he knew it, and did it to tease her. Old brute, her father-in-law.

She looked away.

"The Library's always the nicest room in the house..." she murmured, and ran her eye along the books, "The mirror of the soul", books were. The Faery Queen and Kingalkes Crimea; Keats and the Kreutzer sonata. There they were, reflecting. But What? What was remedy was there for her, at her age--she was just the age of the century, thirty nine-- in books? Book shy she was; ~~as~~, like the rest of her generation ~~she~~ was gun shy too. Yet as a person with a raging tooth runs her eye in a chemists shop over green bottles with gilt scrolls on them lest one of them may

I cant promise. But veal is dear, and everybody in the house is sick to death of beef and mutton. Tiger" she said. ~~xWhatxhasx hexxdoing?xx~~ coming to a standstill ~~beside them~~ in front of her "Whats he been doing?"

He never admitted the ties of domesticity. Either he cringed or he bit. His wild eyes gazed at her. He could outstare ~~both of~~ them. both.

Old Oliver then remembered.

"Your little boy's a cry baby" he said crustily.

"Oh" she sighed, pegged down like a captive balloon by myriad hair thin ties into domesticity.

"Whats been happening?"

"I took the newspaper" he explained "So...."

He took it and crumpled it into a beak over his nose. At 20, he had sprung out from behind a tree He showed her what he h~~ad do~~ne.

"And he howled. He's a coward, your young man."

She flushed. He was not a coward. ~~He wa~~s her son. She loathed being once more the possessive mother. And he knew it; and did it on purpose; to hurt her, to recall her, ~~to~~ make her his prey? ~~Butx~~ ~~However~~ But, he was reading his newspaper again. She found.

"The library's always the nicest room...." she murmured; and got up, and ran her eye along the books, that were, as the gushing lady said, (the mirror of the soul.)

"The Faery Queen, and ~~thex~~ Kinglakes Crimea. ~~and~~ the Kreutzer Sonata" There they were, inter~~mingli~~ng. But, like the rest of her generation, she was book shy; gun shy. a terrified generation

may contain a cure, she considered: Keats and Shelley; Yeats and
Donne. Or perhaps not a poem; a life. The life of Garibaldi. The
life of Lord Palmerston. Or perhaps not a persons life; a counties.
The Antiquities of Durham. The Proceedings of the Archaeological
a
Society of Nottighma. r not life at all, but science---
Eddington, Darwin or Jeans.

None of them stopped her toothache. For her generation the
newspaper was a book; and, as her father in law had dropped the
Times she took it and read: "A horse with a green tail" ..."
which was fantastic. Next "The g uard at Whotehall...."
building with all and another
which was romantic; and then putting together word by word a whole
paragraph she read: "The troppers told her the horse had a green
tail; but she found it was just an ordinary horse. And they
dragged her up to the barrackr room where she was thrown upon a
bed. Then one of the troopers removed part of her clothing, and she
That How
screamed and hit him about the face....", ~~which~~ was real. that was!
So real that on the mahogany door panels she saw the Arch in
Whitehall; through the arch the ~~badxxandxx~~ barrack room; in the
on the bed
barrack room the bed, and the girl was screaming and hitting him
about the face when the door (for in fact it was a door)
carrying
opened and in came old Mrs Swithin with a hammer.

hers was. She was the same age as the century, thirty nine; and in her summer, as the year was, for it was early June; But what remedy was there ~~for her generation~~ in books? Like a person with an aching tooth in a chemists shop she ran her eyes over them; ~~for~~ but one o: the innumerable green bottles with a gilt scroll might contain the remedy. Perhaps ~~Balsac~~. Perhaps Shelley. Perhaps Keats; perhaps Yeats; perhaps Donne. Or perhaps a life, not a poem? The life of life of Garibaldi. The life of Lord Cromer. Perhaps not a persons life, perhaps a counties life. The antiquities of Durham. The proceedings of the Archeaeological Society of Nottingham. Or science-- Eddington; Darwin; and J~~[illegible]~~ Jeans.

~~No,~~ No none of them stopped her tooth ache. ~~[illegible]~~ So she took the paper

Her mind was like a dab of jelly oon a plate; refelcting
the light from the window.
nothing but the present moment. As ~~her~~ father in law had dropped one ~~sheet of the~~ paper, and was abosrbed in the other, she took what had fallen and read:

"A girl who lives down our way used to go out with the Guards. One of them asked her to go and see the horse with the green ta il.'" It was a p present moment story , of a girl with red lips and white cheeks who had gone sky larking with the Guards in Whitehall. "They told her the horse had a green tail., but "She found it was just an ordinary horse; and they dragged her up to the barrack room and she was thrown down on a bed , the troopers having removed part of her clothing. And then she screamed and hit him about the face...."

She screamed and hit him about the face... The trembling veil of summer air quivered; on the fringe of dancing leaves was printed a man a man in a box with his cloak stretched out to meet his horses tail. It was set like a edge in the horses rump; but it was black, not green. ~~But now they took the girl who had gone sky larking with the Yeomans in Whitehall that the horses had a green tail~~ ~~Then the door opened; Mrs Swithin came in~~

~~Then Mrs Swithin came in.~~

~~Isa looked at her father in law~~

"She screamed, and hit him about the face..."

~~[illegible]~~ Then the door opened; old Mrs Swithin ~~interrupted~~ came in.

In her hand she carried a hammer; and as she advanced, bobbing and sidling, as if the floor was fluid under her shabby garden shoes, she pursed her lips, and smiled, and sidling at her brother. Not a word passed between them as she went to the cupboard in the corner, and replaced the hammer, which she had taken without asking his leave; together--- she unclosed her fist-- with a handful of nails.

"Cindy---~~oh~~ Cindy!" he growled, as she shut the cupbaord door.

Lucy his sist

She was three years younger than he was. The name Cindy, or Sindy, for it could be spelt either way, was short for Lucy. It was by this name he had the called her when they were children. She had trotted after him when he fished; the had made the meadow flowers into tight little budles, winding one long grass stalk round and round and round them while he fished. Once, she remembered, he had made her take the fish off the hook herself. Oh the had been- This had schocked her; for the gills were full of blood. Then he had said, as he said now, Oh Cindy, cindy...." The ghost of that spring morning in the meadows was in her mind, as she replaced the hammer on ~~its shelf~~; and the nails, where they belonged, on the shelf below; and shut the cupboard--about which, for he still h kept his fishing tackle there-- he was still so very particualr.

[illegible] on
"To nail the placard tq the barn" she said, standing beside his chair.

The words were like the first peal of a chime of bells. When the first peals, yu hear the second; while the second peals you hear the third; So, when Isa heard Mrs Swithin say " to nail the placard on the barn" she knew that she would say next, c~~aressing her brothers~~ hand,

about
"....for the pageant."

And he waould say:

[illegible]
By Jupiter! Today? Damn it!"

"If its fine" Mrs Swithin would continue "They'll act in the ~~gandam~~xxxx on the terrace."

"And if its wet" he would reply, "In the barn."

"And which will it be?" she wo~~uld~~ continue. "Wet or fine?"

And then--m as they were doing now-- they w~~ou~~ld both look out of the window.

Every summer, for seven summers now, Isa had heard the same words; about the ammer and the nails; the pageant and the weather. Every year tey said, would it be wet or fine; and every year it was---one or the other.

Every year the same chime followed the same chime; only she took a lodging at Hastings.

"Touch wood; touch earnth; Antaeus" he muttered, bringing the scattered bits together . Lempriere would settle it, or the Ency clopaeisa. But it was not in books, the answer to his question: why, in Lucy's skull, shaped as it was so much like his own, existed a prayable being. He supposed she didnt invest it with hair, say, or toenails. I t was, he supposed , more of a force; ~~of~~ or a radiance; controlling the thrush and the worm, the tulip; and the Lion and Tiger and himself, an old man with swollen veins. It got her out of bed on cold mornings, and sent her down the muddy road to worship it; whose mouthpiece was Streatfield. A good fellow. who smoked cigars in the vestry. He needed some solace, doling out preachments to asthmatic elders; And perpetually repiaring th perpteucally falling steeple by menasof placards nailed on barns. The love, he thought, they should have given to flesh and blood they gave to the Church... he was thin

"What the origin--the origin of that?" Lucy repeated, rapping her fingers on the table.

"Superstition" he said.

She flished; and the little breath too was audible that she drew in as , once more, he struck a blow at her faith. But they were brother and sister; flesh and blood was not a barrier but a mist. Nothing changed their affection; no argument; no fact; no truth. What she saw he didnt; what she did he didnt; and so on ad infinitum.

"Oh Cindy, Cindy" he growled. And the quarrel was over.

The Barn to whcih Lucy had nailed the placard was a great building in the farm yard. It was as old as the Church, and built of the same stone, but it had no steeple. It was raised on cones of grey stone at the corners, to protect it from rats and damp. Those who h d been to Greece always said, it was like a Greek Temple; those who had never been to greece--the majority-- admired it all the same. Its roof was weathered red-orange; and inside it was a gollow hall, sun-shafted, brown, smelling of corn, dark when the doors were shut, but splendidly illuminated when the doors at the end stood open, as they did to let the waggons in.; the long low waggons, like ships of the sea, ~~br[illegible]g~~ breasting the corn, not the sea, returning in the evening ~~[illegible]~~ shagged with hay. It was hay harvest now. The lanes caught tufts where the waggons had passed.

"The poet Crabbe" she echoed. Crabbe the poet...

You cant expect it always to be fresh" she said, turning to Isa. " You cant expect it brought to your door in a pail of water, as I remember it when we were children staying up north. Lobsters. Plaice with little pink spots... Brought in a pail for the cook to choose. Lobsetsr fresh from the lobster pots. Blue. How they pinched! the On a stick she gave them. And the macekerl--oh such lovely fish--mackerl! yed, ~~But~~ salmon, she added, thats a fresh water fish--you know its fresh if it has a louse in its scales. That shows its been in the sea. Isnt that so bart?

"A salmon has lice," she repeated, if its fresh.

He gazed over his glasses. He nodded

Clearly they were thinking of the same thing; singling it out. ~~But~~ from whom ~~it~~ seemed to Isa such a muddle; their old minds; were like a net with inumerable pilchards silver heads, silver tails thrown onto a beach. A net drawn up on the beach... But outside was the garden ~~and~~ the perambulator was passing and the children. She blew them a kiss.

"Its more than a hundred miles ~~here~~ from the sea, isnt it?" she said, turning round.

"Ni "Seventy three" said bart ~~apruptly~~.

Sh~~e nodded~~; She accepted it for a fact as if he had whipped a tape measure from his pocket and laid it on the earth ~~floor~~.

" It seems more," ~~I mean~~, she explained. she apologised. "If justified being ~~f~~rom the terrace. The view. The distance. It seems as if it went on for ever and ever."

"Sebety three miles" Part repeated. There was an Ordnance Survey a map of the county behind him.

Mrs Swithin glanced at it.

----Mrs Swithin, tottering yet tripping; and Dodge unfurled and straightened as he strode beside her along the blazing tiles under the hot wall till they reached the shade of the house.

A match box fell-- Bartholomew's. His fingers had loosed it; he had dropped it. He gave up the game; he couldnt be bothered. With his head on one side, his hand dnagling above the dog's head, he slept ~~lay asleep, snoring.~~
he slept, he snored.

Mrs Swithin pasued for a monet in th hall among the gilt clawed tables.

"This " she said, is the staircase. And now, up we go ~~up~~."

She went up, two stairs ahead of her guest. Lengths of yellow stain unfurled themselves on a cracked canvas as they mounted.

"Not an ancestress" said Mrs withing as they came level with the head in the picture " But we claim her because we've known her--oh ever so many years. Who was she? " he gazed. Who pianted her? " she shook her head. She looked lit up for a banquert, with the sun pouring over her.

"But I like her best in the moonlight" " Mrs Swithin reflected; and mounted more stairs.

She panted slightly, he noted. going up stairs. Then she ran her hand over the sunk books in the w~~ll as~~ wall on the landing as if they were pan pipes.

"Here are some of the poets from whom we descend" by way of the mind" she mumured. Mr...." She had forgotten his name. Yet she had singled him out.

"And its damp in winter. My brother says, they built houses north for shelter, not south for sun. Let me see, what comes next?" She stopped. There was a door.

"The morning room" She peeped in. Dodge looked over her shoulder.

,, the Seat "
"My mother sat there, receiving ~~xxxxxx~~ ~~Guests~~ visitors.
She shut the door. Dodge ha only seen two chairs facing each other, in front of what might have been--had he time to look-- a fine fluted mantelpiece.

"Now up again" said Mrs Swithin. And they mounted. "~~The bed rooms~~" She waved her hand. "Up and up they went" she remarked, as if she were seeing an invisible procession, " up and up to bed."

Nobody the least importance in our family. A Bishop. A traveller.
"Scarely a peer in the family. A boaronet or two. But nobody of the lea~~st importa~~nce . I'm afraid Ive even forgotten them their names. I'~~m ignora~~nt... ~~Yes~~ I ignore. I ignore." She repeated the word as if some hidden meaning attracted her.

which caught her fancy.
Then, as if sh~~e had found what she~~ liked she stopped at a window in the passage, and held the curtain back. They looked down into the garden. ~~It was~~ bathed in sun. The grass was sleek and shining Three white piegons, ~~ahad settled.~~ They were flirting and tiptoeing, as ornate as ladies in ball dresses, their elegant bodies swaying on their little feet (as they minced with tiny steps) upon the grass.
something startled th
Then yup they rose in a flutter, circled, and flew away. The way in the
"Oh" replied Mrs Swith

"The bedrooms now" said Mrs Swithin.

twice
She tapped tice very distinctly on a door. She waited.

"One never knows" she murmured, "if theres not somebody there." She listned with her head down. Then she flung open the door .

~~The roomwawas empty~~. Dodge half expected to see someone naked, or half dressed, or kenlt in prayer. But the room was empty. The room was tidy as a pin, a spare room, not slept in for months. Candles stood on the dressing table. The counterpane was straight. The room was close and smelt musty. Mrs Swithin stopped by the bed.

"Here she said, " yes here " she tapped the counterpane.

"I was born. In this bed. But we have other lives,. I think. I hope." Her voice died away. She sank down on the edge of the bed. She was tired no doubt, by the stairs and the heat.

"We live in others" she continued. "We live in things.."

She spoke simply. She spoke with an effort. She spoke as if she must continue in spite of her tiredness out of charity towards a stranger, a guest. She did not even know his name. Twice she had said "Mr..." and the stopped.

The furniture was mid Victorian, . Great cupboards filled the corner. Probably "~~aphasxxx~~ Suites had been bought ~~bought in a suite~~ about 1850. The carpet was covered with a pattern of small purple dots. There was a white circle where the ~~xxx~~ slop pail had stood by the marble topped wash stand. It was a suite bought say in 1840

Dodge ~~wished he could say "I'm William."~~

He wished he could tell her that he admired her courtesy. Old and frail not only did she climb the stiars-- that was nothing. But she spoke her thoughts, not caring, he was certain, if he thought her, as he had thought her, whimsical, inconsequent purposely by way of charming him. No she wa helping him. extending a hand as best she she could to help him up a steep place. She alone had guessed his lonlieness; and sang, Come and see my sea weeds, come and see my sea shells, come and see my dicky bird hop upon its perch--- ~~sangxhexmalhxxxxx~~ a & old child's nursery rhyme to help a child.

Turning away from her to hide his emotion he saw her reflected in the mahogany glass on the dressing table; An old wispy woman sitting on the bed in which she had been born.

Their eyes met in the glass. They smiled cut off from their bodies. They liked each others withour waiting for their bodies to [illegible] ~~confrim~~ it. It w uld take some time for their bodies to catch up. Perhaps [illegible] they never would.

"Now " she said slipping off the bed " [illegible] Lets go on." [illegible]

~~"I'm William" he said, holding the door open for~~ her.

"What room comes next?" ~~he said holding~~ had ~~the door~~ open for her. It was the nurdery. The door stood open. Nurse & children were Every one was out in the garden. It was like a ship that has been left by the crew. The children had been playing--there was a spotted horse in the middle of the carpet. The nurse had been sewing---there was a piece of stuff on the table. The baby had been in the cot. The cot was empty.

The nursery "~~This~~ " said Mrs swithin "~~ is the nur~~sery."

Words raised themselves and became symbolical. "~~This is~~ the cradle of the human race" she seemed to say. He crossed to the fireplace and looked at a coloured picture from a Christmas annual. "Good Freinds" it was called. A newfoundland dog and a small child sat on at the bottom of a flight of steps together. The room smelt warm and sweet, ~~as~~ of clothes drying, or of or biscuits, milk and warm water. A rushing sound came in through the open door. He turned. Mrs switihn had wandered off. While he looked, she had gone out into the passage and leant against the window. He followed, leaving the door open for the crew to come back to.

Down in the courtyard cars were a ssembling. Their narrow black roofs were laid like a ceiling. Chauufeurs were jumping down; here old ladies gingerly advanced black legs with silver buckled shoes.; old gentlemen striped trousers. Young men in shorts leapt out, on one side; girls with skin colcoured legs on the other. There was a purring and a churning of yellow gravel. The audience was assembling; but they, at the window, were truants, detached. letting down for standing ~~detached~~ in the upper storey.

And then a wind blew, and all the muslin blinds fluttered outward, as if some majestic Goddess rising from her throne among her peers had tossed ~~out~~ her amber coloured raiment and the other gods seeing her rise and go laughed and their laughter wafted her on.

Mrs Swithin put her hands to her hair for the breeze had ruffle it.

"Oh Mr....." she bega.

"I'm William " he interrupyed.

And she smiled a ravishing girls smile , as if the wind had warmed the wintry blue in her eyes to amber.

then - William: I'm afraid I was selfish taking

"William Ive selfishly taken you away from your friends. But I felt tight; constricted; wound into a ball here." She touched her bony forehead, upon which a blue vein wriggled like a blue worm. But her eyes in their caves of bone were still lambent. he saw her as a young man had seen her. And he wished to knell before her; to kiss her hand and say: "At school my head was held down in a bucket of dirty water; when I looked up the whole world was dirty. So I married; but my childs not my child; so I let anresa pet me; ~~So~~ I'm a half man, a flickering

assembling
Down in the dcourtyard cars were arriving. Their narrow black
laid like a pavem .
roofs were assembled side by side. Chauffeurs were jumping down; ~~and~~
holding doors open. Here old ladies gingerly advanced black legs
with silver buckled shoes; old gentlemen striped trousers. Young men
in shorts leapt out;/ on one side, of ~~sports car~~s;
girls with skin coloured legs on the other. There was a purring &
churning of yellow paws.
and turning and stopping of rubber tiredsupon gravel.
Th audience was arriving. But they were truants, looking down from an upper window

And then a wind blew out all the muslin blinds all down the
· majestic
corridor, ~~—~~as if some ~~good natured~~ goddess rising from her
throne among her peers had tossed out her amber coloured a
raiment and the other gods seeing her rise and go laughed and their
laughter wafted her on.

Mrs s within put her hands to her hair for the breeze
raised it.

Oh Mr
"~~I Hope M~~r...." she began.

Jm
"William " he interruped

And she smiled a ravishing girls smile, as if the
wind had warmed the wintry blue in the sky of her eyes to amber,

I've ~~tak~~.
"~~In taking~~ you away from your freinds. But I felt tight:
~~so~~ tight m
as ~~if I'd a drum~~ jxxt here." Contracted: wound into a a ball here.

She touched her bony forehead, upon which a blue vein
wriggled like a blue worm. But her eyes in their caves of bone
remained still lambent. And he wished to kneel before her;
ry
to kiss her hand and tell her; ~~how~~ " at school my head was held down
in a bucket of dirty water; and when I looked up the whole world was
dirty. So I married; but my childs not my child; so I let Manresa
pat and pet me; among her plush; and her china dogs; and her

mind-divided little snake in the grass; as Giles saw; but you, Mrs Swithin, since you took me ~~away~~, and showed me the bed rooms and the nursery, have made me entire, worshpipping once more the the whole ~~truth~~ yo ve shown me..." So he wished to say; but said nothing; and stood upright by the window, and the breeze went lolloping along the corridor, blowing the blinds out.

He looked and she looked down on to the gravel laid courtyard that made a crescent round the door. And then he saw the cross on her breast; pendant from a chain, and asked himself, How could she weight herself down by that sleek symbol? And as he looked ~~at it~~, they were truants no more. The purr of wheels became insistent. Hurry, hurry, hurry, it seemed to say; or you'll be late. Hurry hurry hurry, or the best seats will be taken.

"Theres Mr Streafield!" she exclaimed cried.

And they saw a clergyman; a strapping clergyman, carrying a hurdle, a leafy hurdle. He was striding through the cars with the air of a person of authority, who is awaited, expected, and now comes.

"I suppose" Mrs Swithin murmured in a fluttering voice, "we must go, with and join the ~~audience~~ others," "the audience" as if she were of two minds and they fluttered to right and left, like pigeons rising from the grass. ~~& flying away~~

A spasm made the ribs contract: blood oozes. It was birth the wrong way round:

to swallow; the toad was unable to die. A monstrous

up side down s.

uinversion; birth ~~the wronf way round~~. Raising his foot he stamped on them. The mass crushed and slithered. The white canvas on his tennis shoe was blood stained and sticky. But it was action. Action relieved him. ~~And~~ He strode to the barn, with blood on his shoes.